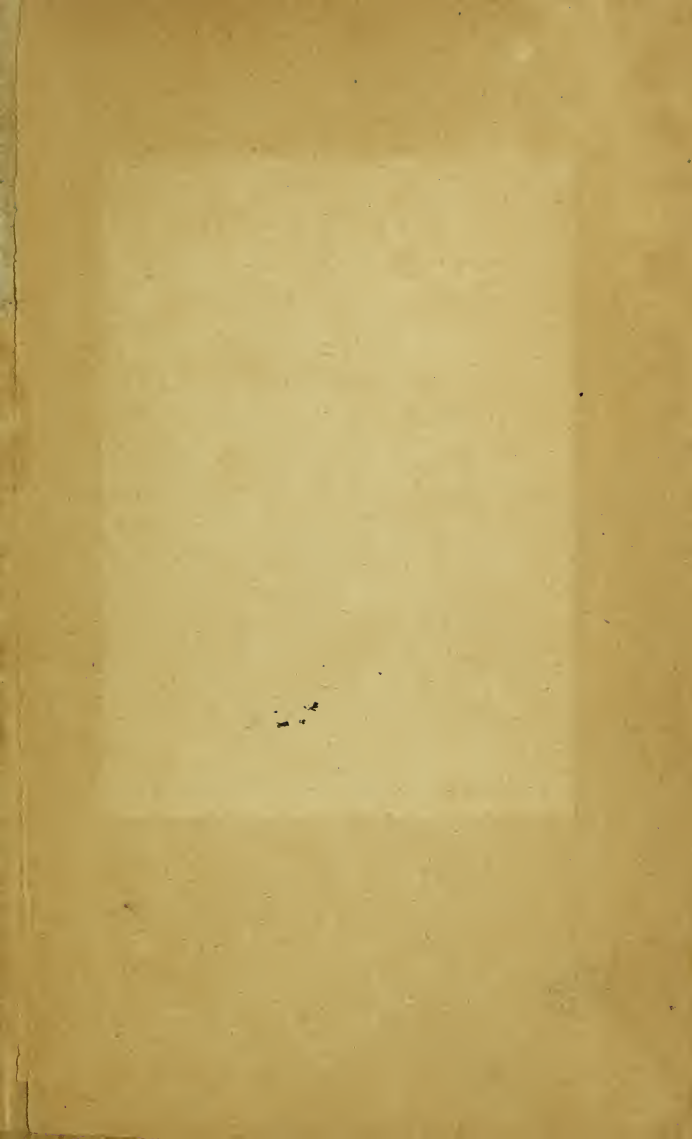


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# LARRY LYNCH;

OR,

## PADDIANA.

IRISH LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT.

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NEW EDITION.

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LONDON:

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## PADDIANA.

INTRODUCTION TO IRELAND AND THE  
IRISH.

My introduction to Ireland was made before steam-packets came into general use, though they ran even then between Holyhead and Howth; but this I believe was the only line. It is amusing, in these days, to recall to memory the fears expressed at that time on the subject of steam-power, not only by "elderly ladies and ecclesiastics," but by a great majority of all ages and classes. Sea-faring men of every kind were against it. "None of your tea-kettle ships!" was the common cry; and the possibility of a steamer crossing the Atlantic, or reaching India, would have been thought too absurd to be entertained for a moment. But, notwithstanding the fear of its danger and the ridicule of its success, there was a sort of undefined consciousness of its ultimate adoption, which people wilfully, but unsuccessfully, tried to banish from their minds, and which even sailors and old ladies could not quite get rid of.

I embarked at Liverpool one fine evening in September, in one of the regular sailing packets, for Dublin. She was a rather large cutter, something of the old Margate hoy species, commanded by an Irishman; her crew were Irish, as were also her passengers to a man, excepting myself. It was the first time in my life that I had ever

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mixed with the Irish, or even had any communication with individuals of that country, and it was not without a feeling of some interest that I found myself suddenly cut off from all other people and plunged wholly amongst them.

I was the first passenger on board; and having paid my passage-money and secured the best berth in the vessel, seated myself on the bulwarks of the 'Nora Creina,' as she lay alongside the pier waiting the turn of the tide, and watched the arrival of the other passengers. As the time of high-water drew near, they dropped in by twos and threes; the cabin passengers coming first to the number of about a dozen, all eagerly rushing below to secure the berths (six altogether), and all coming on deck again in apparent satisfaction at the arrangements they had made.

On the pier above stood some hundreds of Irish reapers, uniformly dressed in grey frieze coats, corduroy breeches, unbuttoned at the knee, and without neckerchiefs; carrying their sickles wrapped in straw slung over the shoulder, and every one with a large, long blackthorn stick in his hand, the knob of the stick being on the ground, contrary to the usage of all other people, and the small end held in the hand. As the vessel was preparing to cast off, a stream of these people began to pour down the ladder to the deck of our little craft, till the whole fore-part of the vessel, and subsequently the waist, were completely choked up with them. Still they kept descending, till the cabin-passengers were driven to the extreme after-part, alongside the tiller; but yet the stream flowed on, till not only the fore-cabin but every available portion of the deck was crammed with a dense mass of human beings,—we of the state-cabin forming the small tail of the crowd.

How the vessel was to be worked in this state it was difficult to conjecture, and I heartily wished myself out of it. Indeed, I mentioned something of an intention

of forfeiting my passage-money and taking the next packet, but was dissuaded by the captain, who assured me I should have to wait perhaps a month before all the reapers returned; and then bad weather might be expected.

"Sure, we'll shake in our places by and bye," said he; "they'll be quiet enough when they're out of the river: it's then we'll pack 'em like herrings, and pickle 'em too. But I believe we won't take any more. Hold hard there, boys; we've no room for ye. Stop that fellow with the hole in his breeches;—no, not him, th' other with the big hole,—sure we can't take ye."

"Ah, musha, captain, won't ye lave me come? My brother's in it."

(Captain sings),—

" ' Ah! who's this? ' says he;  
 ' 'Tis my brother,' says she."

"Can't ye sit down aisy where ye are, and wait till I come back for ye? The divle a one more—Cast off forward there—Haul the jib-sheet to windward—Starboard your helm; aisy, don't jam the passengers—Haul aft the jib-sheet!"

And in another minute we were bowling down the river with a powerful ebb tide, and the wind dead against us.

If the reader has ever passed over London Bridge on an Easter Monday or Tuesday, and happened to notice the Greenwich steamers going down the river, he will be able to form some idea of the state of our decks as to number of passengers, substituting in his mind's eye for the black and blue coats, the glaring satin waistcoats, the awful stocks, the pink and blue ribands, and gay silks of the holiday Cockneys, the unvaried grey of the Irish cargo; and imagining the majority of mouths on board to be ornamented with the "dooden,"\* instead of

\* Short pipe, scarcely more than the bowl.

the cheroot, or clay, or full-flavoured Cuba, or labelled Lopez.

The wind was right up the river, but light ; and it was supposed that, by making a good stretch down the Cheshire coast on the one tack, we should be able to fetch out to sea on the other.

The captain was right as regarded our passengers settling down into their places : before the first tack was made a great proportion of them were reposing in heaps under the bulwarks and the boat, and a little moving room afforded to the crew. Most of the reapers had been walking all day, and were happy enough in composing themselves to sleep.

About eight o'clock our jolly skipper invited the cabin passengers to supper and a glass of grog, and we stowed ourselves as we best could in the little cabin, though not half the number could get a seat at the table, the remainder bestowing themselves upon carpet-bags and port-manteaus about the floor, each with his plate on his knees and his tumbler beside him.

Our captain deserves some notice. He was a jolly, short, rosy-cheeked old sailor, who had been quartermaster on board a line-of-battle ship in Nelson's action at the Nile, and was a rough, good-humoured, kind-hearted, jovial fellow. I have met him often since : he was an excellent sailor, a kind husband, a fond father, and the most inveterate consumer of whisky-punch that it has ever been my fortune to encounter. And much good it did him, to all appearance. Like Mynheer Van Dunk, "he never got drunk," but he mixed the fluids in fairer proportions than that worthy. He was opposed to dram-drinking : his liquor was honest toddy, weaker than half-and-half, but what might have been called stiff by a young practitioner. It was the vast number of tumblers that he took which surprised people. He owned to from sixteen to twenty in the twenty-four hours, though his friends said thirty-six, and his enemies (I doubt his having any) were understood to say that forty-eight would



be nearer the mark. I take his own account, and pass it, —say twenty. He was full of good stories from first to last. He was one of those ready fellows that require no priming to set him going:—he was a self-primer. Perhaps I should say that, if there was a difference, from his tenth to his fifteenth tumbler was about the most jocose period: but the difference was so small as not to be worth mentioning. The worst of it was, that no man could drink fair with him; not that he was particular in insisting upon that punctilio, but those who tried it were never known to repeat the experiment. I speak of him in the past tense, though I have no reason to believe that he is is not still alive and drinking, unless indeed Father Mathew's innovations have produced in him a disgust of life: but one thing I think I may venture to say of him,—he has not yet taken the pledge.

To proceed with our voyage; the supper was composed of bread and butter and hot potatoes, and followed by whisky-punch, which I tasted then for the first time, and glorious liquor I thought it. As it was my introduction to that beverage, the honest skipper undertook to mix it himself for me, adding, however, a trifle of water to the just proportions, in consideration of my youth and inexperience.

Notwithstanding the seduction of the beverage, I was soon fain to quit the insufferably close cabin and return to the deck. The wind had nearly died away; it was a cloudy, sultry night, and a low growl of thunder came occasionally out of the dark masses to the westward.

The captain was too experienced a seaman to neglect his duty, and came up occasionally to see how things went on. As the weather looked threatening, the mate suggested a reef being taken in, but he decided upon carrying on as we were. About ten o'clock we were standing well out to sea, with a freshening wind coming round fair, and I began to think of turning in for the night. What, however, was my surprise on going below to find nearly all the dozen passengers stowed away in the

six berths, my own peculiar property not excepted, in which were two huge black-whiskered fellows snoring with up-turned noses, while a third was standing in shirt and drawers by the bedside, meditating how he might best insinuate his own person between them. On appealing to the captain I got little consolation; he looked placidly at the sleepers and shook his head.

“Faith, ye’re better out o’ this,” said he; “sure there’s no keeping a berth from such fellows as them. That’s O’Byrne—it’s from th’ O’Byrnes of the Mountains he comes, and they’re a hard set to deal with. By my soul, you might as well try to drag whisky out of punch as get him out of that. And th’ other’s Conray the distiller—he’s drunk; and by the same token it wasn’t his own sperrits he got. Ye’re better out of this. It will blow fresh presently, and a fine state they’ll be in. Get your big coat, and I’ve a pea-jacket for you. You’re better on deck; and if it rains towards morning, there’s my dog-hole you can go to. I’ll not turn in myself. It’s not much I like this coast, and the wind chopping about and coming round the wrong way. Faugh! faith, I’d hardly stand this cabin myself, much as I’m used to it.”

By this time I began to partake largely in the skipper’s disgust, and was glad to make my escape. The wind freshened every moment, and before morning there was half a gale blowing, with a short cross sea enough to turn a much more experienced stomach than I could boast of. I will not enlarge upon the nauseous subject of seasickness, but spare the reader both the scenes on the deck and below. The captain’s prophecy was fulfilled: the deck passengers, as the morning dawned, were piled in huge inert masses of grey frieze. There they lay, only moved by the roll of the vessel. Now and then one more cleanly than the rest would start up and run to the side, but the great body of the fine peasantry lay a loathsome heap of filth. Fortunately the spray came over abundantly, and the man at the helm was not too careful to



save them a washing. As to getting the cabin passengers up at breakfast time, it was out of the question ; not one of them would stir, though they roared loudly for something to drink. I was pleased to find that the whiskey disagreed extremely with the distiller, and that he of the mountains was brought down as low as could be wished.

During the whole day and following night we were beating against a foul wind and cross sea, and as much as I have roughed it since in transports, yachts, and open boats, in various countries, I have never seen anything equal to those thirty-six hours. Let the traveller of the present day bless his stars that he is living in the age of steam by land and water, and mahogany panels, and mirrors, and easy sofas, and attentive stewards, and plenty of basins, and certain passages of a few hours' duration ; and that he could not if he would find such a craft and passengers as these I am describing.

Towards the afternoon of the second day all hands began to feel hungry, and the more so as the wind had lulled a little and the sea somewhat gone down, and accordingly the greater part of the evening was spent in cooking potatoes, with a sea-stock of which every deck passenger had come provided. It was not a very easy thing for about two hundred people to cook each his separate mess at one time and at one fire-place : but they tried to do it, and great was the wrangling in consequence. Sundry small fights occurred, but they were too hungry to think of gratifying their propensities that way, and the quarrels were disposed of summarily. But towards the close of the day, when they were more at leisure and had time to look about them, a cause of quarrel was discovered between two rival factions ; whether Connaught and Munster, or Connaught and Leinster, I forget, but it was quite enough of a quarrel to produce a fight. It commenced with talk, then came a hustling in the centre, then the sticks began to rise above the mass, and finally, such a whacking upon heads and shoulders, such a screeching, and tearing, and jumping, and hallooing ensued as

till that time I had never witnessed. The row commenced forward among some twenty or thirty in the bows, and gradually extended aft as others got up from the deck to join in it, or came pouring up from the fore-cabin. In a few minutes the whole deck from head to stern was covered by a wild mob, fighting without aim or object, as it appeared, except that every individual seemed to be trying his utmost to get down every other individual, and when down to stamp him to death.

At the first appearance of the "shindy" the captain went amongst them to try and stop it, but finding his pacific efforts of no avail, he quietly walked up the rigging, and from a safe elevation on the shrouds he was calmly looking down upon the scene below. With great difficulty, and not without an awkward thump or two, I contrived to follow his example, and took up a position alongside of him. The crew were already either in the top or out upon the bowsprit; and even the man at the helm at last abandoned the tiller, and getting over the side contrived to crawl by the chains till he reached the shrouds, and so escaped aloft. At the time the row broke out, the vessel was lying her course with the wind a point or two free. When the man left the helm she came of course head to wind, and the mainsail jibbing swept the boom across the deck, flooring every body abaft the mast. Hardly were they on their legs again before the boom came back with still greater force, and swept them down in the opposite direction. If it had not been for the imminent risk of many being carried overboard, it would have been highly amusing to witness the traversing of the boom backwards and forwards, and the consequent prostration of forty or fifty people every minute. Notwithstanding the interruption they still continued fighting, and stamping, and screeching on, and even some who were actually forced over the side still kept hitting and roaring as they hung by the boom, till the next lurch brought them on deck again. I really believe that, in their confusion, they were not aware by what agency they

were so frequently brought down, but attributed it, somehow or other, to their neighbours right and left, and therefore did all in their power to hit them down in return.

Meanwhile the jolly skipper looked down from his safe eminence, with about as much indifference as Quasimodo showed to the efforts of the Deacon while he hung by the spout. He rather enjoyed it, and trusted to time and the boom—as the head pacificator—to set things to rights. He was not wrong; a lull came at last, and there was more talking than hitting. Taking advantage of a favourable moment, he called out :

“Well, boys, I wonder how we’ll get to Dublin this way? Will ye plaze to tell me how I’ll make the Hill o’ Howth before night? Perhaps ye think we’ll get on the faster for bating, like Barney’s jackass. Would ye like another week of it, if the wind changes before we get in? I hope the praties will hold out, but, at any rate, we’ll have no water to boil them in after to-morrow. Better for me to hang out a turf, and say, ‘Dry lodging for dacent people;’ and dacent ye are, indeed! Now, I’d like to know which is the spalpeen that made fast this English lad in the rigging?”

Recalled to my own position by the eyes of all being directed my way, I found that, while intent upon the proceedings on deck, one of the crew had slipped quietly up behind, and lashed both my legs securely to the shrouds, where I remained perfectly helpless till the complication of knots could be undone, and I had promised, as is usual in such cases, to “pay my footing.”

This circumstance, more than anything, contributed to restore good humour. From a roaring and furious mass of men, bent on each other’s destruction, they went at once to the opposite extreme, and there was a broad grin upon every upturned face.

“Faix, that was a cute thrick,” said one: “that’s a gallon o’ whisky, at the very laste.”

“Och! what’s a gallon? Sure that’s a gintleman, and will pay his footing handsome · long life to him!”

“By me sowl it is a raal gintleman, ye may be sworn; there’s no half-and-half about him: sure I seen it when I come aboard. It isn’t a trifle of a few pounds he’d mind, let alone shillings; the better for him that’s got it to spare!”

“Will ye have a knife, Sir? it’ll be aisier than undooin’ it. Ah, why would they tie him so fast? bad luck to them! Will I cut your honour down?”

“Faith, ye may be glad of th’ offer yourself, Mick, one of those days!”

“Well, I’d rather than five pound it had been Conray; by me sowl, we wouldn’t have let him aff under ten gallons.”

“Indeed we wouldn’t, nor twenty neither. I’d like to set that fellow’s still running, and he tied up above, looking out for the Hill o’ Howth; we’d drink success to him, and happy returns.”

“That’s right, Mick! slice away at that one. Murther! mind ye don’t cut the ladder!”

“Here, yer honour, lane upon me.” “Take my hand, Sir, for fear ye’d slip.” “Now jump this way—never mind their feet: sure they’ve their brogues on.” “Were ye hurted, Sir? Faith, it’s a shame to spancel the gentleman, and he looking out for the Hill o’ Howth!”

Some whisky having been produced, and served out in a small conical glass—the approved shape among dram-drinkers—every one holding it by the top rim, and making a face afterwards, as if he had swallowed physic:

“Well, musha Pat, but that was a lucky tie,” said one: “ye couldn’t get that out of every Englishman.”

“Ye may say that, a-vich! They’d as soon part with their blood as a drop o’ drink.”

“Indeed they would so. If ye ask an Englishman for a dhrink of wather, he’ll tell ye there’s a public-house on the hill! Wasn’t he saft to give the sperrits?”

From this time the good humour was unbroken. An attempt then was made to get the distiller into the rigging, with some such insidious talk as this :—

“That’s the Hill o’ Howth—it’s well I know it.”

“Och, not at all !—that fellow’s in Wicklow.”

“Sorrow bit o’ it : it’s one of the Mornes, that one—sure I live nigh hand it.”

“I’ll howld ye a quart it’s the Hill o’ Howth—Mr. Conray knows it. Will ye tell us, Sir, if you plaze, if it’s the Hill o’ Howth ? (Divle a man in the ship can see further than Mr. Conray !)”

“Faith there isn’t, not one. Will ye decide, Sir, be-tune us ?”

“Och, how will he see from the deck ? Will I help ye up, Sir, a round or two ?”

“Here, Sir, put one fut here and th’other upon that boy’s shoulther.”

But the cajolery failed ; that sagacious individual knowing full well the kind of mercy which he might expect in the matter of a fine of spirits. “Sure it’s he that makes it, and divle a much it costs him,” plainly betraying the animus of the expectant consumers.

I shall spare the reader the particulars of my introduction to this turf-smelling country—easily to be distinguished by its “native perfume,” when the westerly breeze “whispers whence it stole those balmy spoils.” Neither shall I dwell upon the carmen, at present—a race that, next to the cads, is the most original in the country. How I was seized upon by at least ten of them, each grasping me with one hand and flourishing a whip in the other ; each shouting at once the praises of his own car and horse, and crying down all others.

“An outside one, your honour ?”

“An inside one, your honour ?”

“A covered one, your honour ? Mine’s the covered car that will keep ye dhry.”

“I’ll have you there under the hour, ye may depind. Mine’s the harse that will do it.”



“He’s spavined, Sir ;” (confidentially), “divle a fut he’ll get beyant the town.”

“Sure, yer honour wouldn’t lave me, and I first wid ye.”

“You first ! Sure I had him before he was out of the boat.”

“Here ye are, Sir—your portmanteau’s in it ;” and with scarcely an effort on my part, I found myself on an outside car, *dos-à-dos* with the distiller, the flaps of my great coat tucked in by half a dozen hands, a cloak wrapped round my legs, a wisp of straw thrust under my feet, and rapidly leaving the town of Dunleary (since Kingstown) to the cry of

“Hup ! hup ! Go ’long out o’ that ! Hup !”

## LARRY LYNCH.

IN the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Cork, just at the town's end, there lived a gentleman of the name of Catlin. He was a man of independent property, sufficient to enable him to keep in with the society of the place; had a good house, an over-dressed wife, two daughters, three maid-servants, a footman, a horse and car, and a rough unlicked-cub of a groom-gardener. We may call him an under-servant generally, for he seemed quite at the bottom of things in the establishment, and was so far under all the rest of the household, that they seemed agreed to lay upon his shoulders all the dirty work that nobody else would do. Few orders were given that Larry Lynch did not come in for at second-hand. "John, I want the car."—"Larry, your missis wants the car."—"Take this parcel to Mrs. Leary."—"Larry, take this parcel to Mrs. Leary's."—"Run with the letter to the post."—"Larry, run with the letter to the post."—"Where's the beer?"—"Larry, where's the beer?"—"Fetch the newspaper."—"Larry, fetch the newspaper." Nobody could have been in the house a day without wondering how they did anything at all without him. One would not have been surprised at hearing, "Larry, open my mouth, and put in a piece of meat;—now, some

potatoe ;—now, a little beer :” so entirely indispensable was he.

Mr. Catlin was a soft, easy-going man, who would make almost any sacrifice for a quiet life. All he cared for was a good plain dinner, a friend or two of his own way of thinking, a sufficiency of pocket-money, and a room to himself. People said he was hen-pecked ; perhaps a strong expression applied to a man who seemed very much to have his own way, and particularly as there was no public demonstration of pecking. If he did catch it, the infliction was of that private and mysterious nature that, in all well-regulated families, is shrouded in the sacred secrecy of the bed-curtains. One thing there was no doubt about—Mrs. Catlin had her own way in everything : the domestic legislature was carried on without an opposition, organised or other ; the prime minister’s measures passed the house without an attempt at amendment ; and the only bills Mr. Catlin was ever known to bring in were those payable to the bearer at the Bank of Ireland.

Mrs. Catlin was of the world, worldly. She flowed along with the grand stream ; and to be out of that was, in her eyes, to be “bound in shallows and in misery.” She liked bustling on, scrambling above other scramblers, and was nowise particular as to kicking and treading them down if they stood in her way. Rank was a great thing with her ; she freely seized upon the handles of people’s names to help her up in the world, and took a pride in exchanging cards with even the “Lady” of a knighted pork-butcher.

Of her two daughters, the youngest is our heroine : the other was like her mother. Julia Catlin was,—

“Ah ! now we shall have it,” says Miss Tibbs. “Now it’s coming ! I know what it will be ! Her form is what a Grecian sculptor would have delighted to model ; that’s quite clear. She has a high, pale brow, most likely ; and these men-writers always dwell upon beautiful bosoms, and that sort of trash ; a fairy-foot—a sweetly rounded



arm, and a soft hand with long slender fingers, well adapted for moulding on occasion of love-scenes. One can't, of course, guess at the kind of eyes he may give her; they will be either tender hazles, melting blues, too-expressive blacks, or a thoughtful grey; and she will certainly have a Grecian nose; a finely-chiselled mouth with coral lips, just revealing the pearly teeth. I feel convinced that she will be all frank, affectionate, gushing innocence; a being to shelter from the rude storms of life; a holy thing, and all heart."

We regret extremely that our description cannot keep pace with Miss Tibbs' imaginary picture; but truth obliges us to declare that our heroine was none of these. She was no beauty; had not a regular feature in her face; and her figure, if formed upon the Grecian model, was of the plumpest of that school.

She was not the "faultless monster" of a novel, but something much better: an artless, good-humoured Irish girl of nineteen.

In one thing she resembled the regular heroines—she was in love. She went the reprehensible length of believing what a young gentleman told her; he said he loved her; and I am almost afraid she was silly enough to own that she loved him in return. Artless girls do run into these mistakes, till they have been schooled out of the practice, and make the discovery that the whole truth is only to be told in a witness-box.

The young gentleman, Mr. Henry Farnham, was a subaltern in one of Her Majesty's regiments of foot, and, at the period of our story, was on the point of embarkation at Cove. His regiment was on board a transport in the harbour, and only waiting a favourable wind to bid adieu to the shores of Ireland for a distant tropical climate.

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"

and there was no exception made to the general rule in favour of our lovers. It all went wrong: there was

hatred of parents, difference of politics; no rank, no money.

"It's disgraceful in such a fellow to think of Julia!" said Mrs. Catlin.

"Well, I believe he *is* poor," said Mr. Catlin.

"He shall never enter this house again!" said Mrs Catlin.

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Catlin.

"It shan't be!" said Mrs. Catlin.

"Just as you please, my love," said Mr. Catlin; and, accordingly, Catlintown was declared in a state of siege, and all intercourse with the enemy, Henry Farnham, strictly forbidden, whether he should conduct his attacks in person, or by the more covert machinery of notes or messages. The co-operation of all the servants was secured in carrying out this severe order; excepting, indeed, Larry, who, living in remote retirement over the stable, was considered out of the garrison.

But here we think they made a mistake, for among tacticians it is considered indispensable to make safe the outworks before you invest the place; and therefore leaving Larry in a state of neutrality was decidedly a false step on the part of those in command.

It was about two o'clock one fine midsummer morning, that a gentle tapping was heard at the small window of the room over the stable occupied by our friend the groom-gardener; it was repeated again and again, for the occupant slept soundly after his multifarious duties; but at length it succeeded in eliciting the shock head and drowsy countenance of our indispensable serving-man at the window.

"Who the divle are ye? and what do ye want?"

"A ladder. I want to get into Miss Julia's room."

"Is that all? ye'r aisily pleased! It's Mr. Henry, I think? Well, faith, it's a quare time to be paying a visit to a lady, and she in bed! Ye'r airly in yer morn-ing calls, I think——"

"My good fellow, come down; we sail soon after day-

break, and I want your assistance. She will be up, for she expects me. I am come to take her away. You must help to get down her things. A carriage is waiting, and all ready."

"Well, bedad, ye seem to have the ball at yer fut. But how could I get a laddher? Will I ask for the loan of a laddher to brake into the master's house, and carry off the young crathur? Sure it's draming ye are! But sorrow laddher ye'll get here any how: ye should have brought one wid ye. Sure there's the pear-tree."

"But, my good fellow, I can't ask Miss Julia to climb down a tree!"

"Faith, it's true for ye. And how would I come down myself with the portmanty, and bag, and bonnet-box, and maybe a dressing-case, and the work-box, and two or three hair-thunks, and the cloaks, and parasol, and baskets? But, anyhow, there's no laddher nearer than Ryan the mason's, agin the chapel; maybe he'd give ye the loan of it, if ye'd ask."

By this time the pair had approached the house, and Larry's concluding observations were uttered under Julia's window, up to which, and nearly encircling it, there grew an aged pear-tree in full bearing. It would appear that the fair inmate was aware of what was passing below, for the window was softly opened and Miss Julia Catlin appeared at it fully dressed.

To ascend was the work of a few seconds; and an animated conversation ensued between the lovers. The enamoured young gontlemen explained his plan in few words. He had a carriage waiting, a Catholic priest (Miss Julia being of that persuasion) was engaged at Cove to perform the marriage ceremony, and he had made every arrangement to take her on board as his wife, within three hours at furthest, and they would sail to other and happier climes, safe from the thwarting of unnatural parents, and pass their lives in love and joy!  
*et cætera! et cætera!*

But an unexpected obstacle presented itself—Julia

refused to leave her father's house clandestinely: she was not to be moved. She declined it with many bitter tears. He was her only love—her all—but the step was too precipitate, nay indelicate; she could not come—she must part from him, though her heart should break in the effort! *et cætera! et cætera!*

The young man urged his suit with every argument that love is master of, but in vain: she was of a quiet but determined character, and he felt that he pleaded in vain.

“Whisht, for the love o’ God!” said Larry, running from the gate; “the polis is coming—they’re just at the corner; ye’ve no time for creeping—down wid ye!—never mind the jargonels!—jump! the ground’s saft.”

But the young gentleman disregarded Larry’s advice, and instead of descending, mounted a step or two higher, and disappeared into the room.

The police looked suspiciously at the open window, but it was a hot night; and after carefully examining the fastenings of the gate, and finding all safe, passed slowly on.

How long the lovers remained together, or what they said, is not for us to dwell upon: suffice it, that the morning had already opened into broad daylight, and it was absolutely necessary to part. It is a sad necessity; a bitter moment better avoided. To separate is bad enough, but why tear each other’s hearts with last adieux?

He came back again more than once. He was descending for the last time, when a roar of laughter from several persons proceeded from near the gate, and three young men, who had apparently been watching the scene, ran shouting away towards the town.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

Haggard, pale, and unutterably miserable, poor Julia appeared at the breakfast-table. Her life had hitherto

been all sunshine ; but now a change was come. Something like regret that she had resisted her lover's entreaties to elope with him may have mingled with her grief, or the bitter prospect of long-deferred hope. It is not, perhaps, surprising, that she never for a moment thought of the possibility of a change in her own affections during the long years that might elapse before she again saw him ; the wonder is, that she had not the most remote conception that such a thing was probable on his part. It is fortunate that at nineteen we are troubled with few suspicions.

Mr. Catlin was not a man to notice such a trifle as a woman's tears, even if he had seen them. Perhaps he had the Frenchman's ingredients of happiness, "*mauvais cœur, bon estomac*;" he had, at any rate, a heart of extreme indifference to all human joys and sorrows ; and as for a stomach, he would have tranquilly eaten his muffin at the Sicilian Vespers.

Mrs. Catlin and her eldest daughter guessed at the state of the case, and sundry sly looks were exchanged between them. Shortly after the meal, a note was handed in to the elder lady ; she started at the first sentence : her face grew blacker in its expression as she read on ; she almost foamed at the mouth as she proceeded ; she turned white with rage at the conclusion ; and, then, rising with terrific calmness, laid it, with a deep courtesy, on the table before her daughter Julia, and quietly returned to her seat.

The note was as follows :—

“Dear Mrs. Catlin,

“I am truly sorry to be the means of conveying unpleasant intelligence to you, but I am sure you will duly appreciate my motives, and make every allowance for the distressing position in which I am placed. I assure you I don't believe the report : and how it came to spread all over the town I can't conceive. Indeed. I said to Mrs.



Conroy, when she told me, that I was satisfied there was some mistake. I said I knew Julia Catlin too well to think she *could* have acted with such imprudence; but Mrs. Conroy assured me, that she had it from one of the young men (Pierce, I think), who say they actually saw a gentleman come out of Julia's bed-room window at three o'clock this morning, and that he returned up the tree several times to kiss her (faugh!) as she stood at the window. Although they persist in stating that it was broad daylight, and they could distinguish the dear girl's features, I yet am firmly persuaded it must have been somebody else—one of the maids, probably. I thought, *dear* Mrs. Catlin, that you would not like to hear this first as the common talk of the town; so I pen these few lines in the certainty that *dear* Julia will be able to clear herself.

“With love to her and *dearest* Miss Catlin, believe me, ever sincerely and affectionately, yours,

“ \_\_\_\_\_

“P.S.—How is dear Mr. Catlin? I dare say you will laugh at this as a good joke. Adieu!”

Scarcely had Mrs. Catlin handed this to her daughter, when another little three-cornered billet, on rose-coloured paper, was presented on the silver waiter. It was dashed and doubly dashed—nay, trebly dashed towards the close. It was scored with emphasis; but we will not inflict these stripes upon the reader.

“O, *dearest* Mrs. Catlin

“There is such a report about! I positively can hardly bring myself to write it! How can they say so! Say, say, is it true? O, surely, surely no! But it is, alas! too generally believed! How can I write it! It is said, O *dearest* Mrs. Catlin,—what will they not say?—that your daughter Julia has been carrying on an intrigue with a young man, who has been repeatedly seen

entering her bed-room by the pear-tree at night, and leaving every morning after daylight. That some young men (I am sure I forget their names), have watched your house some time and seen it repeatedly. How shocking! how wicked! never to have told you, and dear Mr. Catlin,—so confiding, so good! What a return! but such is life! Ease my mind, dearest friend, on this most painful subject. Say, oh say, that it is all a vile fabrication—that these wretches never saw it—that dear, dear Julia is innocent! Have compassion on my excited feelings, and write immediately. My heart bleeds for you. Will you believe it? I never heard the report till just now, though I understand it has been long well known to everybody in Cork. Cruel, cruel wretches! Adieu, dearest friend.

“Your ever affectionate,

“—————

“P.S.—There is even a worse report—(can there be such?)—about poor Julia; but I cannot bring myself to write it. I am broken-hearted! Farewell!”

The reading of this was scarcely ended when a letter was handed in, addressed to Mrs. Catlin, in the staid, formal hand of the family physician. It ran thus:—

“My dear Madam,

“Although I am, as you know, no gossip, yet I cannot altogether shut my ears to what is spoken of amongst my neighbours. I regret to say that it is only within the last half hour that I have been made aware of the event which has taken place in your family. I allude, of course, to the clandestine marriage, and *accouchement*, last night, of your second daughter. The fact of the marriage is, I am informed, disbelieved by many; but I have too high an opinion of Miss Julia’s principles, and also of the correct way in which you have brought up your family, to permit me to doubt this part of the story for one moment.

Although I have no doubt, my dear madam, that you had cogent reasons for keeping this affair private, yet I cannot help feeling that, as an old friend of Mr. Catlin's and yourself, I might have expected to have been made acquainted with it confidentially ; as I do not apprehend that anything has occurred during my long professional attendance upon your family to render me unworthy of such a proof of your good opinion. That you should, however, in addition to this want of confidence, have entrusted the safety of your daughter and her infant, in the most trying crisis of her life, to the skill of an entire stranger, has, I confess, hurt me very deeply, as the world is but too ready to magnify such a circumstance into a proof of professional incompetency, and the thoughtless may naturally enough draw an inference to the prejudice of my practice and reputation. With compliments to Mr. Catlin,

“ Believe me, Madam,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ \_\_\_\_\_.”

The other was a card enclosed :

“ MISS FALLADDLE,

MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER,

305, Patrick Street,

CORK.

Children's Dresses in great variety.

N.B.—AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF BABY-LINEN ALWAYS ON HAND.”

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“ As when two black clouds,  
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian——”

so did the united storm of Mrs. Catlin and her eldest daughter break upon the head of the luckless Julia.



"Tell me, you horrid girl! is this true?" said Mrs. Catlin, shaking the crumpled letters in her clenched fist before the deadly-pale face of the poor girl.

"Answer mamma, directly, you wretch!" said the eldest daughter. "I wonder you're not ashamed to live!"

"Bad job," said Mr. Catlin.

"Who is it?" screamed the mother. "Who is the villain that has dared to treat us so? But you are worse, you miserable creature! ten times worse than he!"

"Yes, say who it is, if you are not ashamed to speak to dear mamma."

"Ah! wonder if I know him?" said Mr. Catlin.

"You admit it, you horrid creature? do you? I've a mind to strangle you, that I have!" said Mrs. Catlin.

"She's beneath your notice, the base wretch!" said her congenial daughter.

"It's a queer thing altogether," said Mr. Catlin.

It was in vain that poor Julia protested—that she implored them to believe her simple story. She did not attempt to deny that a man had entered her bed-room; but no power on earth should force her to declare his name. The admission was enough: she was loaded with abuse—shaken—thrust in an old nursery with iron bars to the windows, and the door locked upon her.

"Puzzle him to get in there," said Mr. Catlin.

It is not to be supposed that so important a personage as Larry Lynch was in the family, would be allowed to escape unquestioned on such a momentous occasion as this; and particularly as, from his known early habits, it was probable enough that he might have it in his power to throw some light upon the transaction. He was accordingly sent for, to be closely questioned by the assembled family.

But Larry was not readily forthcoming on that eventful morning. It was observed, that he had been unusually civil in volunteering his services to the domestics generally, and had undertaken sundry commissions to the

town, from the execution of which he seemed in no great hurry to return. Messenger after messenger was sped after Larry, and when these returned unsuccessful, a general muster of all the servants was made to search, not only the garden and stables, but every nook and corner about the place; and there was a shouting of his name in the deep bass of the footman, assisted by several powerful trebles, to a degree that rendered it quite impossible for Larry to be thereabouts without knowing that he was wanted; unless, indeed, he had been afflicted with sudden deafness. But the calling was all in vain; and having gone over the kitchen-garden and through the shrubberies more than once, they were about to return in despair, when a sharp-eyed housemaid peering behind the boards of a broken-down summer house, which had been consigned to a corner for fire-wood, saw Larry quietly seated and shaping a board with his knife.

“Well done, all of yees!” said Larry, jumping up, when he found himself discovered, “that’ll do right well! Divle such a routing the burds got since the fruit come in. Faith, if ye’d on’y come every day, three or four times in the morning, beginning airly, and once or twice agin in th’ afternoon, ye’d soon scare ’em out o’ this. I’m obleeged to ye, Dinnis, indeed; ye’ve a grand tone in yer voice, and I seen how ye rattled ’em out o’ the cherry-tree. Sure, them ambers is no good for ’em. I’d hardly get a dish for the masther’s table, let alone taking any to Mrs. Macguire. Faith, Dinnis, ye went bowldly through the bushes: when I seen ye in the sweet-briar, I was ’most afeared ye’d be after tearing yer Angolys, or perhaps get a thorn in yer shorts. Indeed, I’m greatly obleeged t’ all o’ yees, for it’s destroyed entirely I am with the hooshing and screeching since three in the morning, so I sits me down aisy to make me a clapper, for my throat’s ’most done.

“But, bad luck to ye,” said the footman, “why didn’t ye say where ye were, and we tearing mad afther ye? Sure, we’ve run ye like a fox through the town and over

the grounds since breakfast, and sorrow glass claned, or any of the silver. I've been tuk three times away from rubbing the spoons to look for ye."

"Faith, it's true for Denis, so it is; and the beds not made nor the slops emptied."

"Ah, murther!" said Larry, "to see the maids cutting through the wet greens, houlding up their coats and showing the long socks! Faith, Katty, ye had 'em of another colour at Skibbereen, and the brogues too."

"No, nor so much as a praty got, nor a cabbage for the sarvants' dinners, nor the fish ordered—ye forget it's Friday—and how'll I get it in time?"

"Well indeed, cook, ye might have cut the cabbage yerself when ye were in it; ye made a pillalooing fit to frighten the sprouts. Is it fish ye want? Do ye remimber the sort ye give us last week? By my sowl I haven't got the bones out o' my throat yit: I'd as soon ate a sheet o' pins."

"Sure, it's too bad o' ye Larry to lade us after ye through the wet and dirt: how will I go to attind the ladies the state I'm in? Did ye hear us calling ye?"

"Is it hear ye? Faith, I'd have heered ye at Cove, let alone Passage, with the wind down the strame. But who ever heered tell of four people screeching together afther one man, and he close by all the time? Didn't ye see me down by all boords when ye passed? I thought it's relaving me with the burds ye were. But who the divle towld ye to go in the dirt? Couldn't ye keep yer fut out o' the sallading, and that just sowed? I've work for a week wid ye. 'Tisn't aisy to rake out the marks o' crubeens like them.' Says I, 'when ye first came out,' says I, 'that's the misses, long life to her; she's sent 'em out to pillaloo the blackbirds and th' other varmint that do be ating the currants, and sorrow bit we'll have for the presarves. Well, bad cess to them,' says I; 'why would they be calling Larry, and alarming the town, and making a holy show of me? Sure, I'll have the polis sarching for me, and think I'm a robber. But at any

rate,' thinks I, 'I'll wait and see what they'll do;' though, faith, I was hard set to keep quite wid yer screeching, on'y I seen how ye started the t'rushes. And what the divle do ye want wid me, afther all? I've no time to do anything. It's four times I've been in town to-day. I'd as lief be in a marching ridgement itself."

But here the garrulous gardener was interrupted with the information that he was wanted immediately in the breakfast-room, to be examined by the master and mistress touching his knowledge of the events of the morning; and finding that no further evasions would avail him, was marched under escort of the other servants, till they lodged him safely at the breakfast-room door: not, however, without his having made one dodge into the stable under pretence of rubbing his shoes clean upon the straw, and to collect his thoughts in the present emergency.

"What I'll do," said Larry, muttering to himself as he worked away at his shoes, while the other servants stood looking on at the doorway, "what I'll do now, it's hard to say. I'll get my walking-ticket now, sure enough. But anyhow," said Larry, cheering himself up, "why would I mind? sure, it's on'y five pound a-year, and a shoot o' fuss'ns!"

Fortified with this reflection, the under-gardener was ushered into the awful presence of Mrs. Catlin; not to mention that of her daughter and Mr. C.

"Presarve ye, ma'am!" said Larry, making his bow; "and the same to the masther and miss, lucks round. I heered ye wanted me, and I says to them as come, says I, 'I hope the missis won't keep me a minute, for,' says I, 'there's work for ten hands, let alone two; and the pays to be sticked—and the grass cut—and the flowers tied—and the walks weeded. Indeed, it's most ashamed I am when the quality do be coming up to the doore, the state they're in ———'"

"Well, never mind all that," said Mrs. Catlin, interrupting him. "Answer me one thing ———"

"With pleasure, ma'am," said Larry briskly; "anything at all, I ——"

"What time were you up this morning?"

"What time, ma'am? Well, thin, indeed I couldn't justly say not to half an hour, or an hour, or maybe more. The watch I have's in for ten hog, and I've a cowl'd and can't hear the clocks. Maybe 'twas five, or perhaps airlier; but when I get the next quarther's ——,"

"Now, tell me," said Mrs. Catlin, "when you first got up did you see any one, and who did you see?"

"I did, ma'am: I seen a man."

"A young man?" said Miss Catlin.

"Faith he was, miss."

"Where was he when you first saw him?" said Mrs. C.

"Is it where he was, ma'am? Well, faith, I seen him first looking over the wall at the corner, then he come on to the gate and looked in a bit there, and then he come on forenenst the stable."

"And you spoke to him?"

"I did not, ma'am—he spoke to me first."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Faith, he heered me hooshing the burds, and up at the windy he looks, and says he, 'Morrow, Larry,' says he. 'Morrow kindly, Kit,' say I; 'how are ye since?' 'Hearty,' says he; 'how's yerself?' 'Purty well,' says I, 'barring a cowl'd, and a hoarseness I've got hooshing at the burds,' says I. 'Sorrow bit of fruit we'd have for the presarves, on'y I'm up airly to drive 'em.' 'And how's things goan wid ye?' says he. 'Right well,' says I; 'we'd a great crap o' sparrowgrass, and the savoy's tuk, on'y they're destroyed with the slugs, bad luck to them! and a purty sprinkling o' banes we have; and,' says I, 'how're ye getting on your way?' 'Faith, but poorly,' says he; 'whate's down, and the praties is kilt for the want o' wather. But,' says he, 'do the masther go fowling this year? Sure he might have a day's cracking



with huz when the crap's in, for there's lashons o pattridges, and as big as hins. Sure,' says Kit, 'the masther's the one to down them. Divle a better ever I seen, barrin' th' officer from Kinsale; and sure the masther'd bate him into fits with the laste taste o' practice ——' ”

Thus far had Larry run on without a perceptible stop, looking hard at his master as least likely to interrupt him, and entirely blind to the various impatient movements of Mrs. Catlin, as well as deaf to her exclamations. When at last pulled up, and questioned if he saw any one about the house, he answered with his usual readiness. In fact the questions were no sooner uttered than his answers were bolted out, and he plunged into a new stream of narrative.

“Is it about the house, ma'am? Faith I did. That's when I come back from the garden I seen somebody at the windy, half in and half out; says I, 'They're airly stirring; what game will that be?' But when I come down to the corner, I seen it's Katty Kane it was claning the windy. And,' says I, 'mind yerself, for fear ye'd fall, Katty,' says I; 'for there's choice plants under yees, and ye'r a fine lump of a girl, so ye are; and if ye'd drop out o' that it's the divle's game ye'd play with the lilies, and the late tulips, and th' other flowers,' says I; 'and the missis do be proud o' them; and she's the raison anyhow. Sure, there's th' Imperial Purple,' says I; 'and the Great Mogul,' says I; 'and the Roossian Kaisar—and, faith, I'd be hard set to tell ye the names of half o' them. And there's the Blooming Bride,' says I; 'that's yerself some day,' says I, 'Katty. And hould tight,' says I, 'for fear ye'd slip; and don't ye be twisting round that away to look, for ye've a narrow sate there, Katty, and ye overhang a dale; so take a firm grip wid yer calves,' says I, 'Katty, for fear ye'd let go——' ”

“But did you see any other person—any gentleman—about the place?”

“Did I see any gintlemen, ma'am? Faith I did,

ma'am, plenty o' them. Gintlemen, and boys, and young girls, and ould women--hapes o' them. Sure, I seen Mrs. Malone, o' Patrick Street; I wouldn't mistake her: but it wasn't much notice I tuk o' them."

Mrs. Catlin had a very natural repugnance to mentioning the name of him whom she suspected of invading the premises, but still it was of importance to set matters right upon that point; so, calling up all her dignity, she proceeded in the examination with an air which was meant to retain the excursive flights of the witness: and while avoiding, if possible, the dreaded name, to lead him at once to the point.

"Now tell me, Sir, I desire you," says Mrs. Catlin, with sour severity.

"Anything at all, ma'am, I——"

"Answer me the question I am about to put to you. Did you, amongst the people who were about the road or near the house this morning, see any gentleman who is in the habit of visiting at this house, or that you have ever known to call here at any time?"

"Well, thin, indeed ma'am, I think I did: but I wouldn't be quite sure of the same, becace it's running my eyes do be with the cowl; but I'm 'most sure I seen Mr. Raheny o' Mallow: if 'twasn't him, divle a more striking likeness——"

"Now, if I was to mention the name——"

"The divle fire ye!" said Larry, hitting his thigh a violent blow with his fist, and rubbing his knuckles hard down his leg as if in pursuit; "the divle fire and fly away wid ye! sure ye might lave off ating me before the quality! It's destroyed entirely with the flays I am, ma'am; they're ating me day and night. Faith, ye might scrape 'em up in a spoon they're so thick, and the quilt o' the bed do look like a carraway cake wid 'em. It's the powltry as does it; sure they've a sloping boord up to the windy, and sorrow bit I'm able to keep 'em out o' that. Divle a night that I don't go to bed with a cock and six hins, but the cock's the worst o' them. 'Twas

only last night I says to him, 'Yowld rooster,' says I, 'can't ye lave clapping yerself till the sun's riz, and distarbing the folks? Sure, ye might pay attintion to the hins,' says I, 'without scraping yer leg that away. Ye've tuk the sheet from me, so ye have.' And there's a good flight o' pigeons in it, too, ma'am: 'Coo, coo!' says they, 'when I'm hardly got to bed. The divle coo ye,' says I; 'better for ye go out o' doores,' says I, 'than to be bowing and gallanting in my apartmint.' I aften says——'Bad luck to yees!' said Larry, interrupting himself, and executing a sort of general screw of his whole body, so as to scrape the clothes against every part at once—'bad luk to yees! ye're all on the move, are ye? Faith there's no bigger skamers than flays! If they get sight of a carpet, or a harth-rug, or anything the like o' that, they're mad to get at it. Sure, I feel 'em coorsing about. They're not confined wid me as th'are wi' Dinnis; there's no turnpike all down the road. Oncet they get into yer sofys, let alone yerself ma'am (I ax yer pardon), ye'd be hard set to get shut o' them. Bad manners to me! but they've tuk the masther," said Larry, seeing Mr. Catlin make a rapid movement to scratch his neck. "I hardly thought they' got so far as that. Did they bite smart or slow, Sir? Ah, them's flays, divle a doubt of it."

Whether the lively picture drawn by Larry—verified as it appeared to be by Mr. Catlin—had not some effect in bringing the examination to a close, cannot be more than surmised, yet certain it is he was told that he might retire; a permission of which he quickly availed himself, though with extreme softness, towards the door.

"Yer sarvant, ma'am," said Larry, holding the door while he made his last obeisance; "and his honour—and miss. Sure I'm most afeered to move, else, maybe, I'd shake more o' them out o' the fuss'ns."

Arrived in the hall, he executed a fling that nearly brought his head in contact with the lamp, and then rushed into the garden. As he passed the butler's



pantry, he took occasion to look in at the footman, busy in rubbing the spoons.

"Well, Dinnis," said Larry, "are ye ready to take another turn at 'em? Faith, ye've a grand tone for burds, as I tould ye before; ye larned that in the country attinding the young whate."

\* \* \* \* \*

While this scene was enacting in Cork, the only person who could have cleared poor Julia was rapidly leaving the harbour behind him; the ample sails of the transport caught the freshening breeze, and before the nursery door had closed upon the wretched girl, the Wanderer was below the western horizon.

And did nobody amongst the five hundred dear friends of the family believe the story of her who had never been convicted of a lie? Not one; excepting, indeed, Larry, whose testimony would have been utterly worthless, or only confirming the worst part of the story—the entrance of young Henry at the window. Under such circumstances, no one believes. If she had murdered children or a husband—burnt a family—poisoned a friend—destroyed a town—she might have been certain of sympathy. Letters of advice and condolence would have flowed in upon her; sympathising females would have travelled up by fast trains to sing hymns in her cell—elderly gentlemen would have read to her, and wept. She would have become the lion of a prison; and, by a little well-feigned eccentricity, of a madhouse! A cold-blooded, calculating murderer, who shoots a gentleman in broad day in the street, is well lodged, and rendered interesting for the rest of his life; and in the case of a would-be regicide, sentimental young ladies club their pocket-money to make his confinement endurable, by supplying him with entertaining books and lessons on the violin!

"Every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame."

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

Julia had an aunt in Dublin, the widow of a retired tradesman, well to do in the world, but looked down upon by the more aristocratic branch of the family at Cork. Indeed, Mrs. Catlin would have considered it degrading in the extreme to hold any sort of communication with a chandler's widow. But to this person poor Julia applied for a refuge, and did not apply in vain.

Mrs. Slattery lived in Thomas Street: she scorned to leave the old premises where her husband made his money; so converted the shop into a front parlour, and sat looking into the street and watching her neighbours, and enjoying herself from morning till night almost every day of the year.

One might have supposed that nobody would have thought it worth while to give any additional nickname to a person called "Slattery:" but those who think so would form too favourable an estimate of mankind. Perhaps her acquaintance thought that one bad name deserved another; so added the familiar contraction of her baptismal appellation, and called her Peg Slattery. And here, surely, we might imagine that even malignity would stop; but no, they angled still deeper in the pool of vituperative nomenclature, and dragged up—what *do* you think?—

"SNUFFY PEG SLATTERY!"

in allusion to a cherished personal habit. Nay, I am not sure if there was not a lower deep than even this, and that "Snuffy Peg" was not, if possible, more insulting from its gross and unfeeling familiarity.

Mrs. Slattery received our heroine with real kindness; listened to her story, and, strange to say, believed it; installed her in the best bed-room, gave strict injunctions to the housemaid to attend to all her wants, offered her a pinch of Lundy Foot's highest toast, and hurried back to the parlour window. She would not have left that window

for half-an-hour, unless upon the most urgent business, to have been made lady mayoress.

Poor Julia was sensibly touched with her aunt's kindness; though rather uncouth, she felt at once that it was genuine; and in this commodity there is no mistaking the real article, while the counterfeit is discovered by even dogs and cats. In poor Julia's position it was something to find a friend even in Snuffy Peg Slattery.

But in opening her box, she unexpectedly lighted upon another. Lying conspicuously on the top of her clothes was an old and well-darned worsted-socking, originally intended for an adult wearer of the male sex, but now, by dint of many washings, shrunk almost into the dimensions of a child's sock. At the extreme end of the toe was, carefully wrapped in paper, the sum of four pounds, seventeen shillings, and sixpence, in silver, and the following letter:—

“ Honor'd Miss,—

“ Enclosed is a thrifle ov wages which sorrow bit ov me knows what to do wid. I'm tould that the banks do be braking, so I tuk it out ov the savings' bank; for, says I to meself, sure none but poor people puts into that one at all, and how would they keep up a bank when the quality's banks do be going to the bad? Well, I got the money hard enough, for they wanted me, whether or no, to lave it wid 'em; but faith, when I seen how anxious they were for it, I seen it's purty near gone they were. Sure, I wouldn't have it in notes at all, when they wanted to put their paper upon me; and, faith, I thowt it would save ye the throuble to get change, which is mighty scarce here anyhow, and it's aisier to spend in hogs and tanners, which is what I'd wish ye to do, miss, and nothing else at all. What would I want wid it when I git hapes to atc and a sup o' dhrink, and a shoot o' fussons, let alone th' masther's boots, and th' ould hats? it would on'y be burning me pocket, or, maybe, lade me into mischief; and now it's prefarmint for me to think I'm obleeing yer

honour, miss, wid a thrifle, that if it was twenty pound, would never come up to the half, nor the quarther, nor hardly the laste taste of all the fevers I've had from Mr. Henry himself, let alone ye, miss, that was always the kindest and best ov'em. So, wishing yerself and Mrs. Slattery, and Bess Mullally, that's from Carrigaline, th'ousemaid I hear, lucks round,

“ I remain to command,

“ Yer humble sarvant,

“ LARRY LYNCH.”

Mrs. Slattery was true to the parlour window as dial to the sun ; and there were few events in that neighbourhood that she did not chronicle in her mind. There she sat, with spectacle on nose, and box in hand ; and it was owing to this latter habit, indulged in so conspicuous a place as Thomas Street, that she acquired the *sobriquet* already noticed.

“ Come here, Julia,” said she, as her niece entered the room, her eyes yet red from the effects of Larry's generosity. “ Come, quick ! quick ! there's Pickled Salmon going in for his seventh naggin—he had his first at nine. I wouldn't be surprised if he got one while I was up stairs wid you when you came. How he'll mind his business and attend to his family, and go on so, *I* can't think. Them's a couple of fine flanty girls. I think I can guess where they come from ; and its through the Castle-yard they're going. Ah !——Lord ! look at Mrs. Mullins ! if she isn't goin' into Sloper's again ; There's something goin' on : Patty's to be married, I hear. Well, Jack Mullins, I'd rather you'd pay the bill than me That's a fine draggle-tailed one ; better for her mend the heel of her stocking before she hold up her dress. Look at the carriage ! Look at the carriage ! There's ringlets !——that's grand, if they're not false !——See old Fearon creeping ! well he may have the gout, if all's true : any how, bad as it is, he's glad to get out of the reach of his wife's tongue. Poor fellow ! he'll take to th' other stick soon.

See, there, Miss, at the window; she's come to show the clean collar; better for her help Katty to wash up the dishes and turn down the beds. Sure they have but one of all-work, and how that one does it's a wonder. 'Twas on'y yesterday they had their wash: they couldn't dry it to-day—so that's the way they have it all the week about; and there's the blinds in this time, for they're all down. But let what will stand, they must have their best muslin dresses ready for Kingstown, Sunday. Look at Mrs. Mias! Faith, she's been and done it! And Maria! *and* Bessy! *and* Victorine! *and* Sairey Lizzy! They're aff to-day! Now, where'll that be to? It's a covered car—it's to Rathmines—to Marley Fad's! Well done, Sairey! you've the best ginger on. That's for young Fad: he's a catch. And Sally, the plum-colour (that's a good wearing thing: that's three-year old, all out). Ah! will ye look at Bess in the pink silks? Watch her step into the car. Did ye ever see a pair of crushers like them? Faith, she's a true Mullingar heifer—beef to the heels. Little Vic's the best of them; it's she gets up all the fine: the mother told me that. Och! blessings to your heart; if they haven't dressed up Slack, the shop-boy, in a dark mixture coat, and put a cockade in his hat, for the tay party! That'll frighten Fad out of a year's growth; he never could come that, though it's retired they are—that'll be the talk o' Rathmines. I wonder what th' ould man allows for all that. It's seldom they take him with them—he's serving the customers."

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Though given to exercise her talent in small criticisms, Mrs. Slattery was in the main a good-natured woman, and did all she could to render her niece's stay comfortable. On one point Julia was fixed as a rock—she would go into no society; and it was only after some weeks of persuasion that she could be prevailed upon to accompany her aunt to the theatre, and this solely to oblige her.



Mrs. Slattery prided herself upon her loyalty ; and on the occasion of a "command night," when the Lord-Lieutenant attended the house in state, she was a regular and successful candidate for a front place in one of the most conspicuous boxes in the theatre. The late Mr. Slattery had, during a long course of business, supplied the Castle with wax and sperm, and the other articles he dealt in ; and it was his widow's pride and boast, that she would show her gratitude through thick and thin.

Persons at all notorious would do well to arm themselves with a good stock of assurance when they occupy conspicuous places at the Dublin Theatre : there is no place of public entertainment in any civilized country where greater license is conceded to the mob. Not only are names freely called out, but many pleasant allusions to personal peculiarities and private history indulged in ; and now and then the fun of the shilling gallery is launched in the shape of a bottle or a brick at an obnoxious character on the stage or in the boxes. More or less throughout the performance, there is a contention between the pit, boxes, and galleries ; the latter generally commencing it with "Three cheers for O'Connell !" or, "Hurrah for Repeal !" answered from the pit and boxes with the Conservative fire, produced by feet and sticks in this measured cadence—Rap, rap, rap—Rap, rap, rap—Rap, rap, rap.

Scarcely had our aunt and niece taken their seats, when they were recognised by some friend from the westward (Dublin fashion, contrary to that of London, holding to the east of the city), who roared from the gallery—

"Blood an' ouns ! there's Snuffy Peg in the front ov 'em. Success to the candle trade ! Faith, that's a tidy heifer along wid her—that's a dip of ould Slattery's. Look at ould Mother French in the brown jasey—long life to ye, ma'am ! What's your husband doin' now ?—A clap for the town-major ! Hurrah for the green satins : there's a pair ov 'em ! A groan for Lady Blake." Then



a roar for "Tom Mō-ō-ōre, Tom Mō-ō-ōre!" in a voice such as nobody ever heard out of Ireland, till the National Poet is forced to come to the front of the box and make a speech *à propos de rien*, without which nothing would satisfy them.

In the course of the evening a middle-aged gentleman, with abundant black whiskers, and a mass of white neck-cloths coming up to his ears, accosted Mrs. Slattery, and begged an introduction to her niece, which was readily accorded, by the name of Major Sprainer. He was a blustering, hard-speaking gentleman—a noted duellist, and consequently much shunned by the men. He was one of your "What d'ye mane" people, a race now happily becoming rare in the land. He had given, it was said, a quietus to several of his friends, till his ardour was considerably quenched by an unlooked-for wound from a tyro in the art, and which his remaining associates looked upon as a singular mercy; next only to his having been put out of the way altogether.

The gallant Major took most kindly to our heroine, and laid himself out to please both aunt and niece; so successfully indeed with the former, that he was asked to call in Thomas Street at his earliest convenience.

The gallant officer was not a man to neglect an invitation of the kind, fraught as it was with the abundant hospitality of Mrs. Slattery, whom he had known long, and whose good things retained a lively hold upon his recollections; and the more readily did he promise her the pleasure of his company, as he had taken a sudden partiality to her niece. His attentions were rather particular for a first acquaintance; but the Major was off-hand in his dealings with the sex: like the chieftain mentioned by Spenser, "he liked not to be long wooing of wenches," and thought that the tactics recommended towards a widow were equally efficacious when applied to a maid.

From that day forth, Major Sprainer became the regular morning visitor of Mrs. Slattery's, and stayed to

dine whenever he was asked, which was about five times a-week. The worthy lady of the house was too happy to entertain a gentleman that brought all the gossip of fashionable life, and filled up the long, vacant evenings, when there was no supervision of the neighbourhood.

This was a sad infliction upon poor Julia, who was subject to the perpetual pester of the man's attentions, offered, as it seemed to her, with a familiarity in nowise justified by so short an acquaintance; and even the aunt herself began to wonder what was to be the result of his *intentions*: they were destined to an early development.

One day, the Major called when Mrs. Slattery was out, and thinking the time so favourable for bringing matters to issue, he requested a few minutes' conversation with Miss Catlin alone, and then proceeded with great deliberation to unfold his plans respecting her. What these were may be probably inferred from the following letter:

"Larry,

"This comes with many thanks for your letter ye sent by Miss Julia. Sure, I've attinded her careful as ye desired, and a nice crater she is, and sorrow any trouble she gives us, but the revarse; but it's destroyed she is by a big blackguard of a Major—Sprainer, they call him, that has been coming here afther her ever sense she cam up, bad luck to him. But the Missis said, 'Sure,' says she, 'maybe they'd make a match, for he's a fine clever man, and indipindent, and mighty fand of her, and I'd be proud to have her settled nigh-hand me.' But any how, one day Sprainer called, and the Missis was out, and says Sprainer to me, 'Betty,' says he, 'you'r a purty girl, and you've got a bright eye,' says he, 'and a full figure, Betty,' says he, taking a liberty. And says I, 'Hands aff's fair play, Major,' says I; 'one at a time. How saft I am! Betther for ye keep yer attentions for the quality,' says I: 'there's Miss Julia you'r coorting.'

And says he, 'Faith, that's thrue, for ye, Betty,' says he, 'and perhaps, you'd jist run down t' Essex Bridge, and buy me an ounce of Foot's toasted snuff; I like it fresh and fresh; and here's something to pay for it,' says he, 'and keep the change for yerself, Betty, for ye desarve it for the throuble I give ye opening the doore. And,' says he, 'at Nowlan's, jist round the corner, I seen a sweet purty ribbin, that will do ye right well; it's got the blush of the rosebud, like yer own cheek,' says he, making his fun of me. 'And don't ye take anything they give ye,' says Sprainer, 'but match it,' says he, 'wid yer cheek, else, maybe, it would kill the colour. And,' says he, 'if any one comes, I'll answer the doore,' says he; 'for I know th' ould cook's deaf; so don't be fraid of laving the house, for I'm in no hurry for the snuff.' 'Well, faith,' thinks I, 'he's not so bad, afther all; but who'd have thought o' Sprainer looking in at a ribbin-shop, and remimbering the colour ov me cheeks?' Thinks I, 'that's too civil by half; but anyhow, there's no harm in looking at the ribbin.' So I just tuk a look at Nowlan's windy, and sorrow one was there but two ould greens and a blue. Well, I thought it quare enough; but I'd come so far, I'd like to see: so says I to the young man, 'Will ye plaze to show me the rosebud ribbin ye had in the windy, while ago?' And says he, 'Miss, we don't keep the likes of that in the windy at all, ony them as won't fade,' says he. 'Well,' thinks I to meself, 'that Major's a skamer.' 'But have ye got the ribbin?' says I; for, faith, I wanted to find him out. 'What shade, Miss?' says the young man. 'Well,' says I, puttin me hand to me face, 'something the colour,' says I; but, faith, I was shamed ov me life. 'If,' says he, 'Miss, ye'd be afther pattherring yer cheek,' says he, 'it's hopeless,' says he; 'for art has no chance, not the laste, wid nature.' Well, indeed, it's an iligant shop and civil people; 'but,' says I, 'I'll call agin, young man: at present I'm pressed.' 'And much ye desarve it,' says he, mighty genteel. So I cuts aff to

Foot's for the snuff, and away wid me back again, hot fut, and I found it all in a flurry, and Miss Julia locked in her room sobbin' fit to break her heart; and the Major was gone, and the Missis tould me never to let him in agin; and they say the blackguard has been telling all sorts of quare tales of Miss Julia all over the town, what he says he heered from Cork. And the Missis is sadly vexed.

"So no more at present from

"ELIZABETH MULLALLY.

"P.S. I most forgot to tell ye, that the Missis desired me to say that she is in want of a man, and willing to take ye, if out of place. It's ten pound and two shoots, mighty aisy, and ony Molly and me."

We must now recur to the young gentleman to whose inopportune visit, at an unseasonable hour, at Mr. Catlin's, so much misery was owing. He was barely in time to catch the transport as she sailed between the two forts which guard the entrance of Cork harbour, and looked down upon so many thousands, "leaving their country for their country's good," that annually pass between them. The weather, though fine at starting, soon showed signs of change; the coy east wind, so unfortunately fair for master and agent, barely lasted till they had cleared the land, when a heavy gale from the westward set in. Being well at sea, the above-named functionaries had no available excuse for running back, though ready enough to seize upon the slightest excuse for so doing, both being paid by the day, and in most instances having wives on shore. Though keeping the sea, they had little hope of progression, till at length, in a happy moment, they carried away a foretopmast, when there was nothing for it but to return to Cove for repairs, a month from the day of sailing.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Henry Farnham hastened to Cork the moment the ship dropped her



anchor, and almost the first person he saw, on entering the precincts of the "beautiful city," was our friend Larry, puzzling, as he walked along the road, over the letter he had just received from Miss Mullally.

Larry could hardly believe his eyes. His first effort was to shout—then to laugh—then to cry, and finally, thrusting the letter into Mr. Farnham's hand, to dance about while he read it, incessantly hitting with his right arm, as if armed with a stick, and employed in savagely pounding some imaginary antagonist; uttering all the time cries of, "Take *that*, ye blackguard, and *that*, ye villain! and *that*, ye rap! and *that*, ye robber! and then ye may put *that* in yer pipe and smoke it."

A few questions elicited a narrative of the whole course of events since our youth departed, and such was the stunning effect of the communication, that he remained almost stupified with astonishment, grief, and remorse. Speedily, however, rage came to his assistance, and he fixed upon Major Sprainer as the first object of his revenge.

After a brief consultation with Larry Lynch, it was agreed that nothing should be said of Mr. Farnham's return; but that Larry should at once take places in the Dublin mail for that evening, whilst the young gentleman returned to the ship to secure the co-operation of a brother-officer, and both meet the mail on the Fermoy road, about midway between Cove and Cork.

To Mr. Farnham's surprise, when the mail drove up he discovered Larry occupying a seat on the roof, dressed in an uncommonly long drab greatcoat, which concealed all his underclothing, though revealing a pair of thick nailed shoes; and wearing on his head a very indifferent hat, to which he had added a cockade.

"Here's my master," said Larry, officiously jumping down, and hustling the beggars right and left. "We've no coppers, I tell ye—we'll remimber yc coming down. Has yer honours anything but the two portmantys? Whoop!" said Larry, catching sight of a pistol-case,

which he seized and tossed into the air ; " we'll tache ye to behave yerself wid yer rosebud ribbins, ye common robber ! let alone th' innocent crathur that's destroyed wid ye, ye foul-mouthed blackguard that ye are ! "

Arriving in Dublin, the two friends took private lodgings, and the next day was spent in negotiations with Major Sprainer and his friend : Larry being cautioned to keep quiet, and on no account to betray the confederates by any interview or communication with the beauty of Carrigaline.

The gallant major was too happy to indulge the young Englishman in affording the most complete satisfaction ; laughed at any proposition of retracting the reports he had spread abroad ; turned into ridicule the excited feelings of the young man and his friend ; and, naming a gentleman about his own standing and of kindred tastes, requested that the arrangements should proceed with all the formality usual on such occasions, and with as much despatch as they pleased.

Larry was of course taken into confidence, and doubly delighted at the prospect of punishing the major, not only on Miss Julia's account, but also for the small matter of liberty he had thought proper to take with the young lady of the rose-bud countenance, who, from certain circumstances unnecessary to mention, we have reason to think, was far from an object of indifference to the late under-gardener.

It was with the greatest difficulty he could abstain from paying that young person a visit, but the commands of Mr. Henry were potent spells, and it occurred to him that, unless he wished to employ an approved method of advertising, he had better not confide his secret to a woman.

But on the day preceding that arranged for the encounter, a feeling of something like remorse, not to say fear, began to take possession of Larry Lynch's mind. It occurred to him, more than once, that he was not going exactly the right road to befriend a young lady by helping



the dearest object of her affections into fighting a duel with a notorious manslayer—a fellow who would rejoice to take his life; and then how was she to be righted in the eyes of the world, and who was to marry her? And besides it occurred to him, that his conduct in the matter might not be considered as a particularly powerful recommendation to the “ten pound and two shoots;” a consideration of some moment, as, in the fulness of his heroic feelings, he had sacrificed a quarter’s wages with his old master. Altogether, he felt sorely perplexed by the dilemma in which he found himself.

“Well, faix, I somehow think I’ve done meself now,” said Larry. “There’ll be somebody killed, sorrow doubt of it! and they’ll lay the blame to me. It won’t much matter which, Sprainer or the young masther, I’ll be the one that’s brought it round. Sure I know well enough what his lordship will say,—it’s aften I heered the like: ‘Gentlemen,’ he’ll say to the jury, ‘I don’t wish to bice your verdict—I’m laving ye to judge for yourselves: but if any man ever desarved hanging it’s the prisoner at the bar. Ye’ll be guided, av coorse, by th’ evidence. Maybe ye’ve read what they say of him in the papers, maybe not, but let that have no hould upon ye. Root all that thrash out ov yer thoughts, as the prisoner would docks and nettles out o’ Catlin’s garden in his days of innocence; but if ye *do* bring him in guilty—I say, gintlemen of the jury, if ye *do* bring him in guilty—I’ve the black cap ready, that’s all. Perhaps ye’ve heard people talk of this case out of doores? let that have no weight wid ye! Cut it down at once, as the wretched man would a head o’ sparrowgrass. Keep yer minds, I say, gintlemen, as clear as th’ unfortunate criminal did his favourite flower-bed. I’ll jist go over th’ evidence, and ye shall judge for yourselves. Ye see the thing was all brought about by the prisoner. If he hadn’t showed the letter to Mr. Farnham, he’d never have come to Dublin—never met the Major; and if he hadn’t met the Major, gintlemen, I’d like to know how the Major could have been afther

shooting him? Answer me this, gentlemen! But ye must judge for yerselves; don't think I'm lading of ye, gentlemen; I'm merely recaptulating th' evidence. Wasn't it the prisoner that tuck places for them in the mail? Why would he do that same if he wasn't contriving the murther beforehand? Didn't he lave a good place and give up a quarther's wages? Suspicious circumstances, gentlemen, for a poor man. What would he do that for if he warn't contriving the murtherous meeting? Hadn't he got the poor young man like a pig in a string, and was lading him, and pushing him, and shouldering him an to the slaughter? It's thru for ye he didn't put the knife into him, or the ball into him, but what's that to do wid it? Wasn't he th' agent and the driver that brought him to them as did? Wasn't it the prisoner that carried the notes to and agin betune the parties? Didn't he clane the pistols? Now, gentlemen, let me draw your attintion to this part of the evidence—haven't we it stated on the solemn oath of a credible witness—one of the highest carracter—haven't we it stated on the solemn oath of this one, that the prisoner cast the balls? with one of which, gentlemen, the poor young crathur was slaughtered. Didn't he cut the wadding, and dhry the powther, and fix the flints, and hire the car, and put the pistols into it, and stand by and see it done? Gentlemen of the jury, some people might say them's all murtherous intintions, but I repeat to ye, I don't wish to bice your verdict in any way at all; but I ony say, if the prisoner escapes hanging there's no justice in Ireland.'"

It was arranged by the seconds that the meeting should take place in the Phoenix Park, half an hour after sunrise, and the repentant Larry Lynch was directed to have a car in waiting, and take care that all the necessary arrangements were made. Long before daylight Larry was on foot, and seemed to have slept off his apprehensions: a favourable change had come o'er the spirit of his dream, and he appeared bent on carrying out the

preparations for some merry-making rather than to have in hand the contriving of a mortal combat. Happy thoughts seemed even to occur to him as he bustled about and made the coffee, and slapping his thigh, he exclaimed repeatedly,—“That will do! Why wouldn’t I? I’m clane shaved. Afther all, it’s the fit out, and the cut of the brogues, and the hodycoloony as does it!”

Above all, he took care that the master and his friend should be called in ample time, and a comfortable breakfast prepared for them. He had also the pistols and greatcoats, with comforters, shawls, and warm gloves nicely arranged on the hall table: hats were scrupulously brushed, and boots attentively polished, for the grand occasion. In fact, it seemed to be Larry’s object to crowd as many comforts and attentions as possible into the small remnant of his master’s life, and to facilitate in every way his arrival at the final scene. But, however well meant may be such acts of officious kindness, they are somewhat grating to one’s self-love; like the thoughtful attention of some fussy member of the family on the last day of a schoolboy’s holidays: “Now, my dear, you know I don’t wish to hurry you, but you had better finish your breakfast, the coach will be here directly!”

When Larry had the two gentlemen seated at breakfast with every comfort that his forethought had suggested, he seemed to derive the most intense satisfaction, and requesting his master to lend his watch that he might be sure of having the car at the door at the precise moment agreed upon, requested the friends to stay where they were, and to have no fear of his forgetting to call them in time. Having received the watch, and a tacit acquiescence in his plans, he withdrew from the room, and on doing so, carefully and very quietly locked the door behind him.

After looking through the keyhole to assure himself that he was not suspected, Larry hurried into an adjoining apartment, and began in the utmost haste to

throw off all his clothes, and then as hastily to dress himself in those of his master, which had been previously laid out in readiness. But never was the old proverb more fully verified than in this hasty toilet of Larry Lynch. First he put on the trowsers, forgetting that the straps were sewn on, and they must be preceded by the boots—and these, indeed, were his great difficulty. How he was to get a pair of full-sized Munster feet, encased in thick worsted stockings, into a delicate pair of Gilbert's dress-boots, little more than half their size, was a problem. He began the attempt in stockings, but tore them passionately off seeing the utter impossibility of the thing, and made an attempt with the naked limb, which was almost as fruitless; but he tugged, and swore, and stamped, and sweated; carried away first one strap, then the other—hurled down each boot in succession, and paused a moment. Suddenly a thought struck him: rushing into the kitchen, he seized a large piece of butter, and after holding it for a moment at the fire, proceeded to smear and plaster the whole of one foot and ankle with the half-melted mass, and seizing upon the boot which still retained its straps, contrived to force, after many desperate efforts, his right foot into his left boot. But it was too late to remedy it; to get off that boot would have been, if possible, more difficult than putting it on; so plastering the other foot with more butter, and cutting holes in the sides to pull it by, he contrived to lodge the other foot, and wiping the sweat from his brow with his black and greasy hands, considered what was next to be done. Then came the trowsers—and here a difficulty occurred almost as inconvenient as that of the boots. They were of the French fashion of the day, and extending in a gaiter-shape to the toe; and Larry having a leg very much shorter than his master's, the misfit was, if possible, more apparent (to others at least) than in the boots. In vain he hauled up the suspenders to the top hole—took them off and tied knots in them—braced away again with scarcely any diminution in the enormous



slack of the legs, though he hauled them painfully up to the armpits. He somewhat resembled the American dog, whose tail was curled so tightly over his back that he could not put his hind legs to the ground.

"Curse the throwers, and the boots too!" said Larry; "how would I know I'd have all this work with them? Bad luck to me, but they'll find that they're locked in before I'm half dressed. I'm destroyed intirely with the boots. Sorrow fut I'll be able to walk in them at all, bad luck to th' English spalpeen that made them! And the high heels do be forcing and jamming me toes till I'm like standing upon tiptoe in a taycup! But, anyhow, this is a grate waistcoat—purple velvet with goold spots; and the black and blue satin scarf—them's a fit; and the blue dress-coat with goold buttons and the crest an'em—that's a hoont-coat. Faith, I'd desave Bess Mullally herself now. Now the pin, and the goold chain round my neck; now I've ony the hat and gloves ——"

But Larry was destined to meet with difficulty even here, for the Paris kids could be by no means persuaded to accommodate themselves to his well-buttered black hands; and neither coaxing nor force sufficed to insinuate his bullet-head in the short-napped beaver; so it sat insecurely perched on the top of his carrotty pole.

The rumble of the approaching car was just heard as Larry put the finishing touch to his toilet, so emptying the whole bottle of scent over his head and breast, he hobbled into the street as well as the boots would permit him, with the pistol-case under his arm, his finger-ends just stuck into the gloves, the whole tops of which had been torn away, and hung like bracelets round his wrists.

In leaving the house, Larry listened for a moment, and finding all was safe, quietly locked the street-door and stuck into his waistcoat pocket the huge house-key, the ring outside looking like a gigantic eye-glass. Telling the carman to drive softly for a certain distance, he then

urged him onwards towards the Park at the top of the horse's speed.

The place of meeting had been very carefully selected; it was in a retired spot amongst the trees, on the city side of the Fifteen Acres, and well pointed out by certain marks which Larry remembered.

Leaving the car at some distance from the spot, our overdressed hero took the pistol-case with him and limped through the wet grass towards the place of meeting. It happened to be a high wind, and Larry's hat seemed to be possessed with a strong desire to get back to Dublin. After two or three painful runs in pursuit, he formed a resolution to set that matter at rest; so putting down the pistols he joined both his hands over the crown of the fugitive castor, and squeezed down the yielding material till it came nearly flat upon his head, like those portable folding beavers that are made to pack into a trunk. But even this did not succeed; so taking his knife he cut a long gash in the back of the hat, and then crammed it on down to his eyebrows.

Larry was first on the ground, and had time to make his little arrangements before the enemy came up. He opened the pistol-case, laid out the powder-flask, caps, and patches, in order, and placed on the ground a bag containing about two pounds of balls, as if he was come to pass some hours in pistol practice. "Anyhow," said Larry, "we won't be short of materials."

Major Sprainer and his friend were punctual to the time, but paused when they came up, and regarded the extraordinary figure before them, shifting himself restlessly from one foot to the other, as if the ground was too hot for him. Neither had seen Mr. Farnham, but it was impossible to conceive that the grotesque object before them was he; still it was clear that he was waiting to fight somebody, and had, perhaps, accidentally taken possession of their ground. They looked at each other with surprise.



"Morrow kindly to yees, gentlemen," said Larry, when they came up. "Ye'r rather afther yer time; but no matther, we'll soon make up for it. I'm waiting for Major Sprainer, and my name's Farnham. I've t'apologize to ye for th' other gentleman, my frind, but he's tuk sick, and can't come this time; so I wouldn't put it aff till I looked for another, so let's begin if ye plaze."

"I thought," said Major Sprainer to his second, "that the gentleman we expected to meet was an Englishman?"

"Well, blood an ouns," said Larry, "what do ye take me for? sure I'm an Englishman every bit ov me, to the back-bone, ony you'r so much used to your own dirty brogue that ye can't apprayciate th' illigance of me furrin discoorse. Not but what it's thrue for yees that I have the slightest taste in life of th' accent, which I tuk in my timpory risidince in Cork; but barrin that, I think ye might see that I'm not raised in this dirty country at all. Sure, ye ought to know a Stooltz coat and throwsters, let alone a Paris hat and London boots (the divle resave the man that made 'em!) from any ye'd see in this blackguard country."

"Well, Sir," said Major Sprainer, after a rather long pause, "I must take the liberty to observe that ye'r a singular specimen of an English gentleman; but I'm pledged to meet ye, such as ye are, and I suppose as ye say yer name's Farnham, and ye come to meet me, there's no mistake—anyhow, there *shall* be no mistake; we'll wave the trifle of having but one witness: so load the pistols, O'Donnel, and let's go to work."

Though Mr. O'Donnel protested against the irregularity of the proceeding, he was overruled by the major, who insisted upon going through with it even without a second t' all, and said "he would load the pistols himself, rather tnan be disappointed."

"It's thrue for ye, major a-vick," said Larry; "sure it's aisy to put in the pcwther and 'oall—every man his

bird—and up to the muzzle, if ye like; and when th' ammunition's done, sure we'll finish with the butts."

There was, however, no occasion for further irregularity; Mr. O'Donnel was persuaded, at last, to load and hand a pistol to each, having previously stepped the ground, and when he dropped his handkerchief, the instant the cambric reached the ground, they were to fire.

The pistols went off at the same instant of time; Major Sprainer stood erect after the discharge, but poor Larry, staggering back a few paces, fell heavily to the ground.

"You've killed him, Major," said O'Donnel, quietly; "you had better go; get on the car and away with ye. It was a bad job with only one second. I'll just see to him for a minute, and cut across to Island Bridge after ye, myself."

But the Major stirred not. He remained precisely in the position he first took up, looking grimly to his front towards the fallen man.

"For God's sake make off with ye!" said O'Donnel, pausing to look at him as he was about to kneel beside poor Larry. "What's the matter that ye don't go?"

But the Major uttered not a word.

"Hollo!" said O'Donnel, running towards him; "what's that on your trowsers? You're wounded!"

It was true: Larry's ball had taken effect in the Major's groin, and the blood was flowing rapidly down the front of his dark trowsers; and when his second attempted to move him, he uttered a deep groan and fell flat upon his back.

At this moment, Henry Farnham and his friend came up. Their first care was to see to poor Larry, who began suddenly to show signs of animation, and opened his eyes lively enough for a dying man. He seemed somewhat confused at first, and rather puzzled to point out his wound; but gradually raising himself to a sitting posture, he put his hand to his waistcoat-pocket and drew forth

the key of the house-door, with a flat piece of lead sticking to the wards—no doubt the Major's bullet, so benevolently aimed, and thus providentially arrested in its progress towards Larry's body by the stout piece of iron in his waistcoat-pocket.

When it was discovered that Larry was unhurt, or only bruised by the hard knock at his ribs, they exhorted him to run for medical assistance for the Major, who lay like a dead man upon the grass.

"Is it run, when I can't stand?" said Larry. "But faith, here's a knife in the gun-case: it's soon I'll relave myself of 'em."

So saying he cut at once through the trowser-straps, regardless of the owner's presence, and then running the knife down the side of each boot along the seams, he quickly relieved himself of those fashionable incumbrances, and made off at full speed towards the town. Being, however, still impeded by the length of his trowers, he stopped in his career, and slicing off about a foot from the bottom of each leg, continued at a desperate pace towards Barrack Street, exhibiting to the early risen the extraordinary spectacle of a man dressed in the extreme of fashion running barefooted through the town, his trowers cut off at the calves, and calling aloud for a doctor.

The reader according to his habits and temperament will rejoice or otherwise at Major Sprainer's misfortune. The wound was not mortal, but sufficiently severe to make him lame for life; and, what was still more galling, to affix upon him a lasting ridicule for the manner of his acquiring the hurt.

As for the meeting of Henry Farnham and Julia Catlin, it must, as pathetic writers would say, "be seen to be believed." Neither must our pen, unfamiliar with such scenes, venture upon the delicate ground of Larry's first interview with the rose of Carrigaline. We may, however, mention that the rose-bud riband was purchased;

and so far was it from killing, as was anticipated, the natural colour, that an opinion pretty generally prevailed that the riband had the worst of it in the comparison.

As for Larry, he awoke and found himself famous ; he was exalted into a hero ; and it is our opinion that, in these piping times of peace, it would be no easy matter to find any one more deserving of the name.

## STILL-HUNTING.

DISGUISE it as you will, but there is a natural love of elbow-room amongst mankind which drives them into waste places,—to the moors and the mountains, to Ben Lomond or Barnes : and it is strongest in us of the Lackland family. We hate the gates and hedges ; they are counsellors that “feelingly persuade” us what we are. We grasp at the ghost of a tenure, and on a wild heath seem to have and to hold by Nature’s own act and deed. We have no friendly feelings towards him who threatens man-traps and spring-guns, and detest those two magistrates who have stopped the footpath. How we feel the insulting curtness of “Beware,” “No thoroughfare,” and have our sympathies enlisted for the poor trespassers so cruelly menaced at the corners of plantations ! But, above all, we loathe the arrogant benevolence of him who tells us to “Mind the dog.” We see through this fellow. It is an attempt to throw upon a generous animal the odium of his selfish conservancy, and save his grass under the cloak of philanthropy. We are tempted to exclaim, “We don’t mind him the least !” and have a rebellious excitement in the doubt of being gnawed and worried.

It was with such feelings strong upon him that our sportsman toiled, through an August day, over one of the



wildest portions of the bog of Allen. There is beauty and sublimity even in a bog ; it is vast, silent, solitary. He had the dirty acres all to himself. Not a sound was heard, save, perhaps, the low twittering of some siskin or mountain-finch coming out to reconnoitre the intruder upon his solitary reign. Neither tree, hill, nor living creature broke the level uniformity of the horizon : “ the wide o’erhanging firmament ” rested upon an ocean of purple flowers.

Choosing a dry spot, carpeted with young heather, interspersed with huge bosses of fine grey moss, while the air was scented with the delicious odour of the bog myrtle, he threw his gun and game bag on the ground, and stretched himself along to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the scene.

There are times when the spirits boil over, and our sense of happiness can only find relief in some overt act. We would give the world for a gallop, or a game at leap-frog, or the power to throw a sunnyside, or the license to shout aloud ; and happy are they who can train the outbreak into the semblance of music. In his ecstasy the sportsman mangled several Italian melodies of the day, ruthlessly tortured a gay little *chanson à boire*, murdered “ Alice Grey ” outright, and still finding that the safety-valve required easing, leant his head against a tussuck and gave with that hearty goodwill,—that unmistakeable *con amore*, only seen in those who sing without an audience—the well-known *morceau* of Justice Woodcock :—

“ When I courted a lass that was froward and shy,  
I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply.  
I took her so lovingly round the waist,  
And I smack’d her lips and I held her fast.  
Oh ! these were the joys of our dancing days,” &c.

“ Bedad, ye may say that ! ” said a voice within ten yards of him ; “ that’s the way I coorted Kitty. If ye’d

been consoled on the premises, ye couldn't have tould it better !”

If a thunderbolt, or a meteoric stone, or a man of the moon, had fallen into the bog beside the grouse-shooter, he could not have been more astonished than at this most unlooked-for greeting. And the object from whence the voice proceeded was not of a kind to diminish his feeling of wonder. Between two large bunches, or tussucks, of the grey moss with which the place abounded, there peered forth the good-humoured face of a man about thirty, lying flat upon the bog, while the moss nearly meeting above his head, and coming down in a flowing, pear-like shape on either side of his face, gave him much the appearance of wearing a judge's wig, though the countenance showed nothing of the judge's gravity.

The first impulse of the shooter was to start up and seize his gun, the second to burst out into loud laughter.

“Faith, it's true for you !” said the man, getting up and taking a seat near him ; “but how the divle ye came to know it, sorrow know I know. It's shy enough she was at first, but it's meself that stuck to her. I'll tell yer honour all about it while we sit aisy here. Divle a much I cared for Lanty (that's her father). ‘Let her be,’ says he ; ‘wait awhile, sure the heifer's young. Any how ye'r rough in yer ways,’ says he. ‘Faith, Mr. Hickey, says I, ‘it's becace I'm in airnest.’ ‘Divle a doubt of it,’ says he ; ‘but that's no reason why ye'd be crushing my choild wid yer hugs. Any how,’ says Lanty, ‘I'll not consint to it yet ; sure I can't spare her till we've got in the praties. What could I do wid all the crap on my hands ? So hands aff's fair play,’ says he. ‘Besides,’ says Lanty (sure he's a cute ould chap, that one), ‘where would ye take her if ye were married itself ? Ye'd bury her underground, says he, ‘in the quare place ye have down along the canal. Faith it's no place to take me daughtar to, and she bred up in a slate house, and every convanience, in Killbeggan. If she did consint, it's not for want of better offers at home, never fear. There's

Burke of Athy, says he's proud to discoorse wid her when he comes this away; and it's not a week ago,' says he, 'that Oolahan, the grocer, sent me the half-gallon of Parliament: it's long since ye did the like o' that, or even poteen itself. Faith,' says he, 'the laste ye could do would be to fill the keg in th' other room, and build me up a stack o' turf for the winter,' says he. 'Och, murder!' says I; 'Mr. Hickey, ye'r hard upon me,' says I; 'wid yer Burkes and yer Oolahans. Is it Oolahan? sure ye wouldn't marry yer daughter to an ould man like him? The divle a taste of a grandfather ever ye'd be, barrin what I'd be shamed to mention. Come,' says I, 'Mr. Hickey, ye'll give me yer daughter—she's fand o' me. Clap hands upon that,' says I, 'and I'll fill the keg with the first runnings—the raal stuff,' says I; 'oncet ye taste it ye'll put Oolahan's Parliament in a jar and throw stones at it. And I'll build ye the stack if ye'll wait till the turf's dhry; I've a rare lot o' the deep cutting,' says I, 'as hard as stones.'

"Well, faith, I tuck him the sperrits, and the turf, but the divle a Kitty I got; and I heerd it's aften they went to tay wid ould Oolahan, and made game o' me sperrits and me. 'Faith,' thinks I, 'the next thing'll be I'll have the gauger (sure he's Oolahan's brother-in-law) and th' army destroying me still, and meself in Philipstown jail. But, any how,' says I, 'I'll be up to ould Lanty, as cute as ye are. So when the next dark night come, I tuck some of the boys wid me, and their harses, and went to Lanty's, and soon I brought the sweet crathur outside wid a small whistle I have. 'Now,' says I, 'Kitty, sure I want to talk to ye; maybe I won't discoorse so fine as Mr. Oolahan,' says I, 'but, anyhow, bring out the key of the doore, and we'll turn it upon Mr. Hickey the whilst we're talking. Sure he might be angry if he found me wid ye unknownst, and I'd like to keep him safe,' says I.

"'What's that?' says Kitty; 'sure I thought I heard voices beyant,' says she.

"'Oh, nothin, me darlint!' says I, 'but a couple o'

boys goan home from the fair o' Mullingar, wid their harses, and they'll stop for me till I go 'long wid' 'em.'

"Well, with that Kitty goes in and slips on her cloak, 'and,' says she, 'I'll jist step across to Biddy Fay's for the haarbes.' 'Well,' says Lanty, 'do so; and while ye'r gone I'll just take a sup o' Oolahan's sperrits. Faith, it's great stuff,' says he, 'and agrees wid me better than Mike Cronin's. It's raw stuff, his,' says Lanty. (Th'ould villain, and better never came out of a still)! 'Well,' says he, 'Kitty, I'm poorly to-night, and I'll take it warm; make me a tumbler o' punch,' says he, 'Kitty. Musha, bad luck to me,' says he, 'but I'd rather see ye married to a steady man, that's got a license to sell good sperrits, like Oolahan, than any one, barrin a distiller itself, and that would be looking rather high,' says he, 'for they're mostly of the quality, them sort. Anyhow,' says Lanty, stirring the punch, while Kitty was houlding the doore ready to come, while th'ould fellow kept talking, —'Anyhow, Kitty,' says he, 'ye must think no more o' Mike (that's me); what'll he do for ye,' says he, 'down in the bog? Sure his sperrits is but quare stuff, and what's the thrifle o' turf he sent? it's 'most the top cutting, and mighty light.' (The lying ould rap!) 'Well, go 'long wid ye, Kitty,' says he, taking a dhrink; 'go 'long to Biddy Fay's, and mind yerself,' says he; 'sure th'officers do be smoking their cigars upon the bridge,' says he, 'and they're mighty blackguards afther dark. And make haste back, for it's toired I'm getting.'

"Well, faith, at last I heered her shut the doore; so I just stepped up, and turned the kay mighty quite, and put my arm round Kitty, and tuck her away towards the harses, and says she, 'Where ye goan? Can't ye coort me here?' says she; 'sure the people do be passing in the lane.' Well, with that I caught her up, and away wid me, hot fut, and the crathur squealed, 'Ah, can't ye stop?' says she, 'I'd die before I'd go wid ye! Sure I thought ye an honest boy, Mike. Be aisy wid me,



for th' honour o' God; sure I'm young as yit!' But, faith, we put her on the harse, and I held her on before me, and cut out o' that full tare; but divle such a pillalooing as Lanty made out o' the windy ye never heerd! Sure we had him safe, for the windy was too small for him; but anyhow he tried it, and stuck fast, half in and half out, and Pat Sheahy stopped wid him a minute to see if he'd aise himself out, but divle a taste. 'Let me out o' this!' says Lanty, most choked. 'Be quite, Mr. Hickey,' says Pat; 'don't alarm the town; what would folks say, and see ye stuck in yer own windy? Faith, ye must be swelled with the bad sperrits ye tuck; sure Cronin's sperrits never did that for ye. Betther for ye,' says he, 'to marry your daughter to an honest boy that does ye no harm,' says he, 'than an ould spalpeen that blows ye out like a cow in clover. But it's getting late,' says Pat, 'and I've far to travel; so I wish ye good night, Mr. Hickey. Well, well,' says Pat, 'sure th' airly boat do be passing up soon after daylight, and they'll think it curous to see ye stuck that away in the wall!'

"Well, faith, he left him, half out and half in, and away wid us to the bog; and I married Kitty with the first convanience, and it's mighty happy we are, barrin the gauger (that's Oolahan's brother-in-law), that do be hunting me out for the still. Sure I expect him to-night, and th' army wid him; and faith I lay quite, watching yer honour, for I thought ye might spake to me unknownst about their coming, for ye talked a dale to yerself before ye began them outlandish songs. Faith, it wasn't much I larned out o' them, wid yer banes and yer pase,\* till ye tuck up the right joke about Kitty. But, any how, ye'll come inside and rest yourself, for ye've a dale to travel, and the boat's gone."

"Inside! why there's no house here! And where's the canal?"

\* Mr. Cronin's meaning is here obscure. "Banes" we may, perhaps, trace to "bene," but I am quite at a loss for "pase."



"Faith, they're both nigh hand ye,—nearer than ye think."

To the sportsman's astonishment, the canal was within a hundred yards, cut deep through the bog, some forty feet below the surface, and so completely out of sight that he had not the most distant notion of its proximity. But where the residence of his new friend was remained still a mystery.

The bog had been cut down in several levels, like steps, to the canal, but, looking up and down along its straight course, no house, or any signs of one, could be discovered.

"Sure, it isn't every one I'd bring to me place," said my companion, "let alone th' army; for I know yer honour right well; and sure, if ye do come in, ye'll see nothing."

On the deep steps or levels of the cutting were a great many heaps of turf piled up, apparently with a view to their convenient shipment in the large turf-boats, which carry this admirable fuel even as far as Dublin. Mr. Cronin, after pausing a minute to enjoy the wondering looks his companion cast about in search of the "place," commenced removing one of the heaps upon the level about midway between the surface of the bog and the canal. The stack was about five feet high, and as the upper portion was removed there appeared a hole, or doorway, in the perpendicular face of the cutting against which the heap was raised.

When the passage became practicable, the master beckoned to his guest to enter the room, and leading the way himself, ushered him into a house of fair dimensions, in the centre of which was left standing a column of turf to support the roof, on one side of which was a hole, or window, cut down from the level above, and slightly covered with dry bushes; and, as it afterwards appeared, was flanked by two large stacks of turf, which prevented any one from passing that way, and so running the risk of making an involuntary entrance into the premises.

But this room was merely the antechamber to the principal apartment, which lay deeper under the bog; but the guest had no wish, neither did the host press him, to make any further researches.

The walls, floor, and roof of this peat-cavern were perfectly dry and comfortable. There were sundry articles of furniture about the place, several low stools, a small table, and a rude old chest, from which last the owner produced some excellent bread and butter, a bottle of poteen whisky, and two small glasses.

It required no great pressing on the part of the host to make his guest partake of those good things, though many apologies were made that no fire could be lighted to cook him a better dinner, as the gauger was out.

"This is one of me houses," said Mr. Cronin; "and, by the same token, Flannagan, the gauger, would give twenty pound to find it; and me in it. Sure, its sarching after this he do be coming this way, but sorrow much I care for him; it's long before he'll put his nose in the hole, barrin the smoke."

"But where's Kitty?" said the stranger; "you don't live here altogether?"

"Och, murther! ye'r mighty cute wid yer Kitty, and yer songs. Well, how the divle ye hit it aff so well, it's hard to say! Faith, Kitty's in th' other house, but I brought ye here first for fear ye'd come some day with th' army, and sarch for it. Sure ye'r not obliged to hoont for it yerself—that's Flannagan's place; ye'r only to seize the still—when ye find it."

Although it struck the Englishman as being rather a curious proceeding, though decidedly Irish, to show a man a place with a view to his not finding it, yet he could not help admiring the acuteness with which his new friend had enlisted him on his side, and bought at least his neutrality, by making him eat of his bread and salt; and drink of his illicit spirits, in the very stronghold and secret spot in which those spirits were made; while, with equal cunning, all traces of the contraband manufacture

were carefully kept out of view. Not a pot or kettle, or vessel of any kind, save the bottle and glasses, were to be seen ; neither was there any fireplace, nor signs of a fire, though he must have been dull indeed not to have known full well that all these things were carefully stowed away in the inner room. But, being in for the thing, the hungry sportsman thought that no further harm could result from making a good meal ; and the small new loaves, though tasting strongly of turf, and the fresh butter, were fast disappearing. The whisky was first-rate—the real stuff—and the long, fagging day he had gone through above ground, rendered him peculiarly sensible of the cool comforts and enticing beverage below. True, there was some difficulty in mixing the grog, for the water was contained in a large earthen jar, almost too heavy to raise, and the glasses were less than an egg-cup ; but he took Mr. Cronin's advice, and "mixed it in th' inside of him," taking a sup of spirits and a drink of water alternately.

During the progress of the meal Mr. Cronin had carefully built up the turf-stack, to prevent any untoward intrusion ; and having finished the bread and butter, and become tolerably perfect in "the meeting of the waters," having also made arrangements for the forwarding the game-bag the next morning early, the stranger prepared to bid adieu to his kind entertainer, and commence his weary walk homewards. Suddenly the host started, then listened attentively, and finally, applying his ear close to the turf-wall of the hut, commenced making gestures to remain still, as some one was approaching. After a time there could be distinctly felt a vibration of the springy ground, and it was evident, from its increase, that a party of many persons was approaching. Suddenly a word or two were spoken in a low voice, and immediately followed by the loud word of command, "Halt, front : order arms : stand at ease."

The sportsman knew the voice well : it was that of his brother-officer, an elderly man, and the party was the

detachment to which he himself belonged. Here was a predicament ! If he had not stopped to eat that last loaf, and take that last long drink, he had been safe on his way homewards. As it was, he felt puzzled what to do. To issue forth would have been to betray his hospitable entertainer, confiscate his property, and consign him to a prison : to remain hidden in a poteen manufactory, hearing his own men outside, searching, with the revenue officer, for the very place of his concealment ; and to be there discovered would have had an awkward appearance, and, with a fidgetty commanding officer, might have subjected him to a court-martial. He knew not what to do ; and, as is usual in such cases, did nothing.

But, in spite of the unpleasant position, it was impossible not to be amused at the searching process that was going upon outside, freely commented on, as it was, by Mr. Cronin, in a whisper, within. Sometimes the party was moved farther on ; then back again, past the door ; then they halted close in front : but the dry turf left no traces of footmarks, and all their attempts were baffled. Several of the large stacks of turf they removed, but our particular one escaped from its insignificance ; and to have removed all would have been the work of a week.

The old officer, a dry, matter-of-fact Englishman, was becoming heartily sick of the adventure. He said something about being made a fool of, which Mr. Cronin doubted, muttering something to the effect, as I apprehended, that nature had been beforehand with the gauger.

"I shall not allow my men to slave here all night, pulling down and building up stacks of peat after a ten-mile march, and ten miles to return ; so fall in men, and unpile arms. Show us the place, Sir, and we'll make the seizure."

(*Inside.*)—"Well done, old boy, stick to that."

"I'll be upon my oath," said the gauger, "that I saw the smoke coming out of the bog hereaway, when I passed th' other day—here, in a line with the two stacks over there—it's right in this line." ("Thank ye, Mr. Flan-



nagan, we'll move 'em to-morrow.") "I'd rather than ten pound I had that fellow by the scruff of the neck!" ("Thank ye kindly, Mr. Flannagan, the same to yerself.") "It's daring us he is." ("Likely enough.") "But I'll have him safe enough one of these days." ("Did ye bring any salt wid ye to put on his tail?") "And I'd be glad we'd find him, Sir, that yer men may have a sup of the stuff, poor fellows, after the march." ("How kind ye are! 'ye'r mighty free wid another man's sperrits.")

As the night advanced, the difficulty of finding the still increased, and at last the gauger was fain to give up the pursuit in despair, and the party was moved off. The intruder lost no time in slipping out of his hiding-place, and reached home before the party.

Till a late hour that night he was edified with a full and particular account of the adventure; how they had been hoaxed, and dragged over twenty Irish miles to a place where there never was an illicit still; where there never could have been the smallest reason for suspecting the existence of one. "I looked pretty sharp," said the old officer, "and I can see as far into a mill-stone as most people."

But nothing could convince Flannagan, the gauger, that he was wrong—such is the obstinacy of some people. Nay, he dragged that detachment twice to the place afterwards, in spite of all angry remonstrances, and, it is needless to say, very much against the wish of all concerned.

Now this officer may have neglected his duty; he may have connived at a breach of the revenue laws, but he certainly did not find the still, nor was it found in his time. On the occasion of the two official visits, Mr. Michael Cronin accompanied them, wearing an air of lamb-like innocence, and wondering what they sought.

There was one thing the officer had to complain of, which was, that on several market-days, a jar of whisky was mysteriously left at his quarters: but he laid a trap for the bringer, and at last caught Mike Cronin in the



fact, and the harmony of their acquaintance was a little disturbed by his being made to take it away, under a threat of certain pains and penalties.

Confound the fellow! he then sent his wife, even Kitty, so that the sportsman was obliged to compromise by accepting a bottle or two; or else shut the gates against all the grey cloaks on a market-day.

## A MYSTERY AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

ALTHOUGH the following narrative does not come properly under the head of an Irish story, seeing that it is in nowise illustrative of Irish manners; yet I am induced to give it from its singular and mysterious interest.

A few years ago, an officer whom we will call Captain G——, received a sudden order to occupy with a detachment one of those small barracks in the county of Wicklow, built shortly after the great rebellion. The district in which it is situated, appears on the map as a wild tract of mountains, fifteen square miles, if I rightly remember, being noted on the large maps as uncultivated and nearly uninhabited. In order to open out this wild region, so favourable for the assembling of the masses for unlawful purposes (and the more dangerous as being within a march of the capital), a road was run through the heart of it, and several small barracks erected as military posts along the line.

It was in the autumn, and the weather singularly fine, and, both as a sportsman and an admirer of Nature in her wildest dress, it was with uncommon satisfaction that the captain took up his quarters in the small unpretending tenement amongst the hills; shut out, as many would have thought, from all the enjoyments of life.

The officer commanding the detachment he relieved was not there to receive him, and the old serjeant who commanded insinuated that the party had not been often favoured with his presence.

A sportsman can well appreciate the enjoyment he felt in wandering, gun in hand, over those noble mountains. The game was not abundant, certainly, for it was very partially preserved; but if he failed to get within reach of the grouse upon the mountain sides, he was rewarded with far-off glimpses of the sea, or the sunny plains of Dublin or Kildare. And if his walk was purely of a sporting nature, he never failed to find snipes in the boggy hollows, or woodcocks in the little patches of cover, nestled in the deep and narrow ravines. Hill mutton, as well as good digestion, "waited upon appetite," and his drink was the "mountain dew!"

But the singular, and to this day unaccountable incident which nightly occurred, was this, he *invariably awoke at some period in the course of the night with all the clothes off the bed!* There was no certain time for the occurrence of this certain stripping. If from want of exercise his sleep was light, he awoke very shortly after being deprived of the covering; but if, as was generally the case, he slept the sound and deep sleep of a sportsman, he awoke benumbed and cramped from lying long in an exposed condition. In vain did he tuck up the bed most carefully every night with his own hands; in vain did he savagely drive sheets, and blankets, and counterpane under the mattress, and shift his bedstead about, and fix it against walls, and take every precaution that anxious thought could suggest: but still the invariable nightly denudation went on. It was unaccountable.

If it had been an ancient mansion hung with tapestry, or wainscoted with black oak, one might have fancied the place was haunted, and the crusty old ghost bent upon driving away an intruder upon his favourite promenade, something in the manner of a Welsh ejection. But who ever heard of a ghost inhabiting a small, plain, white-

washed apartment, without even a closet to hide himself in? Whoever heard of a ghost in a barrack?

If the bedding had been new, he might have fancied he had stumbled upon an enchanted counterpane, or a pair of volatile blankets; or that the bedstead, like the sofa in the Eastern tale, had been given to take flights through the air, and so whisked off the clothes in its transit. But as the whole set-out had been the time-honoured companions of his wanderings, and had hitherto, under all varieties of station and climate, behaved discreetly, he acquitted them of all blame in the business.

If he had been ill, nervous, anxious, fidgetty, dyspeptic, or hypochondriacal; if he had been in debt, love, or chancery; if he had lived hard, or even increased his usual potations: if he had been any of these, he might have supposed that, in making an effort to relieve himself of a mental or bodily load, he had kicked off the bed-clothes instead. But he was free from any of these evils. "Perhaps," thought our hero, "there is some practical joker at the bottom of this; some funny fellow with a hook and a string angling through an unsuspected crevice." A careful examination cured him of this suspicion. The only inhabitant of the barrack besides his own detachment, was a veteran barrack-serjeant, who had charge of the stores, and to accuse him of a joke, whether practical or other, would have been obviously absurd. Besides, such a thing was impossible, the house having no communication with any other, and there was a sentry at the door day and night.

Whatever the cause might have been, he was not there long enough to find it out. At the end of a few weeks he was relieved, and sent to a distant part of the country.

When Captain G—— mentioned the circumstance to his brother-officers, it was wondered at of course. He was narrowly questioned as to his habits of living, but nothing was elicited that could lead to a clearing up of

the mystery ; the prevalent conjectures being, perhaps, in favour of nightmare and whisky-punch.

By degrees the story passed out of the daily talk, and was reserved for those dismal winter evenings when people crowd about the fire, and talk of shipwrecks, and ghosts, and murders.

But the strangest part of the story is to come. Dining at the mess of another regiment some months after, and talking with one of his neighbours at the table of the various places at which he had been quartered, Captain G—— mentioned his short detachment in the county of Wicklow, and dwelt upon the pleasure that its wild scenery and mountain sport had afforded him. His neighbour had some recollection of the name, and inquired of another if it was not the same place at which “poor Brown got into a scrape?”

Wondering by what ingenious process a man could contrive to involve himself in any difficulty, in a spot so far removed, as it would appear, from every temptation, Captain G—— made inquiries, and found that Mr. Brown, a very young man, had found his mountain-quarters so disagreeable, that he repeatedly left the detachment, contrary to orders, and passed most of his time in Dublin. This conduct was at first treated with slight notice ; but the irregularity going on, he received a severe reprimand from his commanding officer ; and it was intimated, that if again found absent from his post, arrest and a court-martial might be looked for.

A very few days after this, the Colonel met him again in Dublin ; and the case appearing of a very serious nature, he was put in arrest, the detachment recalled, and Captain G—— ordered to supply his place, though the circumstances attending his removal were not known at the time. Although he escaped a court-martial, he was allowed to do so only on condition of retiring from Her Majesty's service.

“He was a good fellow,” said the narrator ; “and



being so very young, I really think he might have got off, if he had not made such an absurd excuse. Imagine a man being such an idiot as to say that he could not remain with his detachment, *because the bed-clothes were taken off him every night, and he could not account for it!* Why, it amounted to a positive insult to the Colonel!"

Imagine the astonishment of his neighbour, when Captain G—— gravely informed him, that the same thing had happened to himself, night after night!

The gentleman looked at him for a moment; then gravely passed his hand over his chin, executed a short, dry cough, and finished with a long and sonorous pinch of snuff, while he fixed his eyes upon the opposite wall.

But it was true, notwithstanding.

## THE ADVENTURE OF TIM DALEY.

IN the county of Limerick, about six miles from the city of that name, is a place called ———, a scattered village, on the slope of a low range of hills, facing the north. It was peculiar, among other villages of that county, as being clean; the houses, for the most part, tidily whitewashed; and there were neither dunghills nor “loughs” before the doors. The absence of the latter might perhaps have been accounted for by the natural slope of the ground; but the general good order of the place was certainly owing to the fortunate circumstance of its possessing a kind, gentlemanlike, and, in every respect, most excellent resident landlord.

But the great peculiarity of the village was, that the pigs were not on visiting terms with the inhabitants. This had been a prime object with the landlord, who, from having travelled much in other countries, had imbibed ideas of comfort and cleanliness at variance with those of his native place, and, on settling down for life at the family mansion, commenced a course of reforms; the first of which was, to put his tenants’ pigs upon the European footing.

This revolution was not effected without much outcry of all concerned. The people, and their fathers before

them, had lived with pigs, and they saw no harm in the "poor crathurs." "Sure, he do be picking up and incrasing," was urged by the anti-restrictionists; and "It's him that pays the rint," was an argument, one would think, likely to find its way to a landlord's heart. But the tenants pleaded in vain. The village was in a state of siege; doors shut, that had never been shut before, at least in the day-time; at every one, a long and anxious face; at every sill an inquiring nose, and a general wailing along the street.

The oldest beggar never remembered such a state of things as an Irish door to be shut at dinner-time: it was tearing up a noble old custom by the roots, and all to put their pigs upon the European footing!

It was felt to be a case of partial legislation: nowhere else were such goings on: there was darkness and grumbling in the houses; and I fancied, when I visited the place, that the pigs had combined to leave their tails out of curl from sheer sulkiness and vexation.

But worse was to come. The pigs were soon to be deprived of personal liberty. The ruthless agent went about, and commanded that, from and after a certain day, the right of wallowing or promenading, or otherwise exposing themselves in public places, was utterly forbidden; in a word, they were summarily sentenced to close imprisonment, in little comfortable bastiles built by the landlord, till brought out by *habeas corpus* at Christmas.

No wonder the Insurrection Act was in force in this part of the world; no wonder that ricks and haggards were set alight, and that a requisition of the magistrates caused a subaltern officer, with an imposing force of twenty men, to be marched to the rescue, to prevent, if possible, an enlightened landlord, somewhat in advance of the (Irish) age, and his innovating agent, from being burned in their beds!

"What great events from trivial causes spring!"

One of the best men that Ireland ever saw, who spent all his money amongst his tenants—who found employment for all who were willing to work—who banished filth and poverty from his estate, and gave his whole time and energies to promote the comfort and welfare of those about him—was threatened to be shot or roasted, because he spent his money in doing good, and improving his property; turned out a few worthless tenants, and put good men in their place; and discouraged the attendance of pigs at the *tables-d'hôte*. So the Insurrection Act was put upon the barony; and every man found out of his house after nine o'clock at night was liable to be taken up, brought before the magistrates, summarily convicted of Whiteboyism, and might, without further trial, be transported beyond the seas for certain periods, if not for the rest of his natural life.

This enactment afforded glorious opportunities for getting rid of disagreeable people, whether personally or politically obnoxious. In fact, there were very few, what with bad roads, difference of clocks, whisky, forgetfulness, or other casualties, that did not, sometime or other, render themselves liable to a voyage to Australia. It was giving the magistrates a fine "shoot for their rubbish" at the antipodes.

The principal duty of the troops was to patrol the roads after nightfall, to catch, if possible, and detain all they met, and to bring up a good bag of belated travellers before the bench next morning. These were principally composed of honest people from a distance, who were proved next day to be "comfortable farmers," however little they might have deserved such a description during the night.

The officer commanding the small detachment in the village was a simple-minded young man, prone to read his orders literally, and execute them with strict impartiality. It was his first appearance in a constabulary character, and he naturally looked upon himself as the "A 1" of the place. He was a new broom, and resolved

to make a clean sweep of that particular locality. Numberless were the scrapes he got into : there was no late courting after he took the place in hand : Romeos were fain to adopt early hours ; the clergyman's groom was caught as he went for some drugs to the doctor's ; and even his reverence himself had, it was whispered, one or two narrow escapes, as he returned from his domiciliary visits. Great was the wrath of the magistrates, but there was no help : the orders admitted of no alternative : the officer had no Coke upon *his* Littleton : he read the plain text without gloss or comment, and felt it his duty to say that the magistrates themselves would do well to keep out of his way after nine o'clock.

But the people had another powerful curb upon them. Inside every house-door was affixed a list of the inmates of that house, with their ages and description : the constable, with the patrol, was authorised to demand admittance ; to call over the names from a corresponding list which he had in his pocket, and make everybody appear ; and such as should fail to do so were entered in the "Hue and Cry," and became at once liable to be dealt with, when taken, as if actually found abroad upon the road after hours. Ludicrous scenes would occur on these occasions when the people came half asleep to the roll-call, wrapped in such chance garments as they pitched upon in the dark : and as in Ireland the custom in farm-houses of brothers and sisters sleeping "promiscuously," at least in the same room, is of constant occurrence, the mistakes in the hasty toilet were abundantly laughable. A stout young fellow, not half awake, would come blundering into the kitchen, strenuously attempting to insinuate his brawny shoulders into a dress or petticoat, in mistake for his "big coat ;" and a fine young woman demurely present herself with a pair of breeches over her shoulders, and nothing but the chemise below. To the credit of the Irish character for good humour and love of fun be it said, that seldom was there any manifestation of sulkiness or ill humour on such



occasions. On the contrary, the jokes were incessant, and always proceeded from themselves. For instance, in the case of the young lady with the corduroy shawl, it was remarked when she answered her name, "Och, there ye are wid yer crackers ! pity ye didn't get Mick to tache ye how to put 'em an !"

About 11 o'clock one drizzly night in December, this subaltern officer was cosily seated in the small room allotted him in the temporary barrack, a house of five rooms, into which it had been contrived to stow himself and his detachment, and was listening to the pitiless music of twenty noses all in full play around him. Having some turn for melody, he was meditating how he might best arrange the different instruments with a view to their combined effect ; putting, for instance, the double basses and shriller horns below, and keeping the tenors more immediately about him, when an unshod foot was heard upon the stairs, and the sergeant announced that the constable desired an interview on business of pressing necessity.

If there is anything more disgusting than another, it is that of being caught at the timely hour of rest, and in the easy luxuriance of dressing-gown and slippers, when you have, as it were, one foot in the bed, and thence forced into a wild-goose chase over bogs and mountains in a chilly drizzle. But there was no help ; it was the head-constable, who, gently closing the door, informed his victim in an earnest whisper that certain information had reached him that one Timothy Daley, a Whiteboy, a murderer, an incendiary, an abductor of females, &c., &c., had been certainly traced into a farm-house, some three miles off, where he was unquestionably housed for the night ; that there was a reward of one hundred pounds offered by Government for his capture, and that, please God, he, the constable, would, with the assistance of the troops, undoubtedly succeed in effecting his capture, provided measures were taken with secrecy and despatch. That the reward would be divided between himself and

the men, and would be the making of all concerned, &c., &c.

Although devoutly wishing either that Tim Daley had led a virtuous life, or was safely lodged in Limerick jail, the officer felt bound to afford the constable every assistance : it was a requisition, and he had no choice ; so, appointing a place of meeting beyond the village, he dismissed the functionary, and prepared to get out his men with as little noise and display as possible. Rousing the party out of bed, and darkly hinting at the prospect of affluence held out to them by the expected capture, he caused them to move one at a time through the back door of the house, down the garden, and so into the fields ; and by making a small circuit so as to avoid the village altogether, to meet the constable at the place appointed.

Everything appeared to succeed admirably : they moved with the stealthy pace of cats under cover of the "ditch" which bounded the village-garden, and in a few minutes were on the high road to the devoted farm, where snoozed in happy security the murderous, incendiary, and abductor Tim Daley.

Not knowing the kind of customers they might have to deal with, the officer halted his party at such a distance from the house as might prevent the "working" of the ramrods from being audible, and there caused his men to load ; and all being ready, they moved upon the silent premises in perfect confidence that the Whiteboy's career was drawing to its final scene ; and no doubt, in some sanguine bosoms, the shares in the undertaking were already at a handsome premium.

Unlike the usual low, single-storied, whitewashed, small-windowed farm-houses of the country, this was a large, rambling edifice of grey stone, having one, if not two, stories above the ground-floor. It had apparently been a place of some note in former times, not only from its size, but the number of offices and other buildings by which it was surrounded ; now, however, in a state of great dilapidation and decay.

On one side of the house was an extensive garden enclosed with a high, well-built wall, and adjoining the garden, though separated from it by a wall of the same description, was a rocky half-paved fold, filled with agricultural implements: this division-wall between the fold and yard abutting upon the house at one end, and the other running straight out to the road.

It was not easy to invest such a place with nine men, but they did their best. The constable knowing the *locale*, undertook to plant them round the house in such a way that every door and window had its watcher; and having made his arrangements, the officer, the sergeant, and himself, repaired to the door.

It was not much to be wondered at that the efforts of fists and feet should for some little time have remained unheeded at such a drowsy hour, and it was not till a long course of pounding and hallooing had been gone through that the head of an elderly man was thrust through one of the upper windows. They of course only wanted to call the roll of the inmates—sorry to disturb them so late—and would not keep them out of their bed five minutes, &c.

“Av coorse,” was the ready answer. “Hurry, Biddy, slip on yer skirt! sure the captain’s waiting; bustle now, don’t ye be keeping them, sure it’s cowl’d. We’ll be wid yer honor diracly.”

This seemed innocent enough, and they prepared to await with becoming patience till the “boys” had got into proper clothing and Miss Walsh had slipped on her skirt. As no very elaborate toilet was usual on such occasions, at the end of ten minutes the applicants became impatient, and commenced another gentle application of feet to the door.

Mr. Walsh was then heard slowly and heavily descending the stairs, like a man in the dark, talking loudly all the time.

“We’ll be wid yer honor diracly! Whisht, Mike! sure I can’t hear the gentleman spaking—ah, will ye rake up

the turf and show me a light?—how the divle would I get about at all, let alone to the doore, wid all the slanes and the things that ye lave on the floore? Bad luck to yees! it's a pail I'm afther falling over now! Biddy's as bad—sorrow bit I know which is the worst. I'll be wid yer honor diracly! Faith, I've barked my shin purty well betune yees!"

Although the attention of the trio was pretty well taken up by all this, it was not so entirely drawn towards the door, but that the officer fancied he heard one of the upper windows gently opened, and looking upwards, he saw immediately after a figure in white, apparently a man in his shirt, get hastily out, and hanging by his hands a moment, drop with great precision on the top of the wall which divided the fold, in which they were, from the garden. Recovering himself in a moment, he ran swiftly along the wall and dropped into the road, and an instant after the white drapery was seen going at a rapid pace up the side of the hill, which rose from the road to a considerable height.

"The curse of Cromwell upon him!" said the constable, "but that's Tim Daley! I'd be sworn to him among a thousand. Run, boys, run! there's a hundred pounds an him!"

Whilst this was uttered, they were scrambling out of the fold in pursuit, while the men, impounded by the high walls, were even later in clearing the premises.

For a body of soldiers, with firelocks and other encumbrances, to attempt to overtake a naked man, knowing the ground and running for his life, in a dark night, was palpably hopeless, so hastily naming three of the fastest runners, and desiring them to throw off their accoutrements and follow up the hill with their side-arms only, the officer started after the constable, who was already some way ahead.

The officer was in those days an excellent runner, and quickly succeeded in overtaking the constable, a short,



husky fellow, and blown in the first hundred yards. The pursuers had every disadvantage: the hill was steep and rocky, partially covered with low bushes; the night dark; and they were, besides, ignorant of the ground, in the knowledge of which no doubt the chase was quite at home. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, they followed manfully up the mountain, and were occasionally rewarded with an indistinct glimpse of the white drapery through the gloom. The three soldiers were now well up, and it was encouraging to hear their shouts as they saw, or fancied they saw, the Whiteboy before them.

For some time the officer and his men held on nearly together; the constable was long ago left behind, though they could hear him shouting as well as the shortness of his breath permitted:

“Run—boys—run—there’s—a—hundred—pounds—an—him!”

Presently the soldiers, encumbered with their belts and pouches, of which they had neglected to rid themselves, began to drop behind, and eventually the officer was ahead of his party, and decidedly gaining upon Tim Daley, whose conspicuous drapery fluttered but a few yards in front of him. It would be a glorious triumph to take him, the outlawed ruffian, who set magistrates, military, constables, and all at defiance; who walked abroad with impunity at fairs and markets, and knew that none dare lift a hand, or give evidence against him; who existed through the criminal sympathy of his wretched countrymen, ready at any time to take part with any malefactor against their common enemy the law.

“Please God,” said the officer, as he sensibly gained on his prey, “I shall have him soon! he’s beginning to show the white feather!” And making a desperate rush forward, he caught the fugitive Daley by the tail of his shirt; but the faithless dowlas gave way at the waist, and he lost some yards by the failure. But the very touch of the treacherous garment infused new vigour into



the pursuer, and in a few strides more he was fairly up with, and had tightly clasped him in his arms.

Expecting a vigorous and ferocious defence, he at first dealt rather roughly with his prize, and was in the act of hurling to the ground, there to kneel upon and disable the truculent villain till assistance came up, when he suddenly became aware of the astounding fact, that instead of embracing in mortal conflict the body of the murderous and fire-raising Tim Daley, he held in his arms the particularly plump figure of a fine young woman, in her chemise only, and that considerably damaged in the rear by the first abortive attempt at the capture !

The officer's astonishment was immense ! it was far too great for words ; and in the extremity of his confusion he forgot to let her go.

" Ah ! what's this ? " cried the lady ; " where am I at all ? Sure it's a drame ! " And gently disengaging herself, she proceeded to speculate upon the curious fact of having walked in her sleep—ran, she might have said, at the rate of ten miles an hour—and had no notion where she was—not the least in the world ! " Is it near Ballyfagle I am ? Where's Ballyfagle at all ? Sure it's Walsh's daughter of Ballyfagle I am—behave yourself. Ah ! can't ye stop ? Indeed I believe it's on the hill of Mogher we are, and that's Ballyfagle below. Well, faith, I'll be kilt for this ! "

The soldiers now came up, and eventually the constable, who, far too short of breath for utterance, was fain to give vent to his triumph in the expressive pantomime of slapping his breeches' pockets, rubbing his hands, and the still more personal jest of putting his thumb under his ear with a hoisting motion of the head, intended as a pleasant rallying of our victim upon his ultimate fate.

Had there been sufficient light, it would have been no doubt highly ridiculous to note their expression of incredulous wonder when informed of the upshot of the adventure. They felt that they were sold. It was an incon-

testable and undoubted bargain. The swift-footed Biddy had led them up the hill upon a fool's errand, while no doubt the real Simon Pure had quietly walked away in the other direction. And then to put on the somnambulist, and recognise with difficulty the hill of Mogher, and the paternal roof of Ballyfagle! To render the constable's confusion complete it was only necessary to repeat, "Run, boys, run! there's a hundred pounds an him!"

So extremely absurd did the whole adventure appear to the officer, that he sat down upon a rock and gave vent to his feelings in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. In this he was joined by the whole party, even Miss Walsh herself, who stood a little distance apart holding up the skirt of her damaged drapery. Fortunately the night was dark.

But there might yet be time to intercept the Whiteboy, if the sergeant had kept up a watch upon the premises; so leaving the fair fugitive to find her way down to Ballyfagle as she might, the party hastened back to the farmhouse.

Mr. Walsh affected to be greatly surprised at the sudden abandonment of his premises without calling over the roll of the inmates, and put some innocent questions touching the chase up the hill. These were answered by informing him of the grave charge of harbouring the notorious Tim Daley, and requested that every facility might be given to search the house; to which reasonable request not the slightest difficulty was shown.

"'Search then the room,' Alphonso said. 'I will.'"  
But no Tim Daley was to be found. Every closet and cupboard was examined, nor did they forget the pregnant advice of "looking *in* the beds as well as under." All in vain! Tim Daley, if ever there at all, had taken advantage of the diversion in his favour and effectually secured his retreat.

While the search was proceeding, Miss Walsh had come in unperceived, and having taken her father's advice

to slip on the skirt, presented herself with an air of arch simplicity, her good looks much improved by the exercise she had taken, not to mention the triumph of success.

Though baffled and defeated in their attempt at the capture of Tim Daley, which must have succeeded but for the readiness and address of this young woman, they could not help entering into the spirit of the old farmer's banter, which, truth to say, was not sparingly applied.

"Well, well! that was a fine start!" said the old fellow, shaking his sides. "Divle a chance would Tim Daley have wid ye up hill, any how! Murther! to think o' Biddy cutting aff in her sleep with th' army afther her, and the polis (indeed, Mr. Maher, I'm afraid ye've hardly got yer wind again)! Faith, I wouldn't have missed that for five pound, if I'd seen it! Och! blood and ouns; what a screeching ye made! Sure I never heered more at a hoont! Ah, it's a shame for ye, Biddy! —ye see the state ye put Mr. Maher in, and never so much as offer him a sup of buttermilk or a drink o' wather! Hurry, now, and give the captain a sate: sure it's the laste ye can do for him! Did ye go to bed in yer brogues, ye rap, or was it in yer sleep ye put 'em an? Faith, I'm much obliged to yer honour for catching Biddy: it's drowned she might be now! Sure there's a lough at the top of Mogher. It's very careless I hear they are that aways—it's not much they mind where they're goan, divle a bit! Well, indeed, it's a mercy ye didn't put yer swoord into Biddy: it's an orphan she is, barring myself and Mike. By the blessing o' God, it'll be the last run she'll take up the Mogher at night any ways: sure, we'll spancell her!"

Finding there was nothing better than such disjointed talk as this to be got out of Mr. Walsh, the party prepared to evacuate Ballyfagle and return to the village. They looked, perhaps, a little foolish, the constable in particular, who could have sworn to Tim among a thou-

sand—a fact of which he is probably reminded to this day.

Miss Biddy was met with occasionally in the village, and an allusion to her sleep-walking never failed to call up an arch and meaning smile into her pretty face. She never could be brought to confess that Tim was “in it,” though she admitted that he might have been. She generally wound up the conversation with, “Well, it was a quare drame I had, anyhow !”

## MRS. FOGARTY'S TEA-PARTY.

THERE is a satisfying richness about the name of Fogarty which is very pleasing. It falls fatly on the ear. It is pronounced thus—Fōgarty, not Foggarty; put the stress on the first syllable, and the *o* well sounded. He that did not make it a dactyl would have no ear for music. It is in itself a brogue (what an expressive word!). When a Fogarty is introduced—be it where it may—we feel it unnecessary to inquire further. No man ever asked his country; no man ever will. It was a name too utterly and merely Irish to be even included amongst the five bloods. It hath the true Milesian relish. No Fogarty could have lived in the Pale. He would have felt himself as uncomfortable as Giraldus's toad when encircled by a thong of Irish leather. The O'Fogartys had their stronghold in Thurles, a place wickedly Irish to the present day. If I had had the fortune to be born west of the Channel, I should have wished my name to be Fogarty.

The lady rejoicing in this sonorous appellation, who is the subject of the present sketch, resided in a small town in one of the midland counties, where it was my good fortune to be located for several months. She was a widow in easy circumstances and a comfortable house; eminently sociable in her habits, and devoted, heart and soul, to the



small gaieties of the place. Here were no pompous and stupid dinner-parties, given for the ostentatious purpose of keeping up great acquaintances, turning the house out of windows for a week before and another week after the great event—no points of nonsensical etiquette as to who should go out first or last. In such a case I am persuaded she would have said with Lady Macbeth, with, perhaps, a slight difference of phraseology, “Don’t stand upon the order of your going, but go at once.” But there was nothing of this: she bordered, in her manners, upon the free and easy. Tea-parties were her *forte*, with a slight supper and a tumbler of punch for the gentlemen before starting. But the souchong part of the affair was what she loved. She gloried in the dispensation of hyson, and the conflict of cups and saucers was music to her ear (she was slightly deaf, by the way). She had no great opinion of coffee-drinkers, I suspect; for although her sense of politeness caused her to ask her guests whether they would prefer “tay-tay or coffee-tay,” yet it required but little penetration to see what answer she expected.

Mrs. Fogarty was a gentlewoman of a certain age, of prominent features, and a dry brown wig. She affected the snuff-colour in her choice of silks, but had, commonly, a showy ribbon in her cap, the alternate change of which from green to yellow was the most striking variation in her costume.

Domiciled with Mrs. Fogarty was a nephew, Mr. Denis Fogarty, a young man of forty-five or better—a tall, gaunt, long-visaged man, of enormous features, prodigious amplitude of black whiskers, and a Connaught brogue. He seldom spoke, and never more than a word or two at a time; but what he *did* say was emphatic, and delivered in a voice like a gong. Let who would be talking, or however large or noisy the party, his observation was sure to tell, not only on your ear, but your nervous system. He drove his word or two through the conversation like a wedge; and when he raised his voice, you

felt a tingling at your fingers' end like the touch of a galvanic wire. Generally, his remarks had no reference to the conversation. I do not remember that I ever saw him laugh; and if, at this time of day, I were promised such an exhibition, I should prefer to witness it through a telescope, with my ears stopped. I once went fishing with him. It was at the rapids on the Shannon, a few miles above Limerick. The wind blew so strongly against us that we could with difficulty throw the lines in, and were looking about for some means of crossing over. In this emergency, Denis hailed a man working on a hill on the opposite side, when the following short conversation took place:

DENIS. Whisp'r!

THE MAN (*rising from his work*). What's this?

DENIS. Will I ford the strame anny where here?

MAN. Bedad ye may, but ye'll be drowneded.

DENIS. Is there anny boat at all?

MAN. Faith, there is, Fad's boat beyant.

DENIS. How will I get the boat across?

MAN. Divle a know I know. Fad's at the fair, and the boat locked.

DENIS. Anny how, I'll ford it.

MAN. Sure ye ought to thry. (*Quietly resuming his work.*)

In this instance the "whisper" of my friend Denis overcame not only the opposing wind but the distance, and the roar of the intervening river.

The tea-party I set out to describe consisted of three or four very good-looking young ladies, and as many mammas; the priest of the parish, a smooth, quiet, fat-jowled gentleman, carefully shaved above the ears, wearing a tight, white handkerchief round his neck; a sort of single-breasted black surtout, with stand-up collar, and buttoned to the chin; grey shorts and black boots to the knee. The only other male was a nice young man at a small tea-party, Mr. Ambrose Casan, who did the

amiable to the ladies generally, and to the young and pretty ones in particular. He said soft things, and affected the sentimental; and Mrs. Fogarty said he was a "pôte." He also sang, "When first I met thee, warm and young;" and was decidedly an acquisition at a *soirée*.

Mrs. Fogarty's man-servant, or "tea-boy," as he was called, was one Thady Falls, a short, sturdy fellow, with a red bullet head, high cheek bones, and a projecting under-jaw. He had not been very long in the establishment, for Mrs. Fogarty had a way of changing her servants frequently; and at this time Thady (the *h* is not pronounced) was not of sufficient standing to understand his mistress's ways; and being naturally a blunt fellow, blurted out the family secrets before company in a way which was amusing enough to the hearers, though it sometimes happened that, like listeners in general, what they heard might not be very complimentary to themselves.

Considering the difficulty there was of fitting Mrs. Fogarty with a man-servant, it was a fortunate circumstance that her first had been a person of large size, so that the family livery descended to the long train of his successors without the inconvenience of a tight fit. In the present case it was preposterously large. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the suit fitted like a sentry-box, or a purser's shirt on a handspike. The tails of the well-worn drab came nearly to Thady's heels; and the lower buttons of the green plush shorts, reaching below his calves, had the appearance of a curious pair of trowsers, with a jaunty bow of riband on the outsides; while the waistcoat descended into regions never meant to be covered by that garment, at least since the close of the seventeenth century.

Small men are apt to make the most of themselves under any circumstances, and I believe that Thady Falls would have suffered any inconvenience rather than turn

up either the legs or the sleeves of that livery. The consequence was, that as he handed round the cake and muffins, not even the tips of his thumbs could be seen, leading the spectator to imagine that his arms terminated in plates instead of hands.

Mrs. Fogarty was a hard task-mistress, for she required her servants to forget as well as remember ; and she was not easily put aside from her purpose, as the following conversation will show :—

“Thady, the kettle: you’re sure it boils?”

“Faith, it does, ma’am: I seen it myself.”

“Well, put it on awhile longer; I like to see the smoke of it. Ah, hold it on for fear it would fall: sure it might scald Mr. Rafferty.”

“Divle a fear; sure he’s his boots an.”

“Ah, what are ye dancing about for, like a goose on a hot plate? It’s like a joint of meat you are, turning round and round.”

“By me sowl! it’s mate I am, thin; divle a doubt of it! And a roasting I’m getting any how. Will I wet the tay, ma’am?”

“Ah, you’re mighty tender all at once; sure you can’t mind a trifle of hate like that?”

“Hate!—Faith, hate’s no name for it! Murther, let me out o’ this! Will I wet the tay, ma’am?”

“Hold on awhile till it smokes at the spout. You’re getting quite affected, Falls.”

“Well, thin, it’s time for me, roasting before a kish o’ turf, and the smalls sticking to me. Will I wet the tay, ma’am?”

“Wait awhile, Thady; sure the tay wouldn’t open.”

“By my sowl, I’ll open meself this away. Will I wet the tay now, ma’am?”

“Awhile longer, Falls. Ah, why will you turn your back?—you’ll dip your skirts in the fire, so you will.”

“Blood an’ ouns! will I wet the tay *now*, ma’am?”

“Just a cup, Falls, to draw it. Ah, will you mind

what you're doing, flourishing the kettle round Mrs. Molloy? I believe it's mad you are, shifting your hands about. Can't you hold it steady, and fill up the pot?"

"It's aisy to say, 'Hould it steady,' an' it red hot!"

"Now you're taking the skirt of your coat to it! You're destroying the livery, so you are. Well, indeed, Falls, you're a strange man.—But what's this? Sure it's milk you've brought me instead of crame!"

THADY (*stooping confidentially*).—Well, faith, ma'am, you tould me milk yourself.

"Indeed, Thady, I told you no such thing: I said crame for the party."

THADY (*with great earnestness*).—You tould me milk! I'll be upon my oath to it.

"Ah, not at all—you're strangely inattentive, Falls."

"By me sowl, I was attinding to all you said. Sure you were talking all the time I was rubbing the waither. Kit Slane heered you. Says you, 'Milk will do for 'em—why would I get crame? Sure I wouldn't make a stranger o' Mrs. Molly and the Griers. There's on'y th' officer,' says you; 'he'll be sitting by Miss Kilally. Ah, what'll he know about milk or crame? sure it's a purty girl he comes for, not tay. Faith, I 'most forgot Ambrose Casan,' says you. 'Ah, poor Ambrose!' says you, 'he's a pôte; it's hard to know whether he knows a cup from a taypot, wid his rhymes and his songs. Sure it's draming he is, mostly.'"

It is unnecessary to say what effect such a conversation (which, though spoken aside, was distinctly audible) produced upon the hearers, being all the time under the necessity of concealing their merriment. Handkerchiefs, hands, boas, shawls, and all other available impediments, were held over mouths; but still a giggling girl would now and then betray herself, and it required all the tact of her neighbours to turn off the joke in any but the right direction. Meantime Denis Fogarty sat the picture



of gravity and silence, only occasionally broken by his gong-like voice roaring "Thade!" (he made one syllable of it) to minister to his wants.

But our hostess was a model of attentive politeness.

"Is the tay to your mouth, Mrs. Shanahan?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I'd beg the fever of another lump."

"Then sweeten yourself, Mrs. Shanahan. Hurry with the sugar, Thady! Are you right in crame, ma'am? (Ah, Falls! Falls!)"

"Quite, indeed, Mrs. Fogarty. Were you in the shees to-day, ma'am?"

"Is it the car you mane? Indeed we were. Sure Falls drove us, and 'most scraped me off against a kish of turf. It's careless he is, indeed."

"THADE, THE TOAST!"

"Indeed, Mrs. Fogarty, your tea's superior. Where do you get it?"

"At Kinahan's, ma'am. What's this they call it, Denis?"

"FOKIEN BOHAY."

"Ah, Mr. Rafferty, won't you try a dish of it? Sure it's greatly favoured."

"Well, indeed, ma'am, I'm sure you wouldn't seduce me out of my night's rest, Mrs. Fogarty; I'd be tossing about in a faver with half a dish. It's surprising the effect it takes of me, ma'am; especially late."

"Will I fetch his rivirence the matarials, ma'am?"

"Wait awhile, Thady, you're mighty handy; better for you look where you singed the coat-tails when you curt-sied into the fire. Indeed the livery won't last long with your strange ways, Falls.—Miss Grier's cup, Thady. Now the muffins to th' officer.—Will I milk it, my dear, or would you prefer doing it yourself? (*Aside*)—You're looking beautiful, so you are! That's a sweet thing!—that's tabinet? Mrs. Lynch made that, sure I know her cut. Hasn't she given you a great skirt! And you don't want it. You've nine breadths there, all out. But haven't you it cut too high? Sure you musn't hide all.

Ah, what did she draw it for? Sure it's disguising your bussom. Sure you don't want fulling at all; it's very well for a stick like Jane. Miss Kilally, were you along the canal to-day? Indeed I was sure it was you. (*Aside*)—That's the bonnet you wore Mr. Kilally brought you from Dublin? Faith, I knew it! I seen who you had with you! What did he say to it? Sure you can't hide anything from that fellow."

"Indeed, Mrs. Fogarty, he called it a coal-scuttle!"

"Well then, upon my honour and word, it's a shame for him; and a prettier shape never came out of Dame Street! You had it from Madame's? Better for him to make you a present of another, to see which you like best. Well, what did he say?"

"Indeed, he said the present fashion was never meant for pretty faces; and it was a shame to shut up my black satin hair in a great box."

"Well, faith, you have beautiful hair; you can sit upon it. Is it black satin? Well, indeed, it shines a'most like your eyes.—(*Whisper.*) Did he say anything particular? Ah, why would you mind me?"

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"Won't you have a trifle more cake, Mrs. Murphy? Did you enjoy yourself, ma'am? You're quite strange lately. (*Aside*)—Indeed, I've a deal to say to you. You seen me talk to Margaret? It's getting on she is right well. Sure they're walking out every day along the canal; and it's often he dines with them. It's ready to ate her up he is. He'll soon propose, any how. I'm surprised, Mr. Kilally don't ask his intintions."

"Did he hear about Magra?"

"Ogh! not at all! How would he hear of that fellow? I always said he was no good. It's the dinners he wanted, and a glass of wine now and then: it's not much he gets at home, barring punch. He flirted with three at once. This lad's fand of her. It isn't much

notice he takes of Bessy Grier. Faith, Bessy's a fine lump of a girl.—Aisy sailing there, Mrs. Murphy.—She'd jump at him."

"Indeed, ma'am, I believe you. If they expected him to call, they wouldn't tie up the rapper."

"Did you see the tabinet her mother bought her?"

"Business must be brisk to stand that, Mrs. Fogarty."

"You may say that, ma'am. Tom Grier's a smart man: he'll give her a thousand. Ah, look at Casan and Kitty Leahy!"

"THADE, TURF!"

"Sure, Kitty's a fancy for him. Better for him to go talk his nonsense to Juliana Molloy, and not to be hum-boging this poor crater. It's all talk he is, and singing. Well, Kitty's not so bad in her own hair: it's a pity they mix it. The second curl on this side's false, and the same th' other: they're too tight to be true. Sure th' others can't stand the steam of the tay. Did ye see the new tooth she got? She went all the way to Dublin to get that one."

After the important business of tea-drinking we sat down to "loo," excepting a few of the elderlies; while Mrs. Fogarty hovered round the table, and occasionally addressed the priest or Denis. Meanwhile Mr. Casan was not idle.

"Do you want a good heart, Miss Leahy?"

"Ah, I'm afraid of knaves."

"Sure it's the best out."

"Maybe your price is high, Mr. Casan?"

"Not at all. What'll I give for your own hand?"

"Indeed I wouldn't sell—it's not my game at all. Ah, Mr. Ambrose, would you plase to move,—you're crushing my thogh!"

After cards succeeded oysters and punch, when Denis Fogarty came out uncommonly strong, astonishing the company as well as the natives.

"Great fish, Mr. Fogarty," said the priest.

"RALE POLDOODIES," said Dennis as they descended into the vast profound of his stomach.

Then came the break-up—the shawling—the bonneting—the walk home.

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If it be true that the pleasantest party is that where "the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant," I might back Mrs. Fogarty's tea-parties against all society.

## A QUIET DAY AT FARRELLSTOWN.

THE writer, during his temporary stay in one of the midland counties, received one morning the following note:—

“Dear——,

“We will have a few friends to dine with us Thursday, and hope you will give us the pleasure too at six. Don’t dress, but come any way: it’s only Hurd, and the Magras, and Harty Kavanagh, and perhaps the Murphys, any how, Dan. I would like to persuade the Slopers and Dunn, and we’ll get Ambrose Casan and his cousins. My brother has asked a few, but we’ll have a quiet party, and perhaps some spoiled-five and a knock. If you can oblige us with your spoons and forks and some plates, and the tureen and your servant, if he’s doing nothing, we would be glad; and as our tables are short, he might bring one with him. You’ll not be late. We’ll have great fun with Ambrose.

“Your’s very truly,

“MANLY O’DWYER FARRELL.”

“You could not lend us your castors, for our sauce is all done?”



The writer of the above was a young gentleman who kept house with his brother, both bachelors, a mile or two from the town, at a mansion called "The Domain of Farrellstown." It was a rough kind of establishment, as might be inferred from the invitation.

The Farrells were an ancient family, originally wealthy; but somehow the estate, though retaining its full amount of acreage, was becoming, as men said, more a nominal than a real property. It was well eaten into by all sorts of claimants; and though its ring-fence, as was the boast of the owner, remained unbroken, yet it rather resembled a curiously preserved old cheese, with a nest of mortgagee mice for ever preying upon its entrails. The land was let and sublet to the extent of three or four removes between the owner and the occupier, and the rent having to be filtered through so many sponges, flowed into the landlord's pocket a mere dribblet compared to the stream it had originally set forth. But this was the custom of the country: it saved trouble and obliged friends. The Squire let the land to his friend the Squireen, over a bottle of claret: the Squireen let it again to his friend the attorney, over a jug of punch: the lawyer let it to Tim Mahoney, or Jack Lynch, or Pat Murphy, who finally retailed it out in small patches to the actual holders, who again divided their portions with their sons when they married and settled. Was there ever such a system as this in any other country? In Ireland, however, it is the case with nine-tenths of the property.

I was punctual to my time: that is to say, I managed to arrive not later than an hour after the appointed time, knowing that to obey the invitation literally would be only going in "to vacuity."

It was a racketty place, as any one could see. The lodge-gate stood wide open—emblem of the family hospitality; and, hanging by a single hinge, proclaimed that, as in most things Irish, there was a screw loose. The house was a pale-faced, rakish, moist-looking edifice, showing in its cracked and neglected plaster the crow's-

feet of premature age. It was a kind of devil-may-care tenement that set the proprieties at defiance, and was plainly given to dissipation and late hours. You could see at a glance it was a house that had never made both ends meet. Even in the morning there was a debauched and maudlin look about it, as if it had been up all night ; and the dishevelled shrubbery, coming down in a long strip of faded green and yellow on either side, looked like a tawdry, half-ragged scarf, hanging untied round its neck. There was not a single flower to stick in its button-hole, but the frowsy herbage came up like an unshaved beard to its chin. No female hand was there to train it into taste and neatness : in a word, it was in the forlorn condition of an Irish Bachelor's Hall.

The windows of both drawing-room and dining-room opened to the ground, affording great facility for the ingress of equestrians ; as it was a standing joke at Farrellstown to raise the sash and ride into one of those rooms ; and when the servant answered the drawing-room bell, he found, belike, the visitor riding about the room. The reader is not to suppose that the carpets suffered much from these incursions ; for, alas ! they were long past injury : and, in fact, had been so roughly treated by the feet of man and beast, that the little which remained had retired for protection under the table, leaving only a very ill-conditioned border timidly peeping out of the sanctuary. The dining-table itself had suffered severely, and exhibited various impressions of horse-shoes upon its surface ; it being a frequent practice to "school" over it after dinner. In fact, to ride over Farrell's mahogany was a sort of test of manhood and horsemanship, which few aspiring youths cared to forego. On one occasion, on a frosty day, a few couple of hounds being in the stable, they ran a drag through the house, throwing off in the dining-room — taking the upstairs country — so through the suite of bed-rooms, and down the back-stairs into the kitchen. It is recorded by one who described this "night with the Farrell hounds," that all the field

were up in the bed-rooms—that there was some tailing in the passages and a few falls in the attics ; but they all shut up at the back-stairs except the master, who was well up to the last.

I believe it would have puzzled any man to discover a chair with four sound original legs at Farrellstown ; three and a substitute was a lucky find ; it was, mostly, two and a cracked one. When, therefore, you heard of a man being under the table before the cloth was off, his mischance was not to be attributed altogether to the drink.

It would have puzzled any calculating boy to tell how many horses there were at any given time in the stables ; for what with knocking, swopping, obliging a friend, and the general course of dealing, it even puzzled the brothers themselves, without time taken to consider. Generally the answer began : “Horses ! why there’s the Lottery Mare—and Nabocliah—and Gruel—and the Glazier (so called from carrying his master through the window without the trouble of opening it)—and Hieover—no, he’s sold, only I haven’t got the bill—and the Thoroughbred—and Waxy—and——faith I dunnow how many there is of them !” Equally difficult would it have been to say, off-hand, how many servants there were in the establishment. There was always a kitchen-full ; but to distinguish those who hung loose upon the family, such as “sportsmen,” dog-breakers, cads, &c., &c., from those who received wages—ahem !—I mean those who slept and lived altogether in the house, would have puzzled the master as much as the extent of the stud. Abundance of young women were there running about in loose drapery and bare feet, enough to make the beds of half-a-dozen houses, and that must have been their principal occupation, for cleaning the house they certainly never did ; but they were always scuttling through the premises like rabbits in a warren ; and there was a calling of Bid dy and Kitty, and Katty and Judy, over the house, from morning till night. Not counting grooms and helpers, there was only one regular man-servant—a grave old man named

O'Reilly, who had been all his life in the family, and was the main stay of the establishment. He was always sober, and always ready. Call him when you would, day or night, he never failed to come at once; and from his never having omitted to do so in the memory of man, it was inferred that he neither undressed nor slept: if he did so, it must have been very lightly. He never laughed and seldom spoke; but what a fund of rollicking anecdote he must have possessed during his service with his late and present masters! There was generally a fool in the house — a half-cunning, half-idiotic character, dressed in an old hunting-coat, the original scarlet fast merging into a bluish black; and wearing a threadbare hunting-cap. This fellow followed the hounds on foot, with a horn slung over his shoulder, and occasionally relieved his mind with a most unearthly yell, not unlike a steam-whistle with a bad hoarseness, which was distinctly heard over the whole house — I may almost say parish — and never failed to produce a roar of laughter. This individual slept either in the stable or kennel, though occasionally by the kitchen fire; his whereabouts being proclaimed during the night by the peculiar impromptu above-mentioned, alarming strangers with the notion of a anshee, or family demon, being kept on the premises.

A few pictures there were of the O'Farrells of former times. One of them represented a rosy good-humoured old gentleman, in a white uniform, smiling in a most convivial and pleasant way out of a background of guns and smoke: gentlemen in low hats and long wigs, upon fat prancing horses, exchanging pistol-shots: and a frightful amount of killed and wounded. Upon all this busy scene the gallant officer turned his back, and smiled, as if no-wise concerned in the issue of the fight. This individual was a General O'Farrell, of the Austrian service. Pretty liberally scattered over the picture were certain small, round, black marks, which at first sight might be taken to represent balls flying about, one of which had struck the general on the side of the mouth, giving a most pecu-

liar expression to his face. On inquiry, I found that my guess had not been very far from the mark: the round spots being the holes of bullets actually fired into the picture by the young gentlemen in the course of their study of pistol practice. Their object in this, O'Reilly told me, was to "take the grin off the Ginerál." If such, indeed, had been their intention, it must be confessed that they failed most lamentably in the effect produced; for the ball which hit him upon the face had not only elongated one side of the mouth, but considerably opened and turned it up, aggravating the original smile into a paralytic laugh, as if even the palsy could not restrain his merriment. With this result it would appear, either that they were satisfied or had given up their emendations in despair. The back of the sideboard, and the wall above it, were also considerably damaged by bullet-holes, from the practice of snuffing candles with balls instead of snuffers.

On making my appearance at the Domain I found assembled a male party of ten or a dozen, and the dinner passed off as bachelors' dinners usually do—rough and enough being the usual feature: the food plain and the drink plentiful.

At dinner, and for long afterwards, one subject engrossed the talk. Horses—horses—horses: even the ladies came in for no share till the claret had gone its round some hours. Songs then commenced, Ambrose Casan leading the way, as was to be expected in a cultivator of the gentle science. Yet, in spite of this small digression, the old subject held its ground. The great day with the Kilkenny—the grand day with the Kildare—the tearing day with the Waterford—the rasping day with the Galway—were amply discussed.

Deep was the devotion to the claret; and it deserved it. The late Mr. Farrell had left a glorious cellar full; binn upon binn, full to the ceiling. There lay the mouldy magnums, buried in rotten sawdust, and netted over with cobwebs: a noble, but, I fear me, a rapidly "dissolving view." It was interesting to watch the grave O'Reilly



bring up the huge bottles, one at a time, partially wrapped in a cloth, and carrying it tenderly like a rickety baby. Then the careful decanting of the precious liquor into a huge jug, so gratefully cool that it raised a steam upon the glass. No occasion to ring for O'Reilly. He knew the duration of a magnum to a minute, and the last glassful was hardly poured out before he quietly presented himself with another baby.

What capital songs were brought forth ! Quiet fellows, who had scarcely spoken before, coming out with some of the richest chants I ever heard. What matches were made ! enough to have kept the sporting neighbourhood in a state of excitement for a month, if they had come off. Nabocklish was backed, to any amount, to go four miles across country, with any number of stone walls, against any horse in the known world, barring Harkaway : and Mr. Kavanagh consented to ride the foxy thoroughbred over a seven-foot wall for a wager of ten pounds. About a dozen steeple-chases were booked, mostly for a long figure ; and a great handicap flat-race was arranged to come off that day fortnight. There were some little interruptions to the harmony, arising in sarcastic allusions to the cattle ; but they were speedily arrested without any prospect of an appeal to arms the next morning. I do not think that the Irish are, nowadays, more prone to fighting than their neighbours. The race of professed duellists is, I believe, happily extinct. Truculent fellows they were, as I well remember some twenty years ago, walking about with big sticks, and looking hard at every one they met, as much as to say, "What do ye mane, Sir ?"

About ten came devils and "morrowbones," after which the "materials" were called for, and then the business of the evening seemed to commence. A huge array of whisky-bottles and hot water, lemons, &c., came upon the board ; and there was placed before every man a small jug, holding near a pint, with a long spoon in it, and a glass. In these jugs every person brewed his own punch,

pouring it out from time to time into the glass to drink.

Soon after supper "knocking" commenced. As the English reader way not understand the word "knock" in its Irish sense, some explanation may be necessary; and I will give an example, as more explanatory than a definition. Mr. Magra says to Mr. Farrell, "I challenge your grey horse, Moses." Whereupon Mr. Farrell challenges any article of Mr. Magra's which he feels inclined to take in exchange for Moses,—say a Rigby gun. An arbitrator, acquainted with the respective value of the property at stake, is appointed, who, taking into consideration that Moses is a screw, and the gun a new and good one, awards that the horse shall pay the gun ten pounds. He directs the parties to put "hands in pockets—draw:" whereupon Messrs. Magra and Farrell, having inserted their hands in their waistcoat-pockets, draw them out closed; and if, upon their being opened, it shall appear that both have held money, the exchange of the gun for the horse is a good one, Mr. Farrell handing over to Magra the difference of ten pounds awarded. If neither, or only one, holds money, the exchange does not take place; it is no "knock." In cases where wearing apparel, watches, snuff-boxes, or anything else on the spot, is "knocked," an immediate exchange takes place, so that a man frequently returns at night a very different figure from that which he presented when he went forth, not only in the quantity but the quality of his habiliments. Sometimes a brace of dogs accompany their new master instead of his coat or waistcoat; or he takes home a "shocking bad hat" in place of a satin stock. I have known a man leave his boots behind, and carry with him a set of tandem harness. On the present occasion, business commenced by Dan Murphy challenging Mr. Magra's wig, who in return challenged Dan's false collar. The collar was to pay the wig ten shillings. Both held money, but "the collar was a shirt," as some one found out, so not easily transferable. A question arose whether the

transaction was valid : when the arbitrator decided that as Dan held money he admitted the falsity, and, therefore, transferability of his collar ; and if the collar were not false it ought to be, and must be made false. So a pair of scissors was sent for, and it was taken off on the spot ; Mr. Magra adopting the table-napkin instead of his wig, which Dan wore over his own bushy hair. A considerable amount of property changed owners : an embroidered waistcoat went against a salmon-rod, and the Lottery mare was exchanged for the foxey thoroughbred ; Mr. Farrell congratulating himself that he " had parted the mare."

There was some by-play, in the way of practical jokes, going on all the time. Ambrose Casan was fast asleep with his face blacked. The artist had drawn a line round each eye, and favoured him with moustaches and an imperial, with a slight black tip to his nose. In this state he was roused with the information that some one had challenged his trowsers ; and, hardly aware of what was going on, a friend whispered, " Have a knock at his hat, it's a new one." The hat paid the trowsers five shillings ; and before the troubadour was well awake, he was divested of his pantaloons and crowned with a white gossamer, put on sideways to the front, and well bonnetted down upon his brows by his attentive neighbours. Anything more truly ludicrous than the appearance of the "pôte" at this juncture cannot well be conceived : sitting in his drawers, with a pair of Wellington boots, much too large in the calf ; his intensely white face contrasting with its black ornaments ; and the maudlin roll of his leaden eyes converted into a ghastly stare by the black circles drawn round them. Being called upon for a song, he favoured the company, in a tone of deep pathos, with

" I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,

(*A voice, aside.* "The throwers you mane.")

If thy smiles had left me too ;

(*Aside.* "Not likely, the figure you cut.")

I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
If thou wert like them untrue.

(*Aside.* "Faith, 'twas your own dune.")

'Tis not in fate to harm me"—

(*Aside.* "Don't be too sure,—you may get a crick going home.")

Warming with the subject, he got through the song with *éclat*, and from that time till the party broke up he was never wholly silent. Snatches of songs, amatory and heroic, maiden and pollard, followed each other in strange confusion, and were repeated again and again without the necessity of an *encore* on the part of the audience. A young gentleman or two were taken away by O'Reilly soon after supper, the experienced butler contriving to carry them off quietly, notwithstanding their previous vociferations, and they were heard of no more.

About twelve o'clock horses, gigs, and jaunting-cars were announced, and a general break-up took place: some of the guests in their confusion taking the wrong direction, as might be surmised from the squealing of the Kittys and Kattys in the kitchen. Ambrose Casan was led out between two into the night air in his stockinets, shouting heroically,—

"We tread the land that bore us,  
Her green flag glitters o'er us ;  
The friends we've tried are by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us !"

"Here he is, your honour ! Mr. Casan's harse !" presenting a pony highly spiced, and in a corresponding state of excitement. "Will I help yer honour ? Faith, he's shuck. This away, Sir. Will you lend me your

leg? sure you're not goin' over the harse? It's mighty airy ye are; won't ye be cowld across the bog? Have ye no big coat? Sure Flaherty (the fool) must go wid ye. Hooroosh! Flaherty! come out o' that and attind to Mr. Casan." The huntsman's yell was heard from the back of the premises in answer, and with his assistance the poet was safely lodged in the saddle, where he sat tranquilly warbling

"Oft in the stilly night,"

with frequent interruptions from the kicking pony, who did not carry his ginger gently. The troubadour changed his song more than once before he was out of hearing. The last we could make out was

"And though of some plumes bereft,  
With that sun too nearly set;  
I've enough of light and of wing still left  
For a few gay soarings yet."

FLAHERTY (*obligato*). "Yroaraowlist!"



## A DUEL.

WHILE seated at breakfast next morning, after the quiet day at Farrellstown, I was startled by the sudden appearance of Mr. Ambrose Casan, who bolted into the room in an evident state of excitement. As this was a frame of mind so unlike that usually exhibited by my poetical friend, I marvelled at the provocation which could have produced such an unwonted exhibition. My curiosity did not seem likely to obtain an immediate gratification. He stamped and raved about the room, uttering cruel threats against somebody, but so many names were mixed up in his wrathful denunciations, that I was long before I made out what was the matter. He was in one of those humours when a man curses the world generally and his friends in particular; when, perhaps, the imprecations had been more fitly directed against his own folly.

“What, in Heaven’s name, is it?” I said at last, trying him in the poetical vein; “is it,—

‘The loss of love, the treachery of friends,  
Or death of those you dote on?’”

“Friends, Sir!” said Ambrose, fiercely; “what friend would have sent me home in such a state to meet

Juliana? They knew it was there I was goan. It was a trick, a conspiracy. Murphy was at the bottom of it. Ah, how will I meet her again! Any how, I'll shoot Misther Dan; it'll be the last pair of throwers ever he'll take off, barring his own to-night! Ah, what satisfaction is it to Juliana to tell her I lost them in a 'knock?' And Farrell was as bad. By my soul, I'll have him out after I've finished Dan Murphy. And that cursed Flaherty, to bring them into the hall with his screeching! Well, I'll never meet her again. No wonder she was stiff with me when I took her hand and said,—

‘Come o’er the sea,  
Maiden, wih me.’

‘Not in your present state, Mr. Casan, if you plaze,’ says she, looking down, mighty surprised at my state. Sure Juliana blushed, and she’d the raison any how; and all the girls were stuffing things into their mouths, and Barney screeching fit to split.

‘Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows,’

says I, little thinking what ailed them. ‘Indeed, you’re ill prepared for it,’ says Juliana, with the sweetest modesty ever you see, still looking down, and I fancied a tear in her eye. ‘Indeed you’re ill prepared for your travels, Mr. Casan,’ says she; ‘and I’d beg to suggest an addition to your costume before you undertake to remove, unless to bed. And really, Mr. Ambrose,’ says she, ‘I’m quite surprised at your proposition; and besides, upon my word,’ says she, ‘I think it rather curious that you’d bring a friend home with you to make faces at us.’ Faith, I turned to see what friend, and there was Flaherty, the sportsman, close behind, bad luck to him! grinning fit to turn the milk. By my soul, I footed him out of that pretty quick; and while I was struggling with the sportsman, there was more laughing than ever, and the

blackguard screeching through the keyhole. Faith, it's tearing mad that I was. And who the divle should come down but Mrs. Molloy herself, and she stared harder than any of them. 'Well, indeed, Mr. Ambrose,' says she, 'your appearance is rather singular in a party of ladies. I congratulate you upon being made a horse-officer,' says she; 'for you've very much the touch of a hussar about your face,' says she, 'though I can't say it's becoming to your appearance. And a strange fancy you have to undress coming home, considering the time of the year, and alarming my child, Mr. Casan,' says she. Well, faith I looked down, when I saw their eyes upon my legs, and it was only then I found out I was after parting my trowsers! Ah, how will I meet her again!"

The meaning of all this, I found out, was that Ambrose had been spending a few days with Mrs. Molloy, a widow lady, residing a few miles from Farrellstown, and to whose daughter, Juliana, he was paying his addresses. The whole family had waited up for him on the eventful occasion in question, and being alarmed at the sportsman's yell, given as he entered the gate, the whole household, visitors, servants, and the fair Juliana herself, hastened to the hall; when no sooner was the door opened, than in rushed the trowserless troubadour in a high state of excitement, with Flaherty at his heels, and seizing the hand of his lady-love, addressed her in the words of the melody above quoted. The result has been pretty well explained in his own words.

As he went on with his narrative, I was very much grieved to find that early in the morning, while his anger was at the hottest, he had sought out Mr. Murphy and abused him in no measured terms, rendering difficult of adjustment that which otherwise might have been so easily explained away and apologised for, as a harmless frolic. Ambrose's visit to me was with the most hostile intentions towards Mr. Murphy. He was to be called out and shot without loss of time.

"Six paces, Sir," said Ambrose; "half the usual

distance in such a case as this! Ah! how will I meet her again!"

I promised to do the needful in the business, and placing a volume of soothing poetry in the hands of my excited friend, set forth upon my journey to Dan Murphy. I found him in consultation with *his* friend, and in a state of scarcely less excitement than Ambrose. After long consultation between myself and the other, it was decided that as the matter had gone so far a meeting could scarcely be avoided, as the only means of silencing any awkward reports touching the reputation of the principals, always so readily circulated by one's good-natured friends. We were also of opinion, that when both parties were cooled down to a reasonable point, little or no damage was to be apprehended, as old friendship would operate to disarm them, and they would not fail to see the business in its true light. We knew them, too, to be thoroughly well-disposed, good-humoured fellows, and as far from blood-thirsty as possible. It was also understood, that if not quite cooled down by the next morning, we would put off the affair for another day. In the meantime the pugnacious poet took up his quarters in my house.

The next morning was bitterly cold and uncomfortable—sleety, drizzly, misty, miserable; the thermometer at 33° feeling colder than a frost, with the additional discomfort of wet. Of all the days in the year, it was that particular one which a man would have selected to indulge himself with a snooze of two hours longer than common, instead of being taken into a wet field to be shot at. The thought of cold iron was unpleasant on such a morning, and your finger felt a disinclination to touch even a trigger. Hailing my friend about seven o'clock, I communicated the unpleasant fact that it was time to turn out. "What ho! Master Ambrose," quoth I, in the words of the Clown to Barnadine, "You must be so good, Sir, to rise and be put to death!" But my friend did not appear to see any point in the jest.

After a cup of hot coffee we proceeded to some retired fields about half a mile from the town, just as night was "at odds with morning," the hedges and herbage heavy with the cold wet of the night, and the pitiless, sleety drizzle pelting in our faces—enough to cool the courage of a hero, let alone a "pôte." Early as it was, I fancied that we were not the only persons on foot, for I thought, now and then, that I caught sight through the mist of other figures moving parallel to us across the country. We were first on the ground, however, and for full twenty minutes submitted to the disheartening process of cooling our heels, but still the valiant troubadour kept up his spirits surprisingly. At length we perceived two figures moving towards us, and a few minutes sufficed to arrange the preliminaries. The men were placed at twelve fairly measured paces, standing sideways to the rising sun, or rather the quarter where he usually rose, and the spot was chosen with a careful avoidance of all straight lines, whether of trees, banks, marks on the ground, or else, that might be supposed to afford a guide to the eye in bringing up a pistol to cover the body of an adversary.

The reader may depend upon it that there are few things in this life more unpleasant than being brought out on such a morning to fight a duel. I have said that Ambrose kept up his spirits well; the troubadour behaved like a *preux chevalier*. Taking the station allotted to him, he dug his heels into the ground, as if planting himself on the spot, and whirling the corner of his large cloak round his shoulders, in the Spanish fashion, till the flap came down upon his right breast, he stood the picture of passive resistance, and rather like an Egyptian mummy than otherwise. I felt certain that he repeated to himself,

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."

It was found necessary partially to uncase him that he might have the use of a hand; and when all was ready,



it was intimated to the parties that on the words "*Are you ready? Off!*" they were to fire. My brother-second was to give the signal, and in a deep, sonorous voice had already got out the words, "*Are you ready?*" when from behind the ditch, about fifty yards off, arose the well-known demoniac yell of Flaherty the sportsman, who, supplying the word "*Off!*" himself, started across the field, screeching and yelling as if the hounds were before him, and throwing about his arms like a madman. Messieurs Casan and Murphy turned towards the wild hunter as he ran; and the same impulse moved them both—"Bang, bang," went the pistols at Flaherty, who dodged and screeched still louder as the balls whistled over him. "*Th' other pistols! Th' other pistols!*" cried both impatiently, and "*bang, bang,*" they went in the same direction, but the sportsman was now safe behind the ditch.

"Gentlemen," said one of the seconds, gravely, "this business can proceed no further. You, Mr. Murphy, have already admitted that no insult was intended in depriving Mr. Casan of his pantaloons. Mr. Casan, therefore, can have no objection to retract the offensive language used by him in a moment of irritation and misconception; and on his doing so I have no hesitation, on the part of my principal, of withdrawing that used by Mr. Murphy, with expressions of regret that it was ever uttered. We who play the second parts in this little drama have already made up our minds that it is, from beginning to end, a foolish affair, and may be settled without bloodshed, particularly as you have both done your best to punish the chief offender. So now make haste and shake hands, for I'm in a hurry for my breakfast."

Mutual apologies were given to the satisfaction of all parties. They not only came to breakfast, but stayed to dinner, and as many of the "*quiet party*" as could be got at a short notice to meet them.

Few jollier parties than this, I am inclined to think, have ever met. Soon after supper, surprising though it may appear, they had a knock at Ambrose's trowsers, and

not only carried them off, but subsequently his coat and waistcoat too. In this state he gave us :

“When first I met thee, warm and young,”

in a way which his oldest friends say he never equalled, and was eventually carried to bed with all the honours. Neither did we forget to send for the sportsman to pass the evening, which he interpreted to mean the whole night ; but care was taken that he had a sufficiency of whisky to make him safe in the way of screeching.

To show how perfect was the reconciliation of all parties, it will be only necessary to say that this last-named individual was entrusted during the morning with the conveyance of a small, three-cornered note, from Ambrose Casan. The sportsman was too faithful a messenger to betray the address ; but an occasional blast of his steam-whistle had been heard in the direction of Mrs. Molloy's.

## MR. H.

THE matchless intrepidity of an Irishman's face is become proverbial; but I once met a man who in this regard out-Heroded all Hibernian Herods. He paid a bill with his face; he positively defeated a dun by the unassisted force of impudence!

It was at the sorrowful sea-port of Holyhead. Three days had we been detained by such a gale of wind, as for steady continuance, if not for violence, I never saw before or since. During three mortal days and nights was the wind howling and tearing through the streets, the sign-boards swinging, the shutters banging; cloaks standing upright, held on by the collar, and hats on the way to the mainland. Never for a moment did the rain cease to beat upon the streaming windows, the mist and spray to smoke along the streets, or the sea to pound and roar against the rocks of that iron-bound coast. The place was beset; coaches, carriages, mails, kept filling the town, fuller and fuller, from the landward; while every hour brought some sail-split, mast-broken, nigh-foundered vessel, scudding helplessly before it, with half her crew at the helm, cramming the wide-steering, scarce-manageable craft as near as they could to the middle of the harbour's mouth.

What should we have done without Mr. H.? There was no sinking of spirits near him. I was almost sorry when the gale subsided, and on a pleasant morning we were bidding adieu to the miserable town.

There's no place on the earth's surface more hateful to me than Holyhead. Either you have been sick when you come to it, or are going to be sick when you leave: you have no comfort, and the certainty of imposition while you stay. Besides, I dislike the Welsh: they are grasping, stolid, and grossly inquisitive; they have no tact or delicacy; they are dirty, and prone to "do." I was not sorry, in this instance, to see one of them "done."

Mr. H. was an ample, loose-made man, eminently dirty in his person, of foul linen, ill-cut clothes, and a shocking hat. He was—yes, I really think he was—the pleasantest fellow I ever met in my life, and his laugh was the most powerful weapon I ever saw used; it foiled every one, supporting, as it did, his consummate impudence and wit: he could hold a position against the whole talking world. You could do nothing with him—he was impassive. The most cutting irony, the most searching sarcasm; open abuse, covert inuendo, it was all the same to him: he treated every attack the same way, or nearly so. Talk at him as long as you would, he received the torrent upon his smooth, unwrinkled face; and when it had ceased, when all the ammunition was expended, the last shot fired, and the enemy had fairly run himself out, you might see a gentle movement of the lips; it stole to the nose, which acknowledged the receipt by a slight twitch; it went on to the eyes; and slightly contracted the lids; it seemed a telegraphic communication, passing from feature to feature. When they were all ready, a smile began to mantle over his acre of face, like a catspaw of wind on a summer sea. The smile became a laugh—a hearty laugh—a horse laugh—a roar—an indescribable gasping chuckle—a husky hurricane of merriment. The opponent, who fancied he had hit him hard, and had all the joke on his own side, was astonished,

astounded—fancied he had committed himself, especially as all the room involuntarily joined the adversary: he was confused, dumb-founded, and defeated. When the hurricane had passed off, our laughter subsided into a plaintive whine, ready, however, for another explosion, if need were. I once knew a man whose laugh saved his life; but it was of a different nature from that of Mr. H., and may perhaps be noticed, some time or other, in another place.

We had paid our bills at the hotel, and were on our way to the steamer, when a man thrust himself forward, and with an air of great insolence, presented a paper to Mr. H. He was a priggish, impertinent dun, and executed his office (always an unpleasant one to all parties) in a way which made it doubly offensive. He did not ask for, but demanded, the money.

Mr. H. looked carefully over the account, and then over the presenter. Letting his hand fall by his side, with the bill extended in it, he turned his face benevolently upon the creditor, and eyed him from head to foot, then carefully and steadily from foot to head; finishing with a broad and continuous stare in his face.

Whilst this process went on, the creditor was boiling with rage. He became red and white, and yellow, and red again, and blue; he looked the concentrated essence of bad creditors, and nothing seemingly kept him from open abuse, but the hope of immediately touching his money.

Mr. H., after an attentive look of some seconds full in the Welshman's face, began gradually to open his mouth wider and wider. The man shrank from the portentous cavity; but still the mouth went on in its enlargement, till, arriving at its utmost width, there was shot forth such a charge of obstreperous laughter, as positively made the creditor start back aghast. This only renewed the volley, and another rattling shower was poured into him, like the streaming fire of a steam-gun.



The Welshman was frantic: he stamped, he raved, he cursed him by his gods, in Welsh; he thrust forward his clenched fists towards the roaring acre of face; he seized his own hat from his head, threw it upon the ground, stamped upon it, spat upon it, and finally, tossing his arms aloft, ran howling down the street like a demoniac.

We slowly went on to the vessel, Mr. H. turning occasionally to fire a stern-chaser at the place whence he expected the enemy to reappear; but he came not, and probably went and hanged himself.

It was, however, subsequently whispered in the steamer that the steward was instructed to settle the account on his return.

Mr. H.—rest his soul—is no more; but hundreds (if they ever see this page) will recognise him in the description, and thank me for raising the ghost of the most jovial companion of their lives.

## THE OLD HEAD OF KINSALE.

SEAFARING people, and most others, know that the Old Head of Kinsale is a bluff promontory, jutting out into the Atlantic, on the southern coast of Ireland. It is surmounted by a lighthouse, and the cliffs to the seaward are naked precipices of rock, rising perpendicularly from the water to a height of several hundred feet. It is five miles south of the town of Kinsale, and in calm, summer weather occasionally resorted to by the inhabitants, and the garrison of Charles Fort, for the purpose of sea-bird shooting and other parties of pleasure.

It is well worth a visit at any time; but they who would view it in its sublimest aspect, should take their station on the cliffs while a south-west gale is blowing. The whole power of the ocean seems then directed against this devoted headland, and the roar of the waters in the caverned cliffs is awfully grand; while sea-birds are screaming around in countless thousands.

On a delightful day in the latter end of the summer, a large party assembled together at the Old Head. Some—the cautious—proceeding by land; others, more adventurous, trusting themselves to the bosom of the deep in such boats as the town afforded; and all agreeing, after a few hours' scrambling over and about the Head, to

eat a pic-nic dinner in one of the sea-caverns with which the southern side of it is perforated.

It is a spot well adapted for such parties. The rocks are slippery and dangerous, the paths precipitate. Ladies must be handed, or lifted, or carried; and delicate attentions are not only called for, but indispensable.

This pic-nic seemed likely to be exempt from the usual miseries of a party of pleasure. The elements, for a wonder, were in good humour, and appeared disposed, for once, to remit their peculiar spite against water-parties. The clouds kept out of the way, as having made up their minds to throw no damp on the arrangements; barometers looked up with confidence, and the sun had a heartiness in his cheery old face, and a warmth in his manner, that brought out the daintiest of silks and the most gossamer of bonnets. The "level brine" slept in the sunshine; and the silent heaving of its breast against the polished rocks seemed like the breathing of the great deep.

We dined, in boats, in a cavern large as a village church, and the clear green water, thirty feet deep, revealed every object on the fine sand below. Half-way down, hanging by the neck, might be seen champagne and punch, and other malefactors of that class. Then there was singing worthy of the syrens! "Here in cool grot" was given, and we laughed, and quaffed, and drank old sherry, to that happily chosen old glee. It was almost too delicious; and would have been entirely so, but for some faint prospect of a difficulty on the way home.

The Old Head is a sort of peninsula, and the isthmus connecting it with the mainland, though lofty, is somewhat lower than the Head itself. Underneath this neck of rock there is a passage practicable for a boat at low water, though entirely filled when the tide is in. This natural tunnel is probably between two and three hundred yards long; the depth of water varying considerably, as does also the height of the roof; in some parts rising into

lofty caves, in others the low-browed rocks barely permitting a boat to pass under them.

Having, on more than one occasion, traversed this tunnel before, I was instrumental in persuading the party in the boat to which I belonged to trust themselves for a brief space to the bowels of the earth, in preference to encountering a long pull round the headland. Everything seemed favourable : it was low-water, the tide just flowing, and a small stream perceptibly set into the cavity ; an additional argument, as it seemed, in favour of the adventure. The boat, which was of very moderate size—an old Portsmouth wherry, which had somehow found its way to Kinsale—was manned by the proprietor, old Sullivan, his son, the writer, another amateur, and a precious freight of three ladies, two of whom were young.

It is not very surprising that the elderly lady should, in the outset, have raised some objections to chaperoning her charges into the dark and rather forbidding aperture ; but these were eventually overcome by the rest. The boatmen having a direct interest in a scheme which promised to shorten their labour, came to the rescue with assurances of perfect safety and an early return home ; the amateur had his bit of romance about visiting “the azure sisters of the silver flood” in their stronghold ; and the syrens warbling a stave of the “cool grot,” Mrs. Mahony was driven from all her positions, and finally consented to go under the hill. How the boatmen came to overlook the changed appearance of the weather seemed afterwards not easy to account for ; unless, indeed, their shortsightedness might be referred to the cold punch.

All objections being happily got over, we slowly entered the hole under the isthmus, poling the boat along with the oars and boat-hook, and enjoying the singularity of the situation. It was a spring-tide and very low water, so that we passed the low parts of the tunnel with ample room to spare ; and the current becoming rapid, helped the boat along with little effort on our parts. Meanwhile the other boats had gone round the Head, and

we pitied the obstinacy and folly of their crews in choosing that circuitous and heavy pull in preference to the cool and refreshing short-cut we had taken ourselves. The picture we drew of their long labouring to windward was far from unpleasing to us; and not a few jokes were cracked at the well-known incapacity of some of our friends to handle an oar in the rising swell of the weather side. Imagining the crabs they would catch, and their other awkwardnesses, we much wished it were possible to ask them at what hour they would like their supper ordered at home, in the same spirit of benevolence that a gentleman in his well-appointed tilbury, on the Derby evening, inquiries of a broken-down party if he can bespeak beds for them at the half-way house.

"I'm thinking we've done Corcoran now," said the old boatman. "Sure, he bate us down; but we'll be to windward of him now. We'll get a slant off the land, and run in a'most before he's round the Head. Long life to the ladies that give us a chance!"

"Faith we will, *maybe*," said Jem; "but I don't much like the flurry beyant. I'm 'most doubtful the wind's getting round to the astward."

"Ogh! go along wid ye; ye'r alway doubting, Jem. Be lively wid yer hook and shove her along, for fear the ladies would be cowl'd. Aisy! don't stave her in, Jem; there's a difference betune haste and hurry, as I've towld ye before. Sure, Mrs. Mahony, ma'am, ye find it pleasant under the hill here? It's seldom I bring ladies this away, but they mostly like it when they're in. It's cool afther we've had a taste o' sperrits, ma'am!"

"Well, indeed, Mr. Sullivan! I hope you don't accuse me of the like, when it's rare that I taste wine, let alone punch. You're rather free in your observations, Sullivan, I think. I fear you're rolling about yourself, for there's a strange motion in the boat lately. Indeed, I fear you're hardly sober, Sullivan."

There was a strange motion in the boat, indeed. She was heaving in a ground-swell, and the "flurry" that the



young man had noticed a-head of us now increased to something very like the roar of a breaking sea at the mouth of the tunnel towards which we were steering.

The wind, instead of coming off the land, as it had done all day, had drawn round to the east, as surmised by Jem, and blew fresh down the coast and right into the mouth of our tunnel; where, meeting the full flow of the tide round the Head, it raised a formidable sea.

As the noise of the breakers became too evident to be doubtful, I observed old Sullivan look seriously at his son, and taking an oar proceeded silently, but with all his strength, to assist in poling us along. The ladies held on by the gunwale; and the amateur, pressing his hand against his stomach, made a discovery that lemon had been too liberally used in the punch—a thing that never *did* agree with him.

As we advanced, the noise increased, and the small boat became much agitated: one moment we were raised so suddenly as to endanger the knocking of heads against the roof; the next, were partially landed on some rock in the channel, from which the little craft, much too frail for such usage, slipped again into deep water, nearly depositing some of us there also. Still all hands worked confidently onwards; the small spice of danger adding, not unpleasantly, to the excitement of the scene. But the water became much too rough to be either pleasant or safe, jamming the little wherry against the rocks in a way which threatened immediate ruin to her frail timbers. Notwithstanding all this, the ladies, ignorant of the extent of the danger, showed little fear, even when we came within a few yards of the tunnel's mouth, and saw the white crests of the waves breaking fearfully into the opening.

Obstructed as the passage was by rocks of various sizes, some of them just under water, it required some management to steer a boat through the tunnel even in calm weather; but it was apparent, at least to the male part of the crew, that any attempt to force her out against such a

sea as this would be attended with almost certain destruction. If not stove in by the sunken rocks, the probability was that she would be swamped, with her unsteady crew, amongst the breakers; in which case, our escape over the huge masses of slippery rock with the sea washing over us, an occasional plunge into deep water, with three screaming women clinging to us, would be worse than doubtful. But even if, by a miracle, we escaped drowning in the first instance, what chance was there of all, if indeed, of any of us, ascending the face of the cliff before the rising tide? The amateur was as little of a crag's-man as the young ladies themselves; and the idea of Mrs. Mahony scaling a precipice that might have baffled a chamois-hunter, was too palpably absurd to be thought of with gravity, even in our precarious condition.

After making an attempt, in which the apprehended catastrophe nearly occurred, and getting the boat half filled with water, we were glad to make our retreat again into the friendly shelter of the tunnel.

After a short consultation, it was unanimously decided to return by the way we came, land on the other side of the Head, and make the best of our way home in any conveyance which the country might afford. But a fearful apprehension—silently felt, though finding no vent in words—came over us, that we might be too late! The rapid set of the tide into the passage we have noted before; and obstructed as it was in its exit by the freshening wind, and blown back into the tunnel, it became extremely doubtful whether the low parts of the passage were not already closed up!

Old Sullivan, now silent and sober enough, worked hard with his son in forcing the boat stern-foremost along. Nor were the amateurs idle; while the white breakers, roaring past, forced the boat deeper and deeper into the hole.

“Work! work! for the love o’ God!” cried the old man. “I fear we’re too late! Ochone! ochone!”

There was no occasion to exhort us to labour. The

adventure had become awfully serious: and, to make matters worse, it was nearly dark.

Hitherto the ladies had remained surprisingly quiet, setting their bonnets to rights, or bringing home a wandering curl whenever a momentary lull permitted them to let go of the gunwale; but an unlucky question suddenly roused them.

"If," said the amateur, "we can't get out the way we came, I suppose we'll have to wait in here till low tide again?"

"We will, indeed!" said old Sullivan; "and many more low tides after that, unless we can live twelve hours under water. There's not a place the size of your hat in all this passage that won't be full in less than an hour. And I'm thinking it's full now in two places. Work, Jem, for the love an' honour of God!"

Then arose the three ladies and began to scream: then to run wildly about the boat, doing, in their distraction, everything most likely to impede our progress. To reason with them was in vain; but some heavy blows against the roof reduced them to a quieter state.

By this time we had reached the first of the low passages, and happily got through it, lying down in the boat and pushing along with our hands against the rocks above, though the timbers were sorely tried by the heaving swell, and we ourselves suffered from protruding portions of the roof being forced in upon us as we lay between the thwarts.

We were now between the two narrows, and if unable to pass the smaller one our fate was sealed. To go back was utterly impossible; and the passage before us was lower than that which we had just found it all but impossible to pass. Bitterly and audibly did all parties repent not having taken our chance amongst the breakers—where at least we had daylight and a fair struggle—instead of being gradually closed up in this frightful hole. The thin line of light which marked the low passage before us was barely enough to render visible the darkness of this

dreary vault; and when the heaving swell closed up the passage, we were left in total darkness. There was a fearful sense of suffocation, induced by the feeling that we were buried alive under the mountain—the cavity of unknown dimensions slowly but certainly filling up—while the gulphing sound of the air, which forced its way back into the cavern on the swell subsiding, seemed like the difficult breathing of some asthmatic monster enclosed with us underground.

With a feeling of utter desperation we approached the low passage. The light increased, which raised our hopes, but the low rocks almost touched the water, and at every heave which filled the passage our hearts sank within us. We tried to force the boat through and failed: she could not be brought within several yards of the strait, and while we were exerting our utmost strength in the attempt, every returning sea seemed to cling longer and longer to the roof. The ladies were quiet, or only moaned in agony. It was now the male part of the crew that gave way. The younger boatman, who had scarcely spoken before, now bewailed his hard fate. He called upon his wife and child. The old man beat his breast and prayed.

There seemed some faint chance of escape by swimming, or, rather, partly diving through the passage; but the ladies, as if anticipating some attempt of the kind, held firmly on to their natural protectors. Mrs. Mahony, indeed, clung so tightly round old Sullivan's neck, that she nearly choked him before his time, and he was obliged to use some force to disengage himself.

At this crisis a lucky thought struck some one:

“Swamp the boat!”

It was no sooner said than done. Leaning heavily on the gunwale, we suffered the water to enter till she was nearly full, while the ladies were, with some difficulty, made to lie down in the water under the thwarts with barely their faces above the surface. Getting out of the boat ourselves, and partly swimming, partly supporting

ourselves against the sides of the tunnel, or on such rocks as rose within reach from the bottom, we urged the boat on. It was a near thing—all but a failure. More than once we were entirely under water for some seconds, with the boat jammed against the roof; but, fortunately, having no ballast, and the ladies forced to continue lying down, she could not sink. But what a spluttering and screaming there was when the subsiding water gave a moment's breathing time! We were nearly giving up from sheer exhaustion and the stunning blows we received, but our efforts were eventually crowned with success, and we emerged half-drowned into the open sea. The water on this, the lee-side, was perfectly calm, with a scarcely perceptible swell, though the rising gale flying over the headland told what must have been our fate amongst the breakers on the weather-side.

The thankfulness, the rejoicing of the party, may be imagined. To bale the boat with our hats was the work of a few minutes, and the ladies were landed on a rock to get rid of some of the water which streamed from their clothes. Strange figures they were, certainly: the white and pink bonnets flattened into shapes never contemplated by the curious *modiste*; and veils, long hair, and artificial flowers, all tangled and jumbled together about the necks of the fair owners.

But Mrs. Mahony was in the most woful plight: for old Sullivan, in his struggles to free himself from her strangling embrace, had knocked off bonnet, cap, and wig, and the poor lady exhibited a perfectly bald head, with the exception of a grizzled stubble round the back part and over the ears. She was a little ruffled at this sad *exposé*, but we were all too happy to permit such a feeling to last beyond the moment. It was too ridiculous: and she joined at last in the roar of laughter. Old Sullivan, as soon as he recovered from his hoarse cackle of enjoyment, made all the amends in his power by tendering his hat for her use—an offer which she promptly accepted.



It was a glazed, low-crowned sailor's hat, with flowing riband, and the brim rather turned up all round, and being much too large for Mrs. Mahony, was obliged to be worn well cocked over the brows, which revealed the grey stubble at the back of the old lady's head, and gave an inexpressibly rakish look to her features. As one never happens to see a lady either with a bald head, or wearing a tin hat over a grey cropped one, it was impossible to imagine Mrs. Mahony anything but a little stumpy old man.

Leaving the boat in charge of young Sullivan, we ascended a zigzag path to the top of the Head, intending, if possible, to procure some change of clothes at the lighthouse. We had hard work to get the ladies up, for the path precipitous in all parts, was dangerous in some. The chill east wind which we encountered on the summit, blowing through our wet clothes, was so uncomfortable that Mrs. Mahony asked old Sullivan for his pea-jacket in addition to the hat.

If anything could have increased the absurdity of her appearance, it was this huge round jacket, which reached nearly to her heels: and being confounded in the twilight with her dark silk dress, gave her the appearance of a large long-bodied seaman, whose legs had by some accident been omitted, and his feet joined on to the bottom of the trunk.

Near the lighthouse we encountered the old sailor who had charge of it, and much surprised he was at the reception of so motley a group. But it would have puzzled the cleverest delineator of funny features to do justice to the perplexed astonishment of his face when Mrs. Mahony briskly passed him in her way to the house. He stepped back and rubbed his eyes, in doubt apparently whether it was some creature of the element or a razéed old seaman that was making for his stronghold: and she nearly reached the door before he found words to address her.

“Who are ye at all?” said he, at last. “Are ye Falvey? Is it Andy Falvey, of Skibbereen ye are? and where are ye goan?”

“To bed!”

“Is it to bed? sorrow bed ye’ll get here: sure, this is a lighthouse; maybe ye take it for a dhry lodging. It isn’t much I like the cut of your jib; so come out of that, if ye plaze. None of yer thricks, Mr. Falvey, if it’s Falvey ye are—but it’s hard to say from the back of ye what ye are!”

But Mrs. Mahony was already housed, and through the kindness of the men’s wives was provided, as were the other ladies, with a change of clothes; though their astonishment was extreme when the hat and jacket were taken off. Jackets and trowsers were put into requisition for ourselves, and a jaunting-car being procured from a family in the neighbourhood, we proceeded home in a costume scarcely less ridiculous than that in which we entered the lighthouse.

It may be scarcely necessary to say that no person has, as yet, prevailed upon Mrs. Mahony to re-enter the tunnel at Old Head; and we apprehend that those who may desire to see her in the costume attempted to be described above, must content themselves with a feeble representation in possession of one of the amateurs.

## BARNEY O'HAY.

ON the eastern slope of the Galtee mountains, near the bottom, is a small, retired, unsuspected village. It is enclosed between two spurs of the mountain, which stretch out with an easy declivity beyond the rest into the plain, and hold the village, as it were, in their arms; while it partly inclines up the hill, and a few cabins have strayed out upon the level ground. There is only one house above the rank of a cabin in the place, inhabited by the agent of the great proprietor, to whom the neighbouring range of hills, the village, and the land about it, belongs.

Over this portion of the mountain a sportsman had obtained permission to shoot; and being accredited with a letter from the great man, proceeded to introduce himself to Mr. O'Hay, the respectable agent, as having the only house capable of affording him accommodation for the few days he purposed to sojourn there. Inn there was none; neither could the village boast of possessing a lawyer, or a doctor; and some said there were neither quarrels nor sickness: in fact, the place was sadly behindhand in civilization.

Mr. O'Hay's family consisted of his wife (a middle-aged lady), two daughters of eighteen or twenty, and a son, Barney, a hobbledehoy of fifteen.

The master of the house was an active little man of business, knowing in rents and the value of land, curious in crops, awake to the markets, perpetually bustling about, and besieged, go where he would, by a crowd of grey-coated hangers-on, tenants, or would-be-tenants, with whom he was always laughing and joking, and doing business, and pushing about, and putting life into. It was curious to mark the difference before and after their interviews with him. To see them enter the house with their faces down to their waistbands, you would have fancied there was some falling-sickness of the features in the place; and the meditative scratching of heads as they came up to the door, might have suggested to a stranger a prevalent epidemic of the scalp. But Mr. O'Hay sent them away with jocund features and a springy step; and many, when outside the gate, would indulge in that peculiar caper which so well expresses an Irishman's happiness, whether he is going to dance a jig or to break a head.

A great shortener of faces was Mr. O'Hay: in fact he had the trick—

“Of scattering smiles on this uneasy earth.”

He was one of those happily constituted persons who seem to have a natural right to take liberties without their being considered such, because it was plain from his honest and hearty way that they were never meant to be liberties. He could punch in the ribs, and set in a roar a gouty old fellow, that nobody else could venture upon at all; and as for chucking the girls under the chin, and pinching the widows' cheeks, nay, kissing the wives before their husbands' faces, there was not such a man in all the Galtees. He was a chartered libertine in the way of small practical jokes. Happy in himself, happy in his wife and family, he gave a happy infection to all who came near him; and if you did not catch it from him, you were sure to do so from some of the family.

They belonged to that kind of people that we occasionally stumble upon in our walk through the world, with whom we become at once intimate: we are at home with them before they have spoken a word; and, even without knowing their names, we feel that a regular introduction is almost an impertinence.

It is astonishing how little is required to make us happy, if we only knew it. Here they were, the bustling little man of business, the blooming matron, two fine healthy girls, and a hobbledehoy, shut up in a little valley of the Galtees, that nobody ever heard of; ten miles from the smallest town; knowing nobody; without a "Times;" ignorant of Grisi; reading no "Punch;" benighted as regards the colour of the late premier's waistcoat; even doubtful about Lord Brougham's profile: and asking if Sivori was a fiddler! There they were; not crushed by their heavy lot, but chirping, and singing, and working from morning till night. You might have searched the world without finding a nest of five happier birds. Five! there was another, Judy, with a face the colour of a peony, and the size of a moon.

It was too good to last. They had a friend somewhere—save us from such a meddling fellow!—who thought, no doubt, to do a fine thing, and get Barney a writership, or a cadetship, or some place that was to make his fortune, in India. This unsettled them at once. What to do for the best? Till the friend did them this good turn, they had never shed a tear.

I have often regretted that tyrants have been wholly discontinued in this country. If there had been one situated conveniently to the Galtees, it would have been pleasant to make interest with him to get that friend soundly flogged for his ill-judged interference; and I would have had the executioner of the sentence proclaim, in an audible voice, at every stroke, the words, "Let well alone!" and have had the same inscribed in the public places of the city; and should have wished that the tyrant would call for his secretary to bring his tablets,



and write down the history of that punishment, for a warning to all meddling people in time to come, as was the custom of the illustrious tyrants of the Caliphate.

Why did they want to make him a writer? Had not he enough to do at home? and could the little man last for ever? and when he dropped, who was to keep the books and the family? Is it pleasant to look forward to be turned out of house and home in the course of Nature, and all because you have a son getting bilious and rich in India? Are there not enough of the friendless to feed their oriental frying-pan, without dipping into happy families for victims? Does it never occur to people that their livers swell with their capital? and, however pleasant may be the anticipation of cutting up fat, it is paying very dear for it to lead the life of a Strasburg goose.

And what is it, after all, when he does get rich, and comes home in twenty or thirty years a lone man, his friends dead and gone, the world gone a-head of his old ideas, his habits changed, and he finds himself the mark of every sordid flatterer, the hunted-up of long-forgotten cousins, the besieged of scheming widows and manœuvring mammas; the wearer of those reversionary shoes so anxiously looked for from dead men; talking about Chingleput and Conjeveram, and ghauts, and nullahs, and nautches, and dingys, and dandys; and full of pestilent anecdotes of Nawaubs. What a helpless creature it is! Going to Covent Garden market at five in the morning, as if it was the Bazaar at Bangalore; and in bed while other people are getting their dinner! Instead of being a shortener of faces like his father, the happy husband of another Mrs. O'Hay, the father of other Janes and Bessys, and the master of another moon-faced Judy, he sinks into the querulous twaddle of a club.

They made a mistake and accepted the appointment. The next morning he was to go. As the coach came by

betimes, the breakfast was early, too early for the guest to get away before it. Nothing is more painful than intrusion upon scenes of sorrow; but he could not escape: the little man held him; Mrs. O'Hay intreated: the girls looked imploringly; he saw they felt his presence a relief, so he stayed.

Poor simple creatures! they were easily seen through; and what they said they meant. If the whole family mass had been tried by the most searching analysis, I verily believe that not a single grain of deceit would have been found in it.

At breakfast they came out in a new character; they were positively noisy. There was an incessant torrent of jokes, and the stream was showered most upon Barney. Every ludicrous incident of that young man's life was called up, and they laughed till their eyes ran over; nay, to see how red and swollen they were, you would have supposed they had laughed till they cried all night.

Then came the brave old stories of how Barney was tossed by the cow; how he was followed over the mountain one night by a ghost, which turned out to be Shawn's white goat; which, however, was not whiter than Barney when he came in. How once he tried his hand at roasting an egg, and hatched it without any sitting; and what a joke it was among the tenants when the eagles carried off their chickens, that they had only to come to Mr. Barney, long life to him! who would do the like, or anything else for them, for he was a good young gentleman, and kind to the poor.

And then the guest put in *his* small joke, borrowed from the authentic Miller, and not altogether unknown in the civilized world—but, Lord, anything will go down in the Galtees!—of how a certain Scotchman eating, as he thought, an egg, heard the plaintive cry of a chicken going down his throat, and exclaimed apologetically, “Eh, mon, ye spak too late!”

And it was pronounced a good story, and a new, and was applauded, and honourably received, and laughed at.

Never did people behave in a more frantic and wasteful way than they all did at that breakfast. It was incredible the quantity of bread and butter they cut and handed about, and which nobody seemed to eat; and while Jane was wildly cutting up the loaf, Bessy was as madly buttering toast. In fact the bread seemed the grand point to fall back upon, when nothing else occurred to them to do; and they all had a turn at it. If Barney had eaten all the good things they heaped upon his plate, it would have been doubtful if he ever saw the morrow's sun. Why, his share of the slim-cake alone would have furnished him with indigestion for a month! Then the water did not boil, or they had put too much or too little; and everybody was ready to jump up and set it to rights. And when any one turned away from the rest, they had a way of dashing their hands across their eyes; but still they kept up the joke, and laughed louder than ever. A blind man would have fancied that he had fallen in with a set of the most restless and inveterate jesters it was possible to conceive.

And the little man was as active as any of them, for at least twenty times did he bolt out of the room, either to make a memorandum or to fetch something from his office, where you could hear him blowing his nose as if he had a shocking cold in the head.

At last Barney fairly gave in. "Hoo, thin, I can't ate any more," said he, and taking occasion to wipe his eyes as he wiped his mouth; but they only plied him the faster; and this was a crowning jest.

With what shallow artifices we try to deceive ourselves and others! as if this thin mask of merriment could hide the tears that fell upon their plates and bosoms! as if, with their red eyes and swollen noses, they could pass themselves off as a happy party! as if, with the poor pantomime of a pocket-handkerchief and an attempt at a

cough, they could lead people into an idea of catarrhs and colds, or foist upon them the choking of sobs for a hoarseness !

They were but shallow impostors, and little knew the task they had in hand ; love, fear, joy, anger, may be concealed or feigned, but intense grief, never.

"Hoo, thin, I hear the horn !" said Barney, rising up. "Good-bye, father ; good-bye, mother ;" throwing an arm round each of their necks : "good-bye, Bessy ; good-bye, Jane ;" adding them both to the family embrace : "I'll never see—never see ye agin !"

"My boy ! my Barney ! good-bye, good-bye !" They all hung together, it was their last embrace—they were a compound animal, a human polypus, and they went out clinging to each other, all crying, sobbing, choking, and blubbering together.

In the passage there was another explosion : it was the moonfaced Judy adding herself to the family mass, and

"Hoo, thin, good-bye, Judy," was heard above all.

Barney's box was on the roof of the coach, himself on the wheel, another step would have done it, when he turned and saw old Rush, the rough old dog who had gone up the mountain with him since he could walk, and was as old as himself. The old dog was standing midway between the family tree and the severed branch ; doubt and wonder were in his ears, and deep despondency in his tail—he clearly did not know what to make of it.

No creature is gifted with such power of mute expression as the dog, he has it at both ends. Can any one be so insensible as not to see in the ears thrown back the most engaging smile, increasing to a laugh, as the tail takes up the feeling ? And how unmistakeably does doubt sink into sadness, sadness to grief, grief to despair, an inch at a time, till with a frantic re-action the feature rises into terror between the legs ! People when they trim their puppies should remember that they are depriving the poor dogs of their laugh ; cutting away smiles

as well as gristle, and chopping off the silent eloquence of the passions with every curtailment of the caudal vertebræ.

“Hoo, thin, how will I lave him at all?” said the poor boy, jumping down and sobbing till he was half stifled upon his neck; “how will I part him, the cratur, that knows me so long? Will I ever go up the mountain agin with him? I’ll never, never, see the ould cratur agin!”

In another minute Barney O’Hay was on his way to Bengal.



## HEAD-BREAKING.

AN Irishman may be called, *par excellence*, the “bone-breaker” amongst men, the *homo ossifragus* of the human family; and in the indulgence of this, their natural propensity, there is a total and systematic disregard of fair play: there is no such thing known, whether at a race or a fight. Let an unfortunate stranger—a man not known in the town or village—get into a scrape, and the whole population are ready to fall upon him, right or wrong, and beat him to the ground; when his life depends upon the strength of his skull or the interference of the police. There is no ring, no scratch, no bottle-holder. To set a man upon his legs after a fall is a weakness never thought of. “Faith, we were hard set to get him down, and why would we let him up again?” expresses the feeling on such an occasion.

“Sure, it’s a Moynehan!” was repeated by fifty voices in a row at Killarney, where all who could come near enough were employed in hitting, with their long black-thorn sticks at an unfortunate wretch lying prostrate and disabled amongst them. Fortunately, the eagerness of his enemies proved the salvation of the man, for they crowded so furiously together that their blows fell upon each other, and scarcely any reached their intended

victim on the ground. It was ridiculous to see the wild way in which they hit one another ; but so infuriated were they, that no heed was taken of the blows, or probably in their confusion the hurts were ascribed to the agency of the man on the ground. It was no uncommon thing to see columns, of many hundreds strong, march into Killarney from opposite points, for the sole purpose of fighting on a market-day. Why they fought nobody could tell—they did not know themselves ; but the quarrel was a “very pretty quarrel,” and no people in the best of causes could go to work more heartily than they did. The screams, and yells, and savage fury of the combatants would have done credit to an onslaught of Blackfeet or New Zealanders, whilst the dancing madness was peculiarly their own. But in spite of the vocal efforts of the combatants, and the constant accompaniment of the sticks, you could hear the dull *thud* which told when a blackthorn fell upon an undefended skull.

Next to these faction fights at Killarney, the wildest collection of people I ever saw was at the races near Clonakilty. There they were all friends, at least no rival factions, and if knocking down be a proof of Irish friendship, the general amicability of the assembled multitude was abundantly proved. It was painfully ludicrous to see a man rush from a tent, flourishing his stick, dancing about, and screaming, “High for Cloney !”

He is speedily accommodated with a man who objects to the exaltation of Cloney, and pronounces a “High !” for some other place. A scuffle ensues, and many hard blows given and taken by those who know nothing of the cause of the row. But in this case the fight is soon over. The women rush in, in spite of the blackthorns—tender Irish epithets are lavished—every man finds himself encircled with, at least, one pair of fair but powerful arms ; dishevelled hair is flying, pretty faces in tears, caps awry, handkerchiefs disarranged. Pat is a soft-hearted fellow, he can’t stand it at all, they still squeeze him close ; so he lowers his stick, and is led away captive to some dis-

tant booth, where in a few minutes more he is "on the floore" in a jig, as if nothing had happened.

The jockey who rides against a popular horse undertakes a service of some danger, for there are no means, however unfair, which they will not adopt to cause him to lose the race. They will hustle him, throw sticks and hats in his way, in the hope of throwing over horse and rider. I had once an opportunity of seeing a little summary justice done by the priest of the parish in such a case. The rider of a steeple-chase was struck heavily by some of the mob as he rode over a fence, and the circumstance reported to the priest, who properly required that the offender should be pointed out to him. His reverence was a hearty, powerful fellow, mounted on a strong horse, who, report said, was much given to run away with his master on hunting-days, and could seldom be pulled up till the fox was killed. Riding calmly up to the offender, he inquired if the report were true, and taking the sulky shuffling of his parishioner as an affirmative, he proceeded to lash him heartily over the head and shoulders with a heavy hunting-whip. The culprit writhed and roared in vain; his reverence, warming with the exercise, laid on thicker and faster, now whacking him heavily with handle and lash together, then double-thonging him upon the salient points as he wriggled and twisted; and when the man bounded for a moment as he thought out of reach, he was caught with such an accurate and stinging cast of the whipcord under the ear, as argued in the worthy pastor a keen eye for throwing a line. At last he fairly bolted, trying to doge the priest amongst the crowd, but his reverence had a fine hand on his well-broken horse, besides a pair of sharp hunting-spurs over the black boots, and was up with him in a moment. Accustomed as one is to the delays and evasions of courts in this our artificial state, it was positively delicious to witness such a piece of hearty, prompt, un-quibbling justice.

But when the popular horse wins, then indeed the scene is fine. No sooner did a certain chestnut get a-head

of the rest than there arose a cry from ten thousand people of "The Doctor's harse! the foxey harse! the Doctor's harse!" accompanied by such a rush as fairly swept the winner off the course towards the weighing-stand; and when, after the weighing, the favourite was walked to a distant part of the ground, he was accompanied by the same thousands, shouting, "The Doctor's harse! the foxey harse!" &c. &c. Never, except on this occasion, have I seen five hundred persons trying to rub down one horse at one time, with ten times that number anxious to assist, and only prevented by the evident impossibility of getting near enough. Hats, handkerchiefs, coats, handfuls of grass—all were in requisition, while the vast mass of excited people roared, screeched, vociferated the endless virtues of the horse and master, though probably not one in a hundred knew anything of either, only that the horse opposed to him was owned by an anti-repealer.

But there is a wild love of head-breaking in an Irishman, in the abstract of all quarrels and feuds. One instance I will mention. It was at the races of Clonakilty, where, as I have observed, they were all friends. I was walking among the long drinking-tents or booths, which occupied a considerable portion of the central part of the ground, round which the course was marked out. In one of the large tents filled with people, the floor, or central part, being occupied by jig-dancers, and the rest of the company disposed of on benches all round,—these being close to the canvas walls, showed to the spectators outside the bulging indications of the heads, shoulders, elbows, &c. of those who leaned against them. Amongst them was one who leaned more backward than the rest, and his head protruded much beyond the others. A man who happened to be passing eyed the tempting occiput, and paused. He was provided with a tremendous "alpeen." He looked again at the head—a destructive feeling was evidently rising within him. He raised the stick a bit; surely he is not going to hit the man! No; he puts the

stick under his left arm, and rubs his hands. He smiles: some happy thought has crossed him. Suddenly he looks upwards to the sky, with an expression of wild joy—wheels quickly round—makes a short prance of three steps—utters a screech—whips the stick from under his arm, and giving it a flourish in the air, brings down the heavy knob, with all his force, upon the skull protruding from the canvas—whack!! The heavy sound was awful: surely no human bones could stand this?—the man must be killed! Meantime the skull-breaker dances about, screaming and flourishing the stick.

But he was not destined to escape without paying some penalty for his frolic. A hubbub of noises arose from the interior of the booth, and men and women poured out tumultuously together. He was instantly surrounded by those who came out first, and, in the commencement, had decidedly the worst of the fight; but he laid about him gallantly, right and left. As the crowd thickened, so did the confusion as to the identity of the offender; and in a few minutes it became a wild hubbub, fighting together without aim or object.

Now, this might have been his father, brother—nay, his mother or sister, or dearest friend. What cared he?—there was a head to break, and the opportunity was not to be neglected.

On entering the tent to see after the dead man, I found only the piper and the proprietors of the booth, calmly awaiting the return of their customers.

In some parts of the country, the police have interfered with the use of alpeens, which has brought stones more into play, and particularly a very fatal weapon—a heavy stone dropped into the foot of a long worsted stocking: this has the advantage of being portable, and not seen beforehand by the police.



## CADS, FOOLS AND BEGGARS.

THE Irish cads are a singular generation, apart from every other class of the community. The *Cad*, properly so called, is only to be found in perfection in the large towns, Dublin, Cork, Limerick, &c. Doubtless they are to be met with in all towns, nay, villages, in the country; but in these latter they merge, more or less, into the juvenile mendicancy of the place, and cannot be said to form a distinct class. But the cad of a large town, a garrison one particularly, is a being of a superior intelligence; acquainted, to minuteness, with the history of everybody in the place—their birth, fortune, and expectations; above all, no scandal escapes him. He is, emphatically, “downy;” has a curious judgment in car-horses, knows their capabilities to a mile, and may be safely trusted to bespeak and procure this indispensable article. In a word, he is the faithful messenger, the much-trusted guide, the procurer-general of the place.

There are mysteries about cads. I have never, except in one instance, seen a cad older than five-and-twenty. What becomes of the old cads, is a question more easily asked than answered. Generally, they move off the scene about the age of puberty.

Are they worn out, and die of superhuman exertion at this period, or do they retire upon a competence? Do they marry, and settle in the country? Bah! the thing is impossible. Some curious inquirer would have found their retreats. "Cadville" would have been heard of. The problem has not yet been solved; but I am inclined to think they die in the prime of youth.

I place the Cork cad at the head of the whole fraternity for intelligence, trust-worthiness, and long-suffering. Now and then, a genius will appear in other places; but, as a body, none come up to the cads of Cork. The Dublin cad is a very inferior animal; he is a sad bunch of wretchedness. Hat, shoes, or stockings, he has none: he is in a flutter of small brown rags, looking as if a portion of hashed mutton had been thrown at him, and, by some unknown influence, hung about his person in the semblance of a dress, as a handful of nails adhere to a magnet. He is invariably very young; used up, perhaps, at an earlier period in the capital. He is too young for confidence. He may hold a horse, perhaps; but who would entrust such a creature with a delicate commission? How unlike this are the Cork cads of the senior department. What a comfort to the stranger! What a guide, philosopher, and friend, does one of them prove to the new-comer; Like their brethren in Dublin, they begin in hashed mutton (happy could the metaphor be realised!) and toil many weary years, without any outward sign of an ameliorated condition; for it is something for their crude energies to procure a subsistence. Their ultimate success is, however, certain.

First, trowsers come, with a leetle shirt out behind; then a jacket; then old boots, of immense proportions, and no toes; then a shirt; then perhaps stockings may be surmised; and ultimately the greasy, leather cap is exchanged for a hat—some seedy gossamer, discarded by an embarking ensign.

When a cad arrives at the dignity of a hat, he may be

said to enter the senior department of the order. His manners undergo a marked change.

“Manners with fortunes, humours change with climes,” &c.

He is quieter, more civil, and respectful—even polite. The hat has conferred importance, and he is proud to touch it, conscious of the happy fact. His phraseology is refined: the blunt request, “Will yer honour give me the butt?”\* is usually changed to, “Would yer honour *obleege* me with the butt?” Nay, at my last visit, I observed that trowser-straps began to obtain among them. So enormous a stride in refinement may justify one in supposing that breast-pins and zephyrs may not unreasonably be looked forward to at no very distant period.

No country but Ireland produces cad<sup>s</sup>, as far as I am aware of. There is a cadie in Edinburgh, but I take it he is of a much lower order. England has no cad<sup>s</sup>—the horse-holders of England are not to be named with them. Gibraltar has its Jew boys, but they are a feeble imitation; they are sadly deficient in enterprise and pluck, are weakly afraid of Spanish knives, and apt to howl at the practical joking of midshipmen: they have no elasticity of spirit to support them through the trials of their order.

The Cork cad<sup>s</sup> are wont to attach themselves to leading individuals of the garrison, and to urge the connexion, as a recommendation to new-comers. “I’m Mr. Stewart’s cad, Sir.” “I’m Captain Smith’s boy, Sir.” And there was one called, *par excellence*, “The Intelligent Cad,” who simply showed you a card, on which was written, “Recommended by me, George Browne.” If quires of paper had been expended in a laboured panegyric, it could have gone no further than this. You felt at once it was enough. Browne’s cad must be an impersonation

\* The last inch, or so, of a cigar, usually thrown away.

of vigilance, and you looked with mute reverence upon the eloquent pasteboard.

From cads it seems an easy transition to FOOLS; not from their resemblance, but their association. Every town in Ireland has its fool—the poor, privileged, harmless natural of the place. To call him the jester, would be wrong, for his wit is more of the passive than the active order.

He is not so much a “poker” of fun himself, as the recipient of the jokes of others: above all, he is the authorised and well-established butt of the cads. He is the target of their jokes; but he rarely, unless much enforced, gives out a return. When, however, the retort is extracted, it is sure to tell. Independent of any merit of its own, there is mostly an idiotic leer, a queer contortion, a horrible grimace, accompanying the jest, which adds a sting to its point.

The poor fool is not, perhaps, altogether deficient in knavery, but his foible is a love of finery. He is great in a procession. His usual costume is some worn-out military coat, and his passion is a band. He ushers in and out every regiment that passes; and usually carries some quaint emblem of arms—a lath-sword or a broom fire-lock. He is a sort of local drum-major; and it is amusing to see the pompous indignation of the regular functionary at the disreputable association, as they march side by side at the head of the band. Even the dusty and strapless major looks with no favourable eye at the implied ridicule of the companionship.

The BEGGARS are, I fear, a hackneyed subject: no one can treat of Ireland without a notice of them. But I may mention, that in no other country have I seen a mounted beggar. This mendicant field-officer flourished some years ago at Killarney—and I have no doubt still continues to flourish, for he was a hale, old cripple. We have all heard of a beggar on horseback, but my friend

had not quite arrived at that dignity—his *monture* was a donkey, and I am inclined to think the speculation answered. I shall never forget the beggars of Killarney. They were the sturdiest of their kind. With what punctuality they assembled at the arrival of the Cork mail! and last, but not least, came our mounted friend, slowly turning the corner as the distant horn was faintly heard in the suburbs: his two crutches protruding in front, and giving him something of a lancer character.

To hear the piteous tales that were addressed to the passengers, you would suppose that the concentrated wrath of Heaven had fallen upon the place, and its poor. They were quite a crowd. What a yell of expectation, and a crowding forward of the poor cripples, at any indication of the coming halfpenny! How the lancer charged home to the window at the faintest movement of a hand to a pocket! How he passaged and wheeled about to clear the way and secure it all to himself! It was sadly ludicrous to see them ply their sticks and crutches, and wretchedly maimed limbs, to gain the other window before him. They generally beat him in the race, and mostly turned the first wheel before he was under weigh (for the donkey did not spring into a gallop at once). But when he did get round, poor devils, they had little chance. What could they do with a man who was executing the tricks of the *manège* among their naked feet? Their greatest triumph was when a halfpenny was chucked upon the ground amongst them: then the infantry had it all to themselves; and the demoniacal expression of the lancer's face might have furnished a study for Michael Angelo. I trust Cruikshank will try him. When the mail drove off, it was instructive to see them congregate and compare notes. What concentrated scowls of hatred used to possess the features of the unsuccessful candidates! and what a deal of imagination was shown in their figurative curses! The lancer usually rode quietly away.

I know not whether any former scribbler has taken



note of a class of beggars who are continually travelling about the country at the expense of the inhabitants, and are actually moved from place to place by them. These are helpless cripples deprived of the use of their limbs. They are usually placed in a sort of hand-barrow, or sometimes a small car, their own property, and carried from house to house; the inmates, after supplying them with a small quantity of food, carry them on to the next house, from whence they are forwarded to the next, and so on. In this way they traverse the country during their whole lives; the inmates of the house at which they may be left at night hospitably affording them the shelter of the roof, and carrying them forward at the earliest dawn. It would be curious to trace on a map the journeyings of one of these involuntary travellers.

What strange chances must befall a man in this his life-long pilgrimage. Sitting in a hand-barrow for forty, fifty, sixty years! and carried east, west, north, or south, at the caprice of any one. What trials of temper, if he had any local predilections or antipathies—passing within sight of a wished-for spot and never reaching it! What a dashing of long-cherished hope by a single turn of his handbarrow! Not to be a Smellfungus would argue him, in disposition, an angel of light. Then the helpless lingering in a spot he might from his soul detest: dodging for a week about Kilmacthomas, for instance, when his heart was set upon Dungarvon!

Take a single trial:—He has passed the bridge, and all goes well; he is on the long-desired road. Seated on his second or third dunghill he would seem to command success. Hurrah for “Jolly Dungarvon!”—there is no offstreet—no corner to turn—the road is straight and plain before him. How old thoughts and recollections come back upon him! Through the present fragrance he seems to recognise a whiff of the old town—“the ancient and fishlike smell” he was wont to inhale in infancy.

Make it more touching:—say he had an early love, or

an aunt in imagined affluence, with a cabin in reversion, and a probable sedentary evening to his roving live. Every potatoe is sweeter as he gets on. In unison with some happy chord within, his professional whine is getting out of the minor key, and is thrown out as a cheerful recitative. Hurrah! through dung, and pigs, and children he goes gloriously on—he almost topples off the mixen in his ecstasy, and cracks his joke when they set him down in the cesspool. Hurrah! hurrah! Every breeze is fresher as it blows over a dunghill the less—he is now positive as to the hake and poor John. He has reached the last house—the ultimate vertebra of the town's tail—it can't go wrong now—another move will do it!

Alas! he has overlooked a checkmate—he has, indeed, reckoned without his host.

“Why, sure, the next house is a mile beyant the hill Sorrow fut I could take ye there at all! Try th' other side.” Beggars must not be choosers, and up he goes from dunghill to dunghill for another week of the hated town, and then—! away, away, from Dungarvon—early love—affluent aunt and settling for life—dragging his lengthening chain eastwards, westwards, northwards—anywhere but where he wants, for perhaps the rest of his ricketty life.

Of all the beings on the earth's surface, these unhappy beggars are the most out of the world, though daily mixing with it. The most inveterate recluse would be more easily found. Let him settle in Japan, or Timbuctoo, or hug himself in fancied retirement with the lost colony in Greenland, Smith, or Jones or Brown, would sooner or later ferret him out. But to catch such a wanderer as this is hopeless. The many-handed messengers of St. Martin's-le-Grand may clatter at all the doors of the empire for him in vain. He is alike beyond an *estaffette* or a *poste restante*. His whereabouts would baffle Nadgett; and even Joseph Ady could tell him nothing to his advantage.

But the most curious exhibition of begging I ever saw,—in fact, the most extraordinary sight I ever witnessed,—was at the fair or “*pattern*” of Aghadoe, in the south of Ireland. I hardly know in what terms to describe it, such is the squeamishness of modern refinement; but surely that which was publicly exhibited by the roadside in a civilized country, cannot be unfit for the pure pages of this little volume. It was a woman, whose whole posterior person was the seat of some extraordinary disease—a sort of elephantiasis, perhaps, for it was not unlike, though much rougher, than the appearance of the skin of patients afflicted with that complaint. It was, however, much more like the gnarled and tuberculous surface of one of those huge excrescences one sees on the trunk of an aged witchelm. It was a curious spectacle, and publicly shown a little outside the town in a most conspicuous and public place. The *bénéficiaire* was in a kneeling posture, leaning with her elbows on a green bank by the road-side, attended by an exhibit or (a female) on one side, and on the other was a bowl to receive the contributions of the charitable. Some slight drapery covered the part, and this was slowly raised by the attendant to all passers-by. It was curious to stand a little apart and watch the effect this exhibition had upon the spectators. The educated classes, I grieve to say, were too apt to regard it as a ludicrous sight, and after dropping their gift in the bowl, to pass on with roars of laughter. Not so the peasantry; to their honour I must say that it was by no means considered by them in the light of a joke. They contemplated it in wonder and seriousness, and dropping their mite into the bowl, passed on whispering. Many of them remained long looking at this most singular phenomenon; and one young and pretty girl seemed perfectly fascinated with the sight, and remained with eyes and mouth open, and hands uplifted, in a perfect ecstasy of amazement. What, however, rendered the thing particularly ludicrous to one who watched the proceedings was, that scarcely a single

person passed without putting their hands to a corresponding part of their own persons, in order, apparently, to assure themselves by the sense of touch that they, at least, were all right behind. This may be thought to savour of the marvellous, but it is literally true, and can be vouched for by many credible witnesses. As only a few years have elapsed (it was in 1836), no doubt the curious in such matters may, by attending the pattern of Aghadoe, near Youghal (sometime in the summer), be witness of it yet.

Would such an exhibition answer in London? No doubt the spectator would make a fortune, unless, indeed, it were considered a fit subject for the interference of the police! In the meantime, should the public express any wish for a graphic representation of the above, I would beg to observe that there is a sketch in existence, which may be brought out in a future edition.

The circumstance of the spectators in the above case assuring themselves by feeling of their own exemption from the dreadful malady exhibited to them, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred many years ago on my first visit to the Sister Island. It was on occasion of a ball being given by a certain distinguished regiment in one of the midland counties, at which myself and two friends intended to assist. We had about sixteen miles to go, and it was intended to start in time to reach the regimental mess at dinner-time. The journey was to be performed in a jaunting-car hired for the occasion, and one of the party facetiously proposed, that with the view of giving an imposing appearance to our *entrée*, the car driver, honest Miek Molony, should be invested with a dress of honour for the nonce, instead of the grey frieze coat and shocking bad hat, usually adorned with a short pipe in the band, which was his common wear. The idea was no sooner conceived than acted upon: a company of strolling-players were in the town, and a civil note was



despatched to the manager, making the project known, and requesting the loan of a servant's costume, such as would fit and show off the person of Mick, who carried the note himself. Of course it was expected that some old taffeta suit would have been the result—some well-worn stock-dress of universal application to serving-men, that had graced the persons of Diggorys and Dubbses and Jabels without end; and after "playing out its play" at the metropolitan theatre, had descended, in its old age, to the ambulatory wardrobe of Mr. Mac Guffin's company.

What, then, was the astonishment of the party when Michael returned with a magnificent court suit—on its last legs, certainly—but an undoubted, genuine court suit of the finest cloth, and most elaborate and beautiful workmanship! The coat and breeches were of the same cloth, the waistcoat was satin, handsomely embroidered about the pockets and button-holes, and was, altogether, a very curious and interesting costume. From its great age and the fineness of the workmanship and materials, I have little doubt of its having figured at the court of Louis le Grand, worn, perhaps, by the Duc de Roquelaure, or more probably brought to this country by Count Anthony Hamilton, or De Grammont. It was really interesting to an antiquary. Accompanying this dress was a wig of the most extraordinary device. To say what species of wig it was, would, indeed, puzzle a conjurer. It was not a judge's wig, nor in fact had it anything of a forensic air at all: neither was it a bob, or a Jerome, or a Parr, or a Johnson wig; but it was a sort of buzz enclosure for the head, not unlike a bee-hive, with a Gothic window in it just large enough to permit the central features of the face to peer out, but enveloping completely the ears, cheeks, and forehead.

But if the wig was extraordinary, the tail appended to it was so, at least, in an equal degree. It might have been, perhaps, fifteen inches long, and at the point of junction with the wig was fully the size of a man's wrist, from



whence it became "fine by degrees and beautifully less," till it finished in a point like a marlin-spike, the end being adorned with a huge bunch of hair as large as a fist, curiously interwoven with ribands. To be affixed on the top of this wig was sent the smallest possible cocked-hat, turned up on three sides, the point in front being pitched well forward over the forehead, and the upright back of the hat not extending further than the centre of the crown of the head.

Now, anything more profoundly ridiculous than the angular features of Mick Molony looking out of the Gothic window of such a wig, surmounted with such a hat, and adorned with such a tail, cannot be conceived, arranged too as the rest of his person was in the De Grammont suit; and Mr. Manager Mac Guffin must have been an arch wag to have hit upon it. To our great surprise, Mick made no kind of objection to the costume: he saw nothing in it apparently to ridicule, and whether he was proud of it or not could not be seen. Whether he was one of those dry fellows who can enjoy a joke without laughing at it, I can't say, or whether he saw any joke at all, certain it is he arrayed himself promptly in the clothes. The wig seemed rather to strike him, for holding it aloft on his finger, and gently turning it round, he exclaimed gravely, but with a comic expression, "Bedad, that's a grate jazey!"

I shall not easily forget his appearance on entering the room to say that the car and himself were ready. Such a roar of laughter, I will answer for it, never greeted the entrance of that costume before, from the days of De Grammont to those of Mac Guffin; but Mick was unmoved; he was anxious to be off, for the day was declining, and he urged that the roads were bad. In fact, he seemed to forget the costume he was in, and thought only in his character of carman. It was very absurd to see this courtier of Louis Quatorze dancing round the car, arranging the luggage, fastening the har-

ness, &c., with the huge tail bounding from shoulder to shoulder with his erratic movements. It required some little dexterity to fix the small three-cornered hat upon the bee-hive wig, and we were at last obliged to have recourse to small pieces of packthread to lash it down fore and aft : the wig itself was effectually secured with springs.

All things being adjusted, Mick took his seat on the small driver's seat in front, the coat being so arranged that the ample skirts came outside the iron frame, which they hid completely, and flowing down into the car and all round the box, gave him the appearance of sitting on the same level as ourselves, and being, consequently, of enormous size.

It is impossible to describe the wonder of the country people: they were dumb with astonishment: they did not laugh, but stood staring and awe-struck. The tail seemed to strike them most, for scarcely a man passed who did not put his hand to the back of his head to feel if he had such an appendage himself. What tickled Mick Molony amazingly was the respect that was paid to him. All touched their hats, many took them off with a low bow, and the women curtsied.

"Och! murther," said Mick, "to see the bow Andy Poor give me! That bangs Bannagher! Divle a scrape of a leg ever I got before—— Och! to see Kit Flannagan give me the courtesy, and she as grave as a sitting hin. Sure I'm surprised at it, for it's aften she sees me. Faith, I believe Corny Falls tuk me for the judge going to hould the coort at Mullingar; and me, Mick Molony!—— I'm greatly changed with the jazey any how! Well! well! look at Biddy Whelan, 'most slipped up wid the fright!—— and by my sowl, it's a purty good howlt of the floore she's got, too. Sure, it would be hard to catch her in saft ground: but it's the jazey that's done it!—— Och! Tar an' ouns! did you see Father Rafferty lift his hand to his hat! Well! bad manners to me, but I desaved his rivrence!"

With a choice variety of such exclamations we reached our journey's end. That night came on one of the most destructive and awful hurricanes that has ever afflicted these countries. The barracks we were bound to were unroofed—houses were blown down, and the roads rendered impassable from fallen trees. As neither Mick Molony nor, I presume, any body else, ever appeared abroad in this quaint costume again, I have no doubt that in the minds of the superstitious country people honest Mick passes for the genius of the storm, kindly passing through the country to give warning of its approach.

In consequence of the gale, the ball could only partially come off on the day fixed; but it was proceeded with under happier auspices the next. And here I will mention, for the pleasure the recollection gives me, that on this occasion I did drink stronger and hotter punch—in greater quantities, and at a faster pace—than it has ever been my fortune to do before or since—nay, in any three months of my life.

When the ladies were fairly on their way homewards, a large and extremely convivial party rallied round a gentleman—unanimously called to the chair—for the purpose of a slight and friendly finish of warm liquor. By some peculiarity in his organisation, this individual was endued with a miraculous capacity for boiling punch; and, such an imitative animal is man, his supporters seemed for the time to catch a portion of his superhuman powers. If asphalte had been in vogue, one might have fancied that his throat had been laid down by Claridge or Polonceau; and some, not knowing the man, suspected that some such trick was played as Jack passed off upon the giant in the matter of the hasty pudding. But no! his honesty was unimpeachable—Cæsar could not have wished his wife to be more unsuspected than our friend's integrity. He would have done the same in the dark.

Jug after jug came in, each holding a trifle of half a gallon or so—small, that the stuff might be hot and hot.

No need to call for it, the manufacture went on perpetually, and the supply was in exact proportion to the demand. No sooner were the boiling portions poured out, than this fire-drinking president's was poured down, and,—

“ Put in your glasses, gentlemen ; I've another toast for you ! ” greeted our ears.

But this is a digression from Irish beggary—a subject which should not be concluded without some mention of,—

## THE MENDICITY ASSOCIATION.

UNTIL the Poor-law came into operation in Ireland, the Mendicity Association was the only institution for the relief of the destitute poor of the city of Dublin. It was supported by voluntary contribution, most of the principal inhabitants being yearly subscribers; and it was one of the few things in Ireland not subject to the influence of religious bigotry or party politics. It saved the lives of thousands annually, and hundreds were indebted to it for their daily bread. But the subscriptions were insufficient, and the daily papers of the capital teemed with the most imploring appeals to the benevolent.

To eke out the daily diet of the poor creatures, carts were sent round to the houses of the upper and middle classes, to collect such fragments of broken victuals as in other countries find their way to the dogs or the dusthole; and one can hardly reflect with an unmoved stomach upon the heterogeneous mass of substances—the sweepings of the kitchens of an Irish city—so gathered together. Fish, flesh, and fowl—raw and cooked, fresh and tainted—bones, puddings, potatoes, crusts, pastry, flaps, scraps, confectionary, and kitchen-stuff, all jumbled together in a cart, and dragged about through a sweltering summer-day, till the festering mass was shot down at evening before



the squalid and famishing crowd in the yard of the Institution.

Will it be believed that human creatures in a civilized country were reduced to feed upon such a revolting farrago as this, till pretty deeply into the nineteenth century?

I have marked the cart and its contents often. Passing along a street near Mountjoy Square, I once saw brought out from an area the fragments of a roast fowl, the head, feet, and raw entrails of the same, some cold potatoes, the heads of herrings, and a large piece of mouldy custard-pudding: all of which excepting the entrails, which the collector declined, were turned over amongst the mass of filth, and the smeared dish handed back with thanks.

But if the collection was nasty, what shall we say of the distribution? Imagine its arrival among the poor creatures, their appetites whetted with a breakfast of thin gruel. Was it served out in shovelfulls, or emptied out in a mass before the famishing throng? What a study of faces there must have been as they gloated over the garbage, and scrambled and dived into it!

And all this was going on while the frequenters of Exeter Hall were collecting tens of thousands of pounds for the conversion of the Jews: and pious young ladies were toiling from house to house gathering pence for the education of the "poor African!"

Did they ever convert a Jew? Or, having converted him, did they on any single occasion retain their convert a moment longer than it was his palpable interest to profess a belief in Christianity?

But there was no excitement in simply relieving a mass of misery at our own doors. It was of too practical, and vulgar, and obvious utility to touch the far-reaching sympathies of Exeter Hall benevolence. The subject was not sufficiently dramatic to suit the smug black-coated gentlemen on the platform. To introduce a ragged pensioner of the "Mendicity" with a plateful of his daily food would have brought the scented cambric to the noses,

instead of to the eyes, of the fair audience: when the appearance of a strapping blackamoor—once Quashie Mumbo, a howling savage, now Thomas Wilberforce Smith, in sable surtout and snowy “choker,” a sainted member of the mission—opened every purse and moistened every eye.

Could Irish eloquence compete with his?

“Once I bery bad man (“Poor thing!”)—go quite naked. (Sensation.) Kill fader, moder, shild. (“How dreadful!”) Fader, King Falaba, go fight Mandingo—roast de men—(“Isn’t it shocking!”)—use de women bery bad—(sighs)—roast him shild—(“How horrid!”)—ven meet Mr. Smith, blessed Mr. Smith! him say, No roast shild—berly bad roast shild—(“Dear Mr. Smith!”)—good book say no roast shild. Go home Mrs. Smith, she give pair o’ shoes, no roast shild—plenty pork, no roast shild. Mr. Smith give pair trowsers, no roast shild—(“How interesting!”)—teachee me good book, no roast shild. Sing hymn Mrs. Smith, no roast shild. Soon go back preachee oder Falaba no roast shild. No Falaba, no black man, never no more roast shild. (“Poor love!”) Now den, no mo’ palaba, all sing hymn fort-four long blessed Mr. Smith!”

The Poor-law has now happily alleviated some of the misery which, before its introduction, was forced upon one at every moment and in every place. Loathsome diseases, which in other countries are studiously kept out of sight, were, and still are in a less degree, in Ireland the stock-in-trade of the successful beggar, and exposed in loathsome publicity at every fair and race-course. The New Poor-law may, no doubt, be improved: but such as it is, it is an immense boon to Ireland.

## THE DOG-FANCIER.

THERE is no place in Ireland where poverty is more conspicuous than in Cork, in the old town in the purlieus of the market. Can filth and misery go beyond this? Hundreds of people are to be seen, their persons barely covered with filthy rags, and the black mud squeezing up between their naked toes. This is the place for baths and wash-houses. London in its most miserable quarters can show nothing like this. Our poor may starve, but they starve in comparative cleanliness. That part of Dublin called "The Liberties" is much the same. I had occasion once to visit a house in it somewhere between Thomas Street and St. Patrick's Cathedral. I had lost a dog, and it occurred to me that by putting myself in communication with the professional dog-stealers who inhabit that locality, under pretence of purchasing, I might happily find my own again. I found that these persons were extremely averse to bring their stock for my inspection, but had no objection to my visiting their houses for that purpose: and many a "region dolorous" I explored in my adventures. One man was reported to live in so dangerous a neighbourhood that my servant, an Irishman, dissuaded me from venturing upon him. I

should be robbed—perhaps stripped or eaten—possibly killed. “Why the polis themselves wouldn’t go to it, barrin they had thirty together.” This was likely enough, but reports are exaggerated, and I had passed through so many queer scenes with civility and the disbursement of a few coppers, that I was not to be put aside from my intention of trying every chance of success. I carried no bag of gold with me, and if destined to be stripped, I made arrangements for losing the worst suit in my wardrobe.

It is no easy matter to dress down to the level of the “Liberties” of Dublin: but such disguise as studiously concealed linen, a beard a day old, an out-at-elbow pea-jacket, and a tin hat conferred, rendered me, I thought, a safe passenger even there. My dog-fancier was possessed of only one animal at that particular time, and in whose person I hoped to recognise my lost favourite, though it was impossible to gather any information of the nature of the beast from his description, excepting that the dog was the most wonderful ever known: a “great dog entirely” for everything—never exceeded in swiftness or bottom; and as for backing and standing, “Faith, your ridgement might fire over him and he not stir, barrin ye riz the fowl.”

Leaving the main street somewhere beyond Christchurch, we plunged down to the left, threading our way through streets and lanes, each more dirty and crowded than another, till we seemed approaching the heart and core of the wretched neighbourhood. The weather was moist and muggy, rendering clothing an unnecessary luxury, and accordingly it was more and more dispensed with as we left the main thoroughfare behind, and I began to think that we should ultimately arrive at an Eden of the most primitive simplicity—at least in costume.

I saw more children this day than in any twelvemonth in my life, and more suckling mothers than during my

whole existence. It was the afternoon, and the supper-time of the infants, and they at least had a hearty meal. The few females not engaged in this maternal duty were evidently destined to take a share in it at no distant period, if "coming events" might be guessed at from their foreshadowing. Girls of all ages, in excessive dishabille, were seated, with a fair sprinkling of boys leaning against the walls. "Boys" should be understood to mean men of all ages; Judge Moore having decided in my hearing, that in Ireland the word "Boy" has no reference to age. The mothers were mostly wedged together in groups, blocking up the doorways. The young children, unable to stand, and rolling happily about upon the ground, were absolutely in a state of nature; but, excepting these little smeared Cupids, all above the age of rollers—the toddlers and runners—had some kind of attempt at dress, but so slight in most instances, as to give them the appearance of having contracted a ragged network of cobwebs while groping round some dark and neglected room. But all looked healthy and happy, in spite of the fulsome nastiness of the place.

But we may take a lesson from these Irish children; they are never put upon their legs until Nature herself sets them going; no silly go-carts, or holding them up to stand, as our nursemaids are wont to do—consequently no bandy or crooked legs. The Irish are the straightest-limbed people in Europe. What cruel perversity has prevailed with regard to the management of children all over the world, and is even now far from exploded! It is no long time since we left off swaddling them. In Germany, they are still packed up tight and immovable in a linen case, with only their heads out, which are not suffered to be washed for some years after birth, lest the water should loosen the sutures of the skull! At Aix-la-Chapelle, they may be seen running about with little caps of dirt on their heads from this cause. Compare the



straight limbs of an Irish labourer to those of our clod-hoppers, tightly encased in leather and high-laced boots. A more unhappy object than a farm-house boy, just put into his new smalls at some fair, cannot well be seen. The leathers are sold in sizes, and the tightest fit is the cheapest. See him coming out of the slop-shop, after riding down the banisters to get them up; mingled pain and pleasure in his features, and perhaps the additional agony of a new hat.

Leaving the narrow street, my ill-favoured guide suddenly turned into a court, which seemed the lowest sink of all the region. Here they were squatted and crawling all over the flags, and it was no easy matter to pick one's way amongst them. There were few unbroken windows in that court; and on a cursory view, one might have supposed the people had denuded themselves to dress up the sashes. From some of the windows protruded sticks, with waving flags of drying raiment, generally a woman's gown in its final state as a garment, and about to take its place by instalments in the windows, as it dropped away in rags from the wearer.

My friend lived in a two-pair back, where we arrived after much cursing of children, who occupied the whole staircase, and there rolled about in their own filth. Could anything be found more revoltingly dirty than that common staircase? The rooms were bad enough—never washed, of course; but the stairs were evidently considered “out of doors,” to all intents and purposes, and especially so regarded by the children. As all the doors were open, some singular interior views presented themselves as we slowly mounted. Of bedsteads, there were few; of chairs and tables, very few. The sleeping-place was mostly indicated by a heap of rags in a corner. However numerous, or of whichever sex the individuals of each family were, it was evident that they all slept together. But there were no indications of mental misery—no cowering or brooding heart-broken in corners; on the

contrary, a general hilarity prevailed; least perhaps amongst the old women, who went maundering about, and who, I could see, were collecting at the doors, with a view to such small alms as they hoped to extract from me in my descent, "for the love an' honour o' God."

My guide's room was the best in the house; giving the lie, I fear, as far as worldly prosperity went, to the proverbial advantages of honesty. He had a bedstead, two low stools, and a table: a large iron pot, suspended over a turf fire, containing the potatoes for supper. In a corner, chained to a strong staple in the wall, was a large Russian pointer, which I instantly saw was none of mine. He had clearly seen better days, and had the discernment to know a gentleman, though disguised in a tin hat and out-at-elbow coat. The poor fellow seemed to recognise in me a deliverer of the class with whom he had passed his life, and bounded towards me, nearly to the breaking of his chain. Fond visions of a change from potato-skins to greaves and stir-about, were probably passing through his mind, and the luxurious remembrance of bones was happily excited.

"Will ye have him, Sir?"

"Not I: he is not the dog I want." (His tail fell; he saw the unfavourable expression).

"Sure he's a great dog." (He was indeed). "Divle a better in Ireland."

"Will he set snipes?"

"Faith he will: you may let him alone for setting. Oncet he sets, divle a much ye'll move him. He's chape at thirty shillings."

"Dog cheap," (the tail began to move again), "but I wouldn't give you ten for a rough brute like that. Why, he's neither pointer nor spaniel, but a cross between a sheep-dog and a donkey. I wouldn't have him at a gift." (He was a real Russian).

"Well, will yer honour give me the ten shillings

itself? There isn't a betther in Ireland than himself." (He believed him to be utterly worthless).

Some haggling took place, during which the dog stood trembling to the last joint of his tail. I finally agreed to give the ten shillings. There was no occasion to lead him: he knew that he had changed masters, and in his hurry to get away from the potato-skins, nearly dragged the man down stairs. In an unlucky moment, I gave a few halfpence, and suddenly the whole population rose upon me. Mothers, children, boys, and old women, crowded round, and blocked up the way with their squalid persons. The men looked sulkily on. Every moment the crowd thickened; and I could see them pouring down the stairs, and out of every door, into the court. Meantime, the Russian got loose, and increased the confusion. I had only one way to extricate myself. Taking all the remaining coppers in my hand, I ostentatiously mixed with them a few silver coins.

"Now, boys, for a scramble. Are you ready?"

"Divle a fear of it! This way, Sir. Give it us here, yer honour. It's we that are the poor crethurs. Go 'long, ye blackguards; it isn't for the like o' you to take the bread out o' the poor widdy's mouth. Don't ye be thrusting me now, or I'll brake yer face. Lave it with us, Sir; that's the chat," &c.

And while the contending candidates were pushing each other violently about, as they thought by my motions they could guess the direction of the cast, I threw the money to the far end of the court, whither rushed the whole mass—fighting, tearing, screaming, and finally rolling in a confused heap upon the ground; a few bare legs, arms, and heads, appearing violently agitated above the surface. Making a sign to my new purchase, I bolted out of the place, the screams and curses of the scramblers ringing in my ears, till I nearly reached the upper air of Thomas Street, having gained a stolen dog and an extended experience of Irish poverty.

Parliamentary commissioners do not, I apprehend, visit such scenes as these; they may venture down the narrow streets—may even penetrate to the court's mouth, amongst the suckling and teeming mothers. Perhaps one, more adventurous than the rest, may look into the court itself; but I think I may venture to say, that not one would ascend the two-pair back of my friend the dog-fancier. Nor would it indeed be necessary; for abundant evidence of the poverty of the land would be found far short of it.

## DUBLIN CARMEN.

THE Dublin carmen deserve a few words. As Cork is celebrated for its cads, so is Dublin for its carmen : they are decidedly at the head of their profession. The cars, too, are of the old-fashioned sort, unmixed with the affected improvements of flies as at Cork. A Cork fly is highly dangerous, top-heavy, and frequently upsetting on the hill ; but no man ever heard of an accident happening to an outside jaunting-car, or rather to the riders upon it. The horse may fall, the wheel may come off, but you are only where you were ; there is no upsetting : all this I have proved. I have also proved what it is to be upset in a covered car, and been on the under-side. If a wheel come off you are gone. What an indifferent protection is the canvas head to save the human one from a rude contact with the ground ! What an unequal fight you have in the scramble with those who are pitched upon you, who, in their hurry to escape, tread without ceremony on your face, put a foot in your mouth, or dig your eye out with the heel of a boot in effecting that object ! Why, I have had a gross and agitated old lady walking for minutes on my countenance, and vaulting now and then from the bridge of my nose in a vain effort to quit the fallen vehicle. It is dreadful to think of !



But nothing of this can occur in an outside car. There all is fair and above-board. Not that I should much covet to go through the city of London, about three o'clock in the afternoon, in one of these, my favourite vehicles. To find one's self between two racing omnibuses coming down Ludgate Hill, at ten miles an hour, would be a sorry lounge; but, most happily, in Dublin they are as yet exempt from such dangerous conveniences. This is one reason why I like the retired virtues of that quiet city. No eternal cry of "Benk? Benk? Elephant? Oxford Street? Bake' Street? Pic'dilly?" Nothing of this: no contention of vindictive and unfigurative slang between rival conductors, and the equally great ruffians on the box; but a quiet "Car, yer honour?" occasionally greeting your ear.

There is great capacity for fun among the Dublin carmen. Let any man pay attention to those at the Bloody Bridge stand, near the Royal Barracks, and see how felicitously the peculiarities of any remarkable individual of the garrison are hit off as he passes them: and this not offensively, and decidedly not to his face; for as he comes up they hail the wished-for customer with the most attentive civility, but being passed, there is no occasion to spare him. There is a marked difference in the expression of the faces before him and those behind. No note is taken of his long nose or the size of his boots as he advances, but the one is happily shown off in some appropriate grimace when the back is turned, and the other alluded to, perhaps, more directly in words. "Blood an' ouns, look at his bo-o-ots!" was the never-failing exclamation whenever a certain jolly doctor passed them; who, sensibly eschewing the risk of corns and bunions, was wont to luxuriate in a loose and easy high-low. Another individual, who, from being a countryman and well-known, was familiarly called "Dinnis," or still more familiarly, "Ould Spalpy," from a trick he had of singing "*Di tanti palpiti*," in his way down the Quay, was usually received in this way:—

(*Aside.*) "Here comes Dinnis, bedad!"

"Car, your honour? Good horse, Sir!" (Lifting up his whip.)

"Will you have one, your honour?" (Rising up and stretching out his arms like St. Paul preaching at Athens.)

"Will you have one, captain?" (Jumping down and running after him.)

It was no go. Returning and taking his seat quietly,

"Divle a one for ould Spalpy to-day."

It was rich to hear them imitate the affected accent of some English ensign, who talked of "cigāās, and brandy and wataā." What a fine expression of comic humour on their features, as they echoed the word "cigāās," with something of the intonation of a dying wild goose, and the widest development of their Milesian mouths! And when a young lady came to the stand towards evening,—

"Covered car, there."

"Here you are, ma'am!"

"This is it, my lady."

"Sure I'm first, you blackguard."

"Wasn't I first, my lady?"

"Where to, ma'am?"

"Palatine Square, letter D."

"Whew-w-w!"

The gentle whistle he gave, and the comic look at the others as he drove off, were droll in the extreme. There is really no impertinence in all this: and I pity the man who cannot quietly join in the laugh at such an innocent exhibition of his peculiarities. How different is the dogged ruffianism of the London cabman! His whole life is a course of extortion: he knows it, and defies you. The victim also knows it, and submits, rather than be slanged in the street, or, what is worse, attend twice at a police-office.

Not that I mean to say that a Dublin car is preferable to a London cab; far from it—particularly the "Hansom"—the very top and ultimate perfection of all street conveyances. I speak only of the drivers.

Ireland has this peculiarity, that there are no waggons of any description, neither are there any vans for the conveyance of goods: the whole road traffic, as well as the agricultural business, is performed in cars, each drawn by one horse. Goods are sent from one end of the kingdom to the other on these conveyances, which, though slow, are safe. I never yet heard of a car being robbed on the road, which is saying a great deal for the poorest country in Europe. The baggage of troops is conveyed upon these one-horse cars, and is never unloaded from one end of the kingdom to the other, the same horses, cars, and men going throughout the march. Those who have marched with troops in Ireland know how to appreciate an advantage which spares the perpetual knocking about of boxes, and saves the toil of packing and unpacking the baggage every day, as in England. What endless bickering and quarrelling attends the transport of baggage here! The pressing the waggons, the enormous piles of chests to be loaded each morning, and unloaded by tired men after the day's march! The sulky drivers, forced to go against their will, and the perpetual appeals to magistrates and constables.

## HORSES.

IRELAND is the hell of horses: not only are they harder worked and worse fed than in any other country, but treated with more wanton barbarity. To say nothing of the jaunting-cars, which nominally carry six besides the driver, and are, in fact, unlimited as to numbers, but the posters and stage-coach horses are the worst-conditioned cattle in Europe. The Irish horse is naturally a most enduring and serviceable animal, superior as a hack to the English breed. Excepting the mail horses, the best on the road are those in Bianconi's cars. The establishment of this enterprising Italian originally commenced at Clonmel, but is now extending over nearly the whole of the south and south-west of Ireland. It is an admirable adaptation of the national carriage to the purposes of quick and convenient transit, and the spirited enterprise is understood to have been productive of great and merited profit. The old Irish slow coach is a very cruel affair. I never saw horses endure the whip, and endure it with apparent indifference, like the rough-coated cattle in the Carlow coach. It was either flanking or double-thonging from beginning to end of the journey. According to the coachman they were "Skamers," the inference being that they took the punish-

ment with affected indifference, to convince him of its absurdity and uselessness. Being a wag, and addicted to figurative language, he called it "putting the flax into them" (he might have added, the leather and the stick), and had his jokes about the comparative merits of Riga hemp and the national plant. No man living could be a better judge of the enduring qualities of whipcord than he.

Did the reader ever see the Drogheda car start from some obscure street to the north of Newgate gaol? A similar exhibition may be found in many another place in the country. What an expressively absurd, and at the same time highly national exhibition, irresistibly ludicrous, in spite of the apparent and shocking cruelty! but the full amount of cruelty could only be conceived by those who had visited the stables, and seen the horses with their collars off. To describe this would make the reader sick; suffice it to say, that every sort of "*raw*" was there, from the recent and superficial to the deep-seated ulcer, eating daily inward to the heart. Neither were the poor creatures let alone when in the stable, but some devil's composition was applied to their sores which drove them frantic, to the infinite amusement of the thoughtless and brutal horsekeepers. There was no hope of release for these poor creatures, except by death, for they were all worked to death. There was no lower deep beyond this lowest deep of the Drogheda stables. Purchased for a few pounds, or perhaps shillings, their capability of endurance for a remunerating period was most accurately calculated, and they were "used up" as a matter of course. I am speaking of 1839, and no doubt the same system is going on in hundreds of other places, though I trust the railway has taken the cruelty-vans off this particular line of road.

But the start! it was the great daily event of the neighbourhood, and never failed of a numerous audience. In truth, to those not in the secret, the event was comic in the extreme. No sooner were the two horses attached



to the lumbering half-inside, half-outside car, than you could tell, from the excited faces of the crowd, that some fun was expected. The coachman shook his arms free, and gathered himself up for an effort. Tim placed himself on one side of them with the broom, and Larry on the other, with a short stumpy horsewhip, worn away in the service. The fat unshaved tallow-chandler opposite came with a look of interest to his door, and even the book-keeper of the coach-office put his pen behind his ear, and indulged in a grim smile. Pat and Mike arranged themselves at one hind-wheel, and Jem and Dennis at the other, while the whole army of cads opened their faces to an extent that, had their heads been inclined backward, would have made you apprehensive that all above the mouth might have fallen off, like the lid of a fiddle-case. There was only one class of persons unobservant of the fun—the beggars, who steadily kept repeating their dismal cases at the coach-window.

When all was packed, passengers and baggage, and more passengers on the baggage, the book-keeper would look at his watch :

“Are you right, Mahony?”

“We are, Sir.”

“Then let ’em go.”

It was a nicety indeed. Poor devils, they no sooner felt the collar, than throwing themselves backwards on their haunches and planting their fore legs firmly out, they looked the picture of absolute despair. Then began a belabouring with the long whip and the short whip, and the broom-handle, and the sticks and feet and fists of the by-standers, and a screaming of “Hup, hup, get out of that !” (happy, indeed, if they could) “go long wid ye ! Ah, ye skamer ! we’ll have to light the fire under ’em,” and the like ; while Pat and Mike, and Jem and Dennis, assisted by many others, were trying to move round the wheels and force the car along. Ever and anon, the poor creatures would try the collar again, and then fall back with shaking heads into the resolute position, till at last,

finding the agony of standing still greater than the pain of moving on, would make a few wild plunges and start at a gallop, followed by the yells and shouts of the bystanders, and with the running accompaniment of the short whip and the broom-handle as long as Tim and Larry could keep up. As for the coachman, he lashed away without ceasing till they were clear of the town, for fear of a relapse. During the month that I spent at Ashbourne, no week passed without at least one horse dying either on the road or in the stables.

On witnessing such scenes, one would almost wish that the story of the Yahoos and Hounhynms were not a fable.

## PRIESTS: CATHOLIC AND OTHERS.

A PROTESTANT will find it difficult to believe the degree of slavish reverence which is paid by the inferior Irish Catholic Clergy to those of high rank in their church. Whether such is the case in other countries I am not in a condition to say, but I was a witness of it in Ireland.

At the house of a gentleman with whom I was intimate, and who, though a Protestant, was equally respected by all sects and classes, there was staying a Roman Catholic Bishop. This gentleman, whom I met more than once, was one of the most agreeable, as well as gentlemanlike persons I ever encountered: indeed, it is enough to say, that he was a well-educated Irish gentleman of the old school, who had resided much abroad. Many of my readers must have had the good fortune to meet such a person, and will at once understand the kind of man he was. His Irish assurance making him a perfect master of all the polite observances of life; his native humour sharpened by collision with the world, his buoyant animal spirits chastened into the happiest tone by a long admixture with the best society, and his thorough good-nature breaking out, as it were, in spite of the restraints of modern conventionalities. There was no ascetic nonsense about him; indeed, a pleasanter companion, even on a fast day,

I never met ; no downcast looks, half-sly, half-sheepish, which characterize the Irish priest of these days. Neither had he the blue and congested look which marks their complexions, and which I never see without feeling my benevolence moved to recommend them a prescription, if I thought there would be a chance of their taking it at my hands. My *gaillard* of a bishop had nothing of all this, though I believe him to have been at least as good a man as those who have.

To wait upon his lordship, of course came the whole neighbouring clergy, and at their first presentation it was their "hint" to fall upon their knees and ask his blessing. Young and old, fat and slender, threw themselves on their marrow-bones before their spiritual superior, and humbled themselves in the dust before a man. Is this seemly ? and what greater personal homage can they pay to the Deity ? We certainly bow the knee to kings, but we don't, even to them, prostrate ourselves, in grovelling abasement, as these men did.

Whether the Bishop, a gentleman and a man of the world, did not feel a little ashamed of all this before Protestants, is not for me to say ; but he was uncommonly active in picking them up before they fell, and after awhile received them in a separate room.

But the Romish priest is, as regards a sojourner in the land, inoffensive. I wish I could say as much for his evangelical brother, vulgarly called a Swaddler ; we have not, happily, any parallel to him on this side the Channel. A more conceited and obtrusively offensive person, taken as a class, than he is, I know not. An evangelical hyena, who passes his whole life in restless and untameable efforts to find holes and flaws which he may tear open wider and wider, and as blind as his caged-up prototype.

An example or two. I was travelling with some friends in a public boat on the Grand Canal, and the conversation was carried on amongst us in a group at one end of the table. At the other end, and having several persons between him and us, was a gentleman in black ; his

throat tightly compressed with white muslin, and reading, no doubt, a religious book. Our conversation was, I will venture to affirm, anything but profane, though a strong expression, remnant of those dissolute times when "Our armies swore so terribly in Flanders," might have escaped us. Suddenly the reverend gentleman started to his feet, and addressed to us an angry remonstrance upon using language grossly offensive to his pure ears, and hoped it would not be repeated. We, of course, regretted the circumstance, and resumed the conversation with caution and good heed, while our friend, anything but satisfied, with pale face and quivering lip, read savagely on.

Alas for our good intentions! In a moment of impatience, one of our party regretted that he had been induced to take his passage in "such a devilish slow coach," when up started the reverend gentleman more fiercely than before—he could not surely have been on the watch, and

"Nursing his wrath to keep it warm?"

said that it was impossible he could endure such language, and, in fact, should be obliged to go on deck. One of the party, who had scarcely spoken, and certainly not sworn before, I regret should have so far forgotten himself as to say, "Then go, and be d——;" advice that was promptly taken, and where he remained, impatiently pacing over our heads for the rest of the voyage. No doubt, as he ground the heel of his holy high-low into the planks, he congratulated himself that he was not as other men are—violent, acrimonious, uncharitable; or even as these reprobates below.

O short-sighted Swaddler! is this the way to deal with people? Was ever man led away from evil by such a course as this? Is this the example handed down to you from the Fountain Head? Have you read, without profiting, of that excellent gift of charity, and the strong



condemnation of a too-hasty judgment? And do you remember by whom it was said, "They know not what they do?" A mild reproof, delivered in gentlemanlike language, would have won our respect, saved us one hearty and wickedly expressed oath, and perhaps acted as a check upon us in future; we should have parted with mutual good-will, and you would have been spared a long walk in the rain; which, so effectually did you stir up the "offending Adam" in us, we rejoiced at exceedingly.

Another example. Sitting in my quarters, in a small temporary village barrack, a gentleman was announced whose name and person were equally unknown to me. He was not so peppery as the last specimen, but more of the sour variety — a vinegar-faced fellow — and had come to lecture me on the impropriety of not attending regularly a place of worship, and taking occasion, in pursuance of this theme, to notice, cursorily, my other peccadilloes.

Above all preface or apology, he plunged at once into the subject, and harangued in so bitter, and, as it seemed to me, so uncalled-for a style, that carnal thoughts of throwing him out of the window more than once arose in my mind. I beat them down, however, and sat silently and patiently on. It is best to meet an acid fellow like this with the alkali of excessive politeness; he will most likely effervesce and go off in a huff. So, inclining my head to an attentive angle, I resolved to wait for a pause, and then put into execution a little plan which occurred to me. Whether my friend suspected some civil design upon him, or that it was his system of tactics to pour in such a cannonade as would effectually level all argument or opposition, and then walk unopposed over the breach he had made, it were needless to guess; but I began to think he never would have done. If I had been disposed to criticize his harangue as a composition—supposing me on sufficiently intimate terms to justify the freedom—I might, perhaps, have ejaculated, "Mind your stops!" for anything longer than a comma, or at most a semicolon,

he did not trust himself to indulge in: and when fatigue or impatience caused me to assume the slightest change of position, he quickened his pace, and poured in the stream without any perceptible pause. Good Lord! how he laid open, and then causticked, my little irregularities!—little I thought them before, but now held up and magnified till they were frightful to contemplate. I could scarcely forbear interrupting him with some such penitent exclamation as, “Dear Sir, I feel myself a rascal—don’t spare me—scarify! scarify!” But there was no occasion: he had fully made up his mind both as to the case and the treatment, and required neither confession nor exhortation. I believe, however, that a groan must have escaped me, for he became almost cheerful as he probed and dug into my tender places. If the mention of a talking automaton had ever reached my ears, I might, perhaps, have been driven to despair by fancying that the wicked proprietor, after winding up the eight-day engine, and charging it with the concentrated bitterness of all the Calvinists, had thrust it in upon me, and fastening the door, there left it to talk me to death. But at length a huskiness was perceptible; nature was giving in. I felt that a pause was coming, and judged its advent to a moment. Suddenly producing a bottle and glass from the cupboard close at hand, I said, with a bland smile:

“Won’t you take a glass of brown sherry before you begin again?”

“PHOOF! !”

The reader has perhaps seen a chestnut jump out of a shovel. In much the same style did this reverend person leave my small apartment.

Now, although I had my hand upon the cupboard door, and kept myself in readiness to pop the bottle and glass under his nose at the appropriate moment, yet his argument was not lost upon me. It went to prove that, let a man’s life be ever so blameless—not that he went any length at all towards conceding such a point to me—unless he punctually attended public worship it was of

no avail. If he were not already bad, he would become so—he would go from bad to worse—he was a lost man—he would infallibly be damned. This, in an abridged form, is what he said. He was not a man to wrap up his meaning in mysterious phrases; he drove the naked nail home and clenched it, and was pleased if it rankled and festered in the wound. I am sorry to say that such of his sect as I have encountered used the same arguments, and the same manner of enforcing them.

Good Heavens! is it for one of ourselves to lay down such a doctrine? Has any man, in virtue of a black coat and white neckcloth—and say a blameless life, if you will—has such a one a right to judge us before our time? Is it right to assume the attribute of Him to whom all hearts are open, and decide upon our guilt or innocence? Did it never occur to him that the Founder of our faith went up into the mountain to pray, and into the temple to cast out thieves? Is there no devotion of the heart unless we are enclosed in bricks and mortar? No prayer without a hassock? Cannot the spirit be humbled before the Great Being when we are surrounded by His works? and are tiles and rafters more appropriate to worship than

“ This majestic roof fretted with golden fire ?”

It is a pity that these gentlemen should remain in ignorance of the fact, that people are more easily led than driven along the narrow path; that there is a natural disinclination to have even good things forced upon us; and that, however, beautiful the naked truth may be, its charms are rendered more attractive by a slight drapery of tact.

Far be it from me to decry the expediency and necessity of public worship; but I may be permitted to say, that my devotional feelings are little encouraged by contemplating the majority of our congregations, especially those holding the same opinions as my sour friend. There is too much indifference in the one sex, and far too much

pretty-bonnetry in the other ; and the feeling is most deadened in our fashionable chapels, where affectation and coxcombry are too often disgustingly pampered and puffed up, and where so many upturned faces betray the expression of "Dear man ! I wonder if he ever wears the slippers I worked for him !"

No : a glance through Ehrenberg's microscope, or a sweep of the heavens with Lord Rosse's leviathan glass, would produce more religious feeling in me, make me more happy as a man, more charitable to my fellow-creatures, and more humbly devout, than all the preachings of all the Puritans, if they were concentrated upon me in a perpetual fire for every remaining moment of my natural life.

## AN IRISH STEW.

IN the western part of the King's County there is a tract of land called the Barony of Ballycowen. It is not exactly what a tourist would call picturesque, seeing that a great portion of it is bog, nearly all flat, except some low, bleak hills; and it is almost destitute of trees. Here and there, certainly, the humble residence of a small proprietor, or first-class farmer, is partly enclosed on the northern side by an amphitheatre of unhealthy firs, something in the fashion of a Dutch oven; but, upon the whole, it is a rough and scrubby country. The most marked feature about it is an occasional lofty square tower of former times, the stronghold of some intrusive proprietor settled down among the native Irishrie. These towers are of beautiful masonry, and the walls in good preservation. The fine grey limestone of which they are built has been most carefully cut and fitted; and, in some instances, the arms of the proprietor are finely carved above the doorway, together with various ornaments over doors and windows. In some instances there are dates: those I have seen are of the early part of the 17th century.

In the midst of this bleak country is a tract of flat, marshy land, nearly covered with low, scrubby bushes,



and through which a deep and winding river creeps sluggishly along. This place abounded with wild-fowl, and the facility of approaching them under cover of the low scrubs, frequently tempted to the place the individual who is the subject of the present little history.

It was drawing towards evening one bitter day in December, and our sportsman had turned his face homewards, after a long and pretty successful day's sport, when he perceived at some distance a black patch of ducks within reach of a clump of bushes, under cover of which it seemed practicable to approach within easy shot. The river had overflowed, and nearly the whole plain was under water; though, for the most part, only to the depth of a few inches. Moving gently through the tangled scrubs, the sportsman had nearly reached the clump behind which the fowl were pitched, and there only remained a small space of open water to wade through before his two barrels were to carry death and confusion amongst their ranks. It had set in sharply to freeze as the day was closing, and a thin coat of ice had formed, which rendered caution necessary, to prevent the noise of his approach being heard. Gently breaking the crust, he insinuated one foot, and put it down, in the full confidence of meeting with firm footing, when behold! instead of this, he plunged head-over-heels into the river, which, in its meanderings, had taken a turn much nearer him than he had expected. How he contrived to scramble out without losing his gun is a wonder; but he did so in time to hear the sonorous host rising within fifty yards, and, seemingly, with a triumphant cackle at his misadventure.

All further sport, was of course, over for that day; and the duck-shooter made the best of his way towards *terra firma*, the pockets of his shooting-jacket distended with water on either side, like the well-filled pig-skins of a Spanish wine-carrier. To get rid of this incumbrance, he was fain to take off the coat when within a few yards of the road; and while in this state, was absolutely forced to stamp and dance about to prevent becoming quite

benumbed and helpless—such was the extremity of the cold.

Whilst engaged in this way, the face of an elderly man might be seen peering through the bushes that bordered the road, and silently, but with some interest, regarding his gambols, and indulging in a smile at witnessing his incomprehensible antics.

Hailing the old man, the shooter urged him, as well as his chattering teeth would permit, to assist in wringing the wet coat, and explained the nature of the predicament in which he unhappily found himself. The honest farmer entered warmly into the case, and urged the shivering sportsman to go home with him, that at least some of his wet clothes might be dried before encountering a walk of six or seven Irish miles in wet and half-frozen garments : an undertaking which, he urged, would be not only ill-advised, but impossible, from the increasing frost. He further tempted the shooter with an offer to be his guide at daybreak to some unfrozen parts of the river, which he knew well would be, after such a night, the resort of countless wild-fowl, then much more accessible ; and he wound up his friendly offer by volunteering to dispatch a gossoon, his own son, to the sportsman's quarters for a fresh stock of ammunition and clothing, engaging that the boy should return in four hours at furthest.

Mr. Geoghegan's arguments prevailed, and the more readily as the few steps made in his company convinced the shooter how absurd it would be to attempt such a walk as that before him in a pair of trowsers, already frozen nearly as stiff as the wooden legs at a hosier's door ; so they set out at a round pace for the farmer's residence.

The old man laughed heartily at the circumstance of the meeting.

" Well, thin," said he, " I couldn't think what ye were afther at all. 'The divle resave me,' says I to myself, when I seen ye prancing, 'but that's a quare fellow !' It's aften I heered of whistling jigs to a milestone, but sorrow bit of me ever heered tell of a man dancing jigs

in the wather without his coat, and it hailing. Faith, it's little I thought yer honour was dancing mad with the cowl'd."

They soon reached the house, an unpretending edifice of mud and turf, but superior to the general run of cabins, as being thatched with straw instead of sods and grass, and so betokening the residence of what the Irish newspapers would call a "comfortable farmer." There were also two or three out-buildings, but of very humble pretensions indeed; and the pig had a tenement to himself near the door, which he used, apparently, only as a sleeping-apartment, or occasional boudoir, preferring to bestow the greater portion of his leisure upon the family in the house. Poor fellow! he was in happy ignorance of the coming rent-day: perhaps the near approach of this anniversary might have accounted for the favour with which he was treated, his fat and jovial condition, and the indulgence extended to his little whims. But, in spite of all entreaty and remonstrance, they turned him out of doors on the sportsman's entrance, though the expulsion was not effected without a great many hard words in Irish, and the cuffs and pushings of the whole family. In vain did the stranger protest that he desired to be made no stranger of—that he wanted to take pot-luck with the pig: it was of no avail; out he must go. It is so invariably; they disown their old chum as we cut a seedy friend when a grand acquaintance comes up: it is the way of this bad world. At once they all rise upon him as if he was an intruder;—"Go 'long out o' this!" "What the divle brings ye here?"—as if he ever was anywhere else!—they open upon him in full cry; and even the toddling children, who have been at bed and board with him all their lives, give him a dig in his fat ribs as he passes.

But Nature has armed him for passive resistance: he has nothing about him to lay hold of—his ears are out of the way, and his tail is a mere trinket, affording the assailant little or no help in the scuffle. Besides, he has

voice that few nerves can stand. He is, moreover, the father of artful dodges : to show him the door is a fruitless courtesy : into the bedroom he will go with pleasure, or to the closet, or under the table, or to the dresser ; but he has no eye for the doorway, neither can his snout be steered for it by any combination of ingenuity.

In this instance he did not belie his race ; but the allies were too many for him, so making up his mind for a dash, he charged under the table and between Miss Geoghegan's legs,—taking both defiles gallantly—and effected his retreat, leaving the young lady in an unseemly posture on the floor.

Retiring into an inner apartment, occupied as a sleeping-room by the master and mistress, two grown-up daughters and the gossoon, the shooter put off his wet attire, and came forth in a complete suit of Mr. Geoghegan's, consisting of a clean, homespun shirt, coat and waistcoat of grey frieze, corduroy breeches, long worsted stockings, and shoes : the sleeves of the coat not approaching the stranger's hands by four inches, nor the waistcoat the breeches by at least six.

Such is the natural good-breeding of the Irish peasantry, that not one of the family would have betrayed a smile at his absurd appearance, had he not afforded them a pretext by leading Miss Katty to the "floore" and attempting a jig.

Let me in this place say, that I have never met with, in any country, more natural politeness than amongst the Irish peasantry ; and this opinion is formed after traversing many countries of Europe. Though as inquisitive as any people on the face of the earth, they never, as far as my experience extends, offend a stranger by an impertinent intrusion into his affairs. For this most offensive form of ill-breeding I should say that, next to the Americans, the lower orders of Welsh are pre-eminent.

This is a digression from Mr. Geoghegan's fireside, where the turf was piled up profusely, a duck stewing for the sportsman's supper, and a pot of potatoes boiling for



his individual use, which would have sufficed for the dinners of half-a-dozen English families. There was, besides, new bread, sweet butter-milk, and fresh butter, to say nothing of a bowl of eggs—such eggs as one never eats out of Ireland, creamy, genuine new-laid, ready to be put to roast in the ashes, and make their appearance on the board when the duck-bones should be carried away.

Never boil your eggs, at least, if you can get them roasted: but as this is an operation requiring proverbially an exercise of superior judgment, besides turf or wood-ashes, the luxury is not always attainable. The great secret I take to be in breaking the egg-shell slightly at one end before putting it in the ashes, which should not be very hot. Notwithstanding the Frenchman's boast of his five hundred ways "*d'accommoder les œufs*," he has nothing equal to an accommodation of plain roasting.

In addition to the good things above enumerated, there was a certain black bottle brought from a chest, containing a liquor, which, though produced by the humblest means, I defy the distillers, with all their appliances and means to boot, to rival.

Dinner over, the sportsman prevailed upon the two young women, both under twenty, to favour the company with a jig, which they performed in the serious and demure way usual on such occasions, keeping the arms and body perfectly still, and moving only the feet, which, be it said, were in all their native naked beauty. Madame Melnotte might, perhaps, have been puzzled to find in her magazine a fit for four such feet, but it would have puzzled her equally to match the brilliant black eyes, faultless complexions, or well-rounded, though somewhat robust, forms of the host's fair daughters.

As the evening wore away, the family became anxious for the return of the gossoon, Jody, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, with the clothing and ammunition he had been despatched for. He had already overstayed



the time allowed him by at least an hour, and the night had set in with great severity. It froze intensely, and the wind brought a rattling shower of sleet against the small windows of one pane each, with three of which the house was provided. With an unlimited supply of turf, however, and sundry jugs of a reeking and most grateful compound, of which the sportsman persuaded all the family to partake, they contrived to set the cold at defiance. Eleven o'clock came, and the propriety of retiring to rest was debated, but the night arrangements were not easily made. Old Geoghegan insisted upon his daughters giving up their bed to the guest, consigning them, for that night only, to the *kish*,—a large oblong basket, commonly placed upon the rude country car, and used in bringing turf from the bog.

"Anyhow," said Mr. Geoghegan, "Katty can roost in the kish, and Bess will come with huz. Sure, what does it matter where the likes of them sleeps? And Jody, the crathur, he'll stop by the fire, and glad enough too."

But here the stranger interposed, and claimed the neighbourhood of the fire for himself, with a shake-down of straw from the outhouse; an arrangement ultimately agreed to, though not without much opposition.

When twelve o'clock came, the whole family were really alarmed about the boy, and many whisperings in Irish took place, though to the guest they affected to make light of the matter. The quick ears of the young women at last caught a distant sound, and almost immediately after a hurried step was heard approaching, the door was violently burst open, and the boy Jody rushed, almost breathless and in the utmost excitement, into the room. Without speaking a word, he commenced in a hurried manner to make fast the door with a large bar of wood, and then pushing his way through to the fireplace, began kicking about the lighted turf on all sides, rapidly talking in Irish all the time.

An exclamation of grief and dismay was raised at once

by the whole family, and in a moment all was hurry and confusion. The father and mother, who wore shoes, busily aided the boy in his frantic efforts to stamp out the fire, calling upon the rest to help them.

Although quite in the dark as to their proceedings, and marvelling much what on earth could be the meaning of such extraordinary conduct, the sportsman saw that they were in earnest, and that some pressing and immediate necessity existed for doing as they told him; so, setting to work with a good will, he threw himself at once into the action and the fire—the more readily, perhaps, as he wore another man's shoes and stockings—and danced and stamped about with the best of them. They had warm work of it, for the turf had been heaped up to the height of a couple of feet, and was in a red glow throughout; but they pounded away like people possessed, and sent a shower of sparks through the room. Neither could our sportsman restrain his sense of the ludicrous at seeing a whole family prancing about in the fire and smoke without any apparent aim or object; and especially when his own football practice sent the fiery turf into all corners of the house, eliciting unwonted agility from the two bare-footed girls, who vaulted and capered, and straddled to avoid the blazing missiles. At length one of them put a finishing touch to the confusion by sousing a pail of water amongst the feet of the dancers, and almost suffocated the whole party with smoke and steam.

However astonishing to Mr. Geoghegan may have been the sportsman's original jig in the hailstorm without his coat, yet this demon-dance in the fire was more utterly incomprehensible to himself, though he joined in it; but all explanation was cut short by the old man's frequently repeating, in an earnest, low voice, "Whist! whist!—not a word, for your lives!"

While engaged in this way, one of the daughters had fastened blankets, or something resembling them, over the windows; and the door had received additional strength by two or three *slanes* (long-handled Irish spades), being

propped up against it, after the manner that Charles XII. hastily fortified his house at Bender against the Turks.

Having no doubt that some very unwelcome visitors were expected, the shooter proceeded to load his gun, now dry and in good order, with the fresh powder. Neither did he neglect to appropriate a small iron poker, worn to a sharp point, to be used as the above-mentioned fighting monarch did his sword on the parallel occasion, "*Qu'il enfonce dans l'estomac du Janisair*" who first entered.

All preparations being completed, Mrs. Geoghegan and her daughters retired into the inner room, where they kept up a low moaning. The boy stood with his ear at the keyhole, in the attitude of the listening slave; while the poor host, sitting on a low stool in the doorway between the two rooms, was rocking himself backwards and forwards, and occasionally beating his breast with his clenched hands, a personification of misery and despair.

"Now what can be the meaning of all this?" said the sportsman to himself. "Here we were happier than princes: a jolly old frieze-coated farmer and his wife, splendid punch, a roaring fire, and a couple of dancing girls, when in comes a half-mad boy, gabbling Irish, jumps into the fire, where we all follow him, destroying the family brogues, blistering the pretty pink feet, setting the women crying, and the old man beating his breast, and then sit down to pass the rest of the night in cold and misery! Surely my friend Geoghegan cannot have rendered himself amenable to the law? Has he committed some great crime, and expects the officers of justice? in which case my having joined in his little convivialities, and co-operating in his defence, may have an awkward appearance. Perhaps," thought the sportsman, "I have been taking my *ponche dansant* with a murderer, and am now going to aid and assist, and comfort and uphold, and do all sorts of kind things, to be enumerated in a second or third count, on behalf of a dreadful ruffian, who deserves to be hanged with his whole family. Now I think of it, there is a sort of dry horror about the man—a

quiet, murderous manner with him, as who should say, 'Stab me that guest!'—'Stifle me that sportsman in the bog!'—'Cut me that stranger's throat!' And that silent and composed old woman; she's a likely one to lay out a body in a ditch! And the girls, with their vaulting and jumping when I sent the turf at them; it looks like a prophetic tendency to dance upon nothing."

In order to clear up the mystery the sportsman took a chair, and seating himself close to Mr. Geoghegan, asked him in a whisper what was the matter, and whom he expected?

"Whiteboys!—Ribbonmen!—Carders!—Villains!—Thieves of the world!" cried the old man with energy. "They're coming to murder me and mine; to burn my house, to destroy my all! My poor boy! my poor boy! no doubt they're afther coming from him. Ochone! ochone!"

A few questions drew from him the whole story—unhappily not a rare one. His eldest son had lately married; and being prevented by a clause in the lease from making over to the young man any portion of the farm he himself occupied, the newly-married pair had removed to a neighbouring barony, and settled down on a very eligible farm, "offered," as Mr. Robins would say, "to public competition;" but unfortunately coupled, as the occupancy in such cases is in Ireland, with the hostility of the natives and the chance of suffering under a Lynch law, which it is notorious and incontestible flourishes to the exclusion of the law of the land. As was to be expected, the friends of the unsuccessful candidate had risen upon the intruder, and combined not only to drive him from the farm, but to inflict, as is too frequently the ruthless practice, summary vengeance upon all his relations. The discovery of their intentions was made accidentally by the boy Jody; who, sitting by the roadside to rest himself, had been passed by a large body of men. Hearing them speak of his father, he followed unperceived, and gathered from their talk that they were going to collect others in their



way, and intended afterwards to pay a visit of no friendly character to Mr. Geoghegan's house. This, at least, was the inference drawn by the boy from the few sentences he heard; so taking the earliest opportunity of quitting them, he hastened home with the unwelcome tidings, and caused the commotion which we have attempted to describe.

This, indeed, was a serious affair. The sportsman, who also filled the respectable situation of a subaltern in a marching regiment, too well knew the vindictive feelings let loose on such occasions, extending not only to the destruction of property, but to the savage maltreatment, and frequently murder, of obnoxious persons; and he felt that having, during day, literally "put his foot in it" as regarded fire and water, so had he now again done so in a very serious metaphorical sense.

To desert his new friends was a baseness he never thought of, but still he wished them and their feuds far enough.

"A plague o' both your houses!" quoth he. "What could have induced that silly fellow, Geoghegan the younger, to set up for himself at a distance amongst strangers; thrusting himself into farms where he was clearly not wanted? It was, to say the least, a conceited and ill-judged proceeding, bringing down the wrath of a set of ruffians upon his father's house, to say nothing of his father's guest; one who, having eaten of his duck and drank of his uncommonly fine-flavoured illicit whisky, makes it a point of honour to stay and partake also of the family maltreatment: roasted, perhaps, within doors, or taken out in the snow and beaten to a jelly. Why not stay at home and work the old farm better, or cut and dry more turf, and keep a second pig? Who could desire a better country? To be sure the hills are rocky, but that proves the abundance of limestone, so indispensable in agriculture; and the flats are soft enough to satisfy any one (fine alluvial soil, however). He must really have been an idiot to leave the place! The house



is roomy—in fact, as people are packed in this country, too large for the present family; and they might have slept in the kish! The man must positively be mad! But why not thrash him well and send him home at first? Why not check at once such an absurd spirit of wandering? ‘A plague o’ both your houses! I’m peppered, I warrant, for this world! Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man!’ I wonder how they mean to deal with us! Pick a hole in the mud-wall and draw us individually like a brood of badgers, or, setting fire to the thatch, bake us collectively into a noble pie? Ah, I remember my poor dear grandmother’s receipt for a pasty,—‘Bone your meat, and beat well before cutting up!’ Singular if they should hit upon the same process here, substituting blackthorn sticks for rolling-pins. Perhaps some of them, with a taste for ornamental pastry, may suggest the crossing of the Miss Geoghegan’s pink feet out of the top of the crust. And the same fire will do a nice little pig-tart adjoining the larger pasty. ‘Let me off this once,’ said the stranger, ‘and catch me accepting hospitality in a lone house in this country again, and running the risk of assisting in a *pâté de Geoghegan au sous-officier*.’”

While these thoughts were passing through the stranger’s mind, he exchanged reluctantly the host’s warm coat for his own half-dry shooting-jacket, not thinking it incumbent upon him to put his own shoulders unnecessarily in the way of receiving that which might be meant for those of the right owner. Having made these little arrangements, and put the poker in his pocket, the sportsman sat down calmly to await the result in anything but a comfortable frame of mind, and certainly a most chilly state of body. Still nobody came, and he heartily regretted the frantic haste which they had shown in putting out the fire. The boy, Jody, kept his place at the door, and the same low moaning went on unremittingly inside.

“Why not leave the house?” said the sportsman, a

last, to old Geoghegan. "Why should we wait here to be killed or beaten, or frozen or roasted? Why not take refuge in some place a little more defensible—a house with a slate roof at any rate?—here we have no chance."

But the old man would not hear of it; urging, however, his guest to leave them to their fate, as, being a stranger, he might reckon confidently upon suffering no interruption on the highway, encounter whom he might.

The sportsman comforted the old man by assuring him he meant to see him and his through the adventure, good or bad, and received the low-murmured blessings of the whole family. There seemed nothing for it but patience and a pie.

More than half an hour was spent most uncomfortably in this way, when the watchful sentry began to show signs of animation. Some sound had caught his ear, so entirely inaudible to the rest, that they thought it the boy's fancy; but in a moment they were startled by three or four loud raps against the door, and a gruff voice spoke a few words in Irish, among which might be recognised the name of the family. No answer being returned, after a pause of a few seconds a louder demand was made, accompanied by a violent kicking at the door.

Old Geoghegan said something from the inner room, as if just roused from sleep, and a conversation of some length took place; during which the old man came reluctantly forward towards the door, where he stood expostulating, as it would seem, with the man outside. This latter appeared to be getting impatient, by the increasing loudness of his voice, but still there was no great incivility in his tone. To the guest's unbounded astonishment, the old man at last, after much misgiving, slowly and with great hesitation, removed one of the slanes from the door; and was about to do the same with the others, when the guest thought it high time to interfere, and prevent his evident intention of surrendering at discretion. The women also came out, and joined in

urging the absurdity of such a proceeding—poor Katty falling on her knees, and imploring her father and the stranger alternately to keep fast the door till they at least knew who they had to deal with. Poor Geoghegan wrung his hands in despair, but told the man outside that he declined to open the door. This produced a pause, and then another application, which being also unsuccessful, there arose all around the house a most ferocious yell, by at least twenty voices, repeated by others at a greater distance. The three windows were simultaneously beaten in, and such a pounding of fists, and feet, and sticks, or the butts of guns, was given to the door, that the frail tenement shook throughout. Three shots were fired through the windows, and others at the gable end of the house: violent blows and kicks were also inflicted on the mud-walls; and the assailants, frantic with rage at being foiled in their attempt to get the door opened, went round the house roaring and screaming like a troop of famished wolves.

Fortunately the windows of Irish cabins are too small to admit a man. More shots were fired at the gable end, which seemed strange, as there were no windows there; and then a consultation took place, during which old Geoghegan came to the sportsman, and said, that having failed in setting fire to the thatch by firing shots into it to windward, they had despatched some of the party to procure lighted turf to put under the eaves.

“And now,” said the old man, “we’ll be obliged to open the doore, or be burnt alive.”

The alternative was not a pleasant one; but the guest differed entirely from his host as to the propriety of surrendering even then. If it had been dangerous while the assailants were cool, how much more so was it now that their passions were excited, and they felt enraged at being baffled by the passive resistance of the garrison.

A sudden thought struck the sportsman. Going to one of the windows, he called aloud in English, and requested that those outside would listen a moment to what he

was going to say. There was a pause immediately, and he proceeded to tell them who and what he was; and asked if any one amongst them knew or had heard of him, and if so, he would be glad to speak with him. A voice answered, in good English: "I know the man you speak of, but you are not him: I seen him myself going off in the canal boat this morning."

The shooter answered that it was true he had gone a few miles in the boat to shoot, but that, on his return, he found a requisition for a party to come to this house to protect it, as their visit had been expected. "And now," said the shooter, "I have only waited to prove the unlawful nature of your intentions, and if you do not immediately quit the premises, I shall order my men to fire. *With ball cartridge, load!*"

Hereupon, with the butt of his gun between his knees, he made a clinking of the two locks, followed by a working of the ramrod to serve for a party of a dozen at least.

"Now," said the commander of the garrison, going close to the window, "I don't wish to shed blood, but you know I *must* do my duty. *Ready!* Geoghegan, unbar the door."

While they were pretending with some bustle to do this, the representative of the troop fired a shot through the front window, followed as quickly as he could wheel round by another through that at the back; but this, it appeared, was unnecessary, for the gossoon, leaving his post, said they began to retire rapidly at the first working of the ramrods.

It may be readily supposed that they rejoiced not a little at the unexpectedly peaceable termination of the adventure: and that the culinary anticipations, instead of resulting in a pie, had gone no further than putting the party into a bit of a stew.

But the man of many ramrods was by no means satisfied of their final departure, and thought it probable that, upon conferring together, and finding no sortie take place



on the part of the garrison; a suspicion of the truth might obtain amongst them; in which case they would return more bloodthirsty than ever, and not to be put off by any pretence a second time. This notion, however, was scouted by the whole family.

“Divle a fear of their coming back to-night, any how,” said old Geoghegan; “they cut aff quick enough when yer honour towld ’em of the scrimmage ye were going to give em. Faith, it’s most out of the barony they are by this time. I’ll engage they’re afther fancying th’ army’s at the tail ’o them. Well, anyhow I’ll swear to Andy Leary and the Nowlans.”

Jody also said that he recognised several more, so that it seemed to the stranger advisable, instead of retiring to bed, as counselled by the old man, that he should make the best of his way home, and being furnished with a magistrate’s warrant, and accompanied by a sufficient force, to attempt the apprehension of those recognised without further delay.

The gossoon again came to their aid, and volunteered to procure within half an hour “a grate harss entirely,” upon which the sportsman might ride home, and bring back again with his party in the morning. This feasible plan was at once adopted, and the boy poked with some difficulty out of one of the small windows to procure the loan of this valuable animal.

As good luck had attended them all along, so it did not fail them now. Jody found the thatch, which had been fired into, though damp, was actually ignited, and a red glow of fire was observed on the weather-side of the house, which, in a very short space of time, would have spread to an extent beyond what their feeble means could cope with. Sallying forth, all hands set to work in earnest in the encounter of the new enemy, and with the aid of water, snow, and tearing down a portion of the thatch, succeeded in saving the house.

I will not inflict upon the reader a relation of how the subaltern-sportsman jolted back to his quarters, six of the



longest miles he ever rode, upon the back of the "grate harss entirely" (which turned out to be a miserable half-starved pony); how he gave in the names of those recognised to a magistrate, who returned with him and his party at daybreak; and how the greater portion of the ensuing day was spent in the search for, and eventual apprehension of, several of the offenders.

I may, however, mention here that Geoghegan the younger, the cause of all the mischief, after experiencing some rough usage and many threatening notices, gave up his land and returned to his father's house till some small farm should fall vacant nearer home.

The shooter had ample revenge upon the wild fowl, after all, under the guidance of the boy Jody, who proved himself an invaluable marker: and for the purpose of procuring his assistance our sportsman paid many visits to the house of Geoghegan, where they never could make enough of him.

The united families seemed very happy, and for the present found plenty of room, but it was never revealed who slept in the kish.

It has been forgotten that the poor pig was shot on the night of the onslaught—a catastrophe not, perhaps, to be much deplored, as he would have been called upon in a few weeks to pay the rent; and from the absence of all outcry in the execution, he was probably rather a gainer on the score of pain than otherwise.

## EXECUTIONS.

I HAVE been compelled to witness many executions during the seven years of my sojourning in Ireland. I shall take the first, as it was most characteristic of the country and people. It happened at Clonmel, and will follow, appropriately enough, the story of the adventure with the Geoghegans. An individual of the name of Mara had, notwithstanding the cautioning of friends, threatening letters, intimidating notices, and all the means usually resorted to on such occasions, persisted in taking some land "over the heads," as it is called, of the former tenants; and for this Irish crime, not only the offending individual himself, but all his family, kith and kin, were condemned to die. Upwards of a dozen men, if I remember rightly, were banded together by solemn oaths to shoot down the Maras like wild beasts, wherever they could do so safely; and they went about armed for that purpose. The man who had actually taken the land was to be the first victim, and the conspirators waited long for a favourable opportunity of carrying their plan into execution, dodging him to fairs and markets, and lying in wait for him by the roadside on his return. More than once they fired at the wrong person, and people in nowise connected with the offending party had narrow escapes.

The proceedings of this atrocious gang were assisted, and, in a great measure, regulated by a woman. She went from house to house among them, carrying messages and arranging meetings; and she brought them food and drink while lying in wait for their prey. Being unsuspected, she obtained intelligence of the movements of the doomed family, which was immediately reported to the gang. At last the unfortunate Mara was successfully waylaid and shot on the high road as he was returning home from market; and a large reward being offered by Government for the apprehension of the murderers, this woman—this fiend in human form—came forward as approver, or king's evidence, against the rest. She calmly and callously denounced them all; and it almost became a question whether she had not, all along, calculated upon their destruction, and led them on to commit the murder that she might profit by the expected reward. It was shocking to mark the callous indifference with which she gave her evidence against her former friends; and the details of her supplying them with food, as they lay behind banks and in ruined cottages, waiting for their prey—sometimes playfully levelling their guns to cover the person of some unsuspecting traveller—made your blood run cold. Another approver there also was at these assizes, connected, I believe, with the bringing to light of the same conspiracy. He was lodged in an officer's quarters in the barracks for weeks before the trial; and air and exercise being recommended for him, he took his walks about the town with a policeman on either side, each armed with a huge horse-pistol, for his protection. Five, if not more, were executed for this murder and conspiracy. Of the two that suffered first, one was the most muscular man that I ever saw. He was upwards of six feet high, and of Herculean proportions. Excepting Cribb, Spring, and one or two other professional fighters, I never saw a chest and shoulders of such enormous development. His face was far from good, though not utterly villanous; but the phrenologists might have

triumphed in his head. He had scarcely any forehead, the skull receding backward and upward from immediately above the eyes, expanding fully round the back of the crown, and coming straight down, without any marking of the roundness of the skull, in an enormous column of neck. In the muscles of his neck, he certainly came nearer than any man I ever saw to the unnatural exaggerations of Michael Angelo. On the morning of this man's execution, two companies of infantry were formed across the street in which stood the gaol, leaving a clear space about twenty yards broad facing the drop; and outside the infantry, two small bodies of cavalry were formed, also across the street. In the open space immediately below and facing the drop, were the officers and a few magistrates and amateurs. The balcony of iron railing which formed the drop, and to which large folding-doors opened, was immediately over the gaol gate, and about as high from the ground as the first-floor windows of an ordinary London house. Two men were to be turned off at a time, the balcony not affording accommodation for more.

On the opening of the folding-doors, when the prisoners came forward, each attended by a priest, it was shocking to see the effect of forty-eight hours' mental agony upon their persons and countenances. The stout man was perceptibly reduced in size: and the faces of both were changed from the sanguine and ruddy glow of health to an ashy and cadaverous paleness.

One would naturally have expected, that on the appearance of such enormous malefactors—the head and front of as foul, as ferocious, as cowardly, and as utterly wicked a conspiracy as ever existed, some symptom, of disapprobation, at least, if not execration, would have been shown by the crowd—(in England it would have been yells and hootings, and an universal disposition to tear them to pieces)—but they were received with a long and melancholy wail, an indescribably plaintive cry, extending to the utmost limits of the countless throng assembled,

accompanied by beatings of the breast, rapid crossing of themselves, and prayers. This wail, never entirely ceasing, was renewed at every sad act of the tragedy, and even the least movement of the prisoners. Then came the tying of the arms behind, the adjusting of the ropes, clumsily performed by a nervous executioner, his face covered with black crape, and whose first appearance was hailed with some execration. The white night-caps were then drawn over the men's faces, and they were placed each upon the centre of the two trap-doors, which, opening outwards, were held up by a bolt passing under the centre of the balcony. The two priests, all this time, were repeating Latin prayers in a loud, hard, monotonous tone, occasionally whispering to the prisoners, who also prayed aloud. I cannot think that this part of the ceremony was what it should be. Surely a clergyman might be better employed than in roaring Latin to a dying man, who does not understand one word he is saying, and cannot even join in the prayer.

When all was ready, the priests stepped back into the doorway, raising their voices higher as they receded, and nothing remained but to draw the bolt which held the trap-doors together. The harsh grating of the rusty bolt was dreadful. It was some seconds before it would move at all—more till it was completely drawn out (ages to men standing between life and death); and when, at last, the bolt was fairly extracted, only one door fell; that upon which the large man stood, descending only a few inches, leaving him partly suspended by the rope, and partly standing upon the points of his toes upon the sloping grating. What a shout arose! The executioner promptly seizing the man by the arms, drew him back into the doorway, where he was supported by the priest and others, and getting on the grating while he held by the rail in front, jumped upon the trap-door till he forced it down. Having been helped back again, he unceremoniously pushed the wretched criminal off the doorway, literally launching him into eternity!



It was a shocking exhibition ; and I believe there were not many present who would have regretted if the efficiency of the apparatus had been next tried upon the hangman himself, or at least, upon the person whose duty it was to see to the state of the drop.

The man on whose side the door had readily fallen died instantly, but the sufferings of the other were long and dreadful ; even after at least ten minutes had elapsed of the half-hour we were compelled to remain, a writhing of his muscular frame occurred, which again raised the wail, and excited the prayers of the by-standers.

Executions were conducted with most culpable carelessness some years ago in Ireland. At Kilkenny, on one occasion, the rope broke, and an unfortunate man fell upon the pavement and badly fractured his leg, in which state he was taken up and executed ; and I witnessed an execution at Naas, where the rope was left so long that the man fell completely through the trap-door, till his feet came within a few inches of the ground, nearly bringing about the same catastrophe. But by this merciful negligence he never moved after.

I have seen many executions, civil and military, in various countries, including the beheading of Fieschi and his associates, and I never saw a man come forth to be put to death who did not appear already more dead than alive, excepting this criminal at Naas. He had murdered his wife, and the fact was proved undeniably. He came out with a placid smile and a healthy complexion, and I fancied, familiarly acknowledged some acquaintances in the crowd. Perhaps he was nerved with the hope of reprieve—an expectation certainly indulged in by the priest who attended him, and whose cold, and as it appeared irreverent praying, extended to fully twenty minutes. It was dreadful to see a man stand smiling and nodding on the very brink of the grave, and the more so as again and again he calmly asserted his innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer, though he admitted that he had been a murderer before. That such examples, I

fear, are of little use, may be inferred from the fact of how readily the spectators are moved to joke and laugh at any ludicrous occurrence, even at the most solemn moment. In this case the priest had inadvertently placed himself beside the man upon the drop itself, just previous to the bolt being drawn, and was there loudly praying. Recalled by some circumstance to a sense of his situation, he jumped nimbly back to the standing grating without pausing in the prayer, and then holding firmly by the railing, extended his other hand to prevent the prisoner following his example. There was an audible laugh at the priest's agility, in which I have no doubt the man about to be turned off would have joined, if he had not been blindfolded with the nightcap.

## RONAYNE'S GHOST.

It was a calm, clear day, in the early part of December, that the writer departed from Killarney on a shooting expedition to the neighbourhood of the Upper Lake, some ten or twelve miles distant. Hiring a couple of men to navigate one of the boats so liberally placed at the disposal of the officers of the detachment by Lord Kenmare, we left Ross Castle soon after mid-day, and arrived at the Upper Lake just as evening was closing in. The oak woods still retained the russet beauties of autumn; the waters of the lake were the most perfect of Nature's mirrors; and it was impossible to distinguish the real rocks and arbutus that rose from them from their "counterfeit presentment" in the placid lake below, so perfect was the illusion.

Whatever may be the case now, there was not at that time any inn or place of public entertainment near the Upper Lake; but I remembered a desolate cottage standing alone upon a little island, and it appeared not impossible, with such small comforts as we were able to transport with us in the boat, to make it available as a shelter for the night, or perhaps two nights, that we proposed to remain there. In our way up the narrow passage which connects the Upper with the Lower Lake,

we procured a heap of dry herbage—a haycock of the long-deferred harvest; and with this for a bed, and a good fire, it seemed reasonable enough that a sportsman should calculate upon passing a comfortable night.

It was a quiet, melancholy scene. A small dilapidated house, having, however, in its decay, the air of “a cottage of gentility,” stood upon a green bank within a few yards of the lake, backed and partly inclosed by the tangled wood. It was in a sadly forlorn condition; the moss-covered thatch of the roof had a damp and spongy air of decay; the neglected walls were green with the rains of many a winter: there was no door to hide the utter desolation of the interior, and the only shutter hung diagonally by an upper hinge beside the paneless frame of the window. A drooping china rose-tree was bending forward from the wall, as if trying to escape from the inefficient support of the tottering edifice; while a stump of “old-man,” with scarcely a sprig left, made a sturdy effort to flourish by the doorway. An ancient laurel stretched its withered arms out of the encroaching wood, and a few Michaelmas daisies were scattered about, half-choked by the rough herbage and the rotting leaves. There was no sign or sound of life, save the “tit, tit, tit,” of a robin, who came bowing down to the landing-place in his best red waistcoat, and, hopping from twig to twig, marshalled us to the house-door with much fussy civility.

There is always, more or less, a feeling of mysterious interest about an old house thus abandoned and left to rot away by itself. The masonry is nothing; but you wonder why the doors, and floors, and shutters were neither burnt, sold, stolen, or otherwise carried off. Was it a place to be shunned? Had it a bad name? You come to the inevitable conclusion that it is either in chancery or else a wicked old tenement, gibbeted by common opinion, and left to fall, bit by bit, to the ground. About such houses there is an uncomfortable suggestion of ghosts and cold chills, aguish vapours, the smell of vaults, newts,

owls, bats, toads; and you go cautiously about, expecting every moment to stumble over a skeleton.

But this house had an interest peculiarly its own. Here had lived for thirty years, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, a recluse of the name of Ronayne. What his motives may have been for such a seclusion had never transpired; and whether crossed in love or ambition was never more than surmised. He was a man totally estranged from his kind, a being of impenetrable mystery and reserve; and the Paul Prys of the country, who at first dropped in upon his solitude, were baffled by his civil manner, and never went again. He avoided no one; he sought no one,—

“Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;”

and with such he was content. The ladies said it was a case of “crushed affections;” but there was no admission on his part of the soft impeachment. The men said he hid himself from his creditors; but there was no appearance of poverty: he paid his rent and had no bills. His history died with him; and his motives will assuredly now never be known. But certain it is there he resided during thirty years; and, dying, was buried on the island beside the house.

If the ghost of such a being had *not* walked about the premises, it would, indeed, have been a subject of wonder; but that it did so was a fact established beyond all question by the concurrent testimony of all the neighbouring peasantry. Not only at the “witching hour,” but, occasionally, at all others, was the form of the old man to be seen slowly perambulating his favourite walks. He was a silent, melancholy ghost: no “curious perfume or melodious twang” revealed his presence, but he glided noiselessly about the island, as had been his wont when alive; and generally took refuge in the cottage as before, about bed-time.



I somehow fancied that the boatmen half repented them of the adventure when they confronted the melancholy dwelling. They addressed some serious talk to each other in Irish, and looked blankly round at the oppressive desolation of the scene. One of them even went so far as to hint at the probability of finding more comfortable quarters on the mainland, and he was quickly seconded by his companion. But this would never have done: I was bent upon taking a bed with the respectable Ronayne, and had even incurred a certain outlay in the matter of the haycock; so to have abandoned the adventure was not to be thought of.

Our first care was to examine the cottage. It was not, strictly speaking, in tenantable repair. Glass in the windows there was none; but the shutters had not been all removed, and this was our first glimpse of consolation. The interior doors, too, were at their posts; but altogether it was just the sort of house that the wind would take a pride to whistle through, or a ghost to walk about in. I observed that my companions showed much disinclination to be left behind in the dark rooms, and gave a stealthy look round when they passed through the doorways, as if expecting that our visionary host was in attendance to do the honours of his dilapidated mansion.

We began our operations with vigorous measures. A fire was lighted: two of the interior doors dismounted, one to do duty as a table, supported on logs of wood, the other to stop the front entrance, though the frame of the latter was a world too wide for its diminutive proportions, and afforded ample room for even the body of the former tenant, let alone his ghost, to drop in, if so disposed. But it had the appearance of a door, and when the paralytic shutter had been set upright, things assumed a more comfortable shape; and a blazing fire sent a genial and unwonted feeling through the room. The haycock was equally divided; one moiety being reserved for myself, and placed against the wall opposite the window and door,

while the other portion for the men's bed was under the window : the rickety, ill-conditioned table, occupying the middle of the room.

Soon the grateful odour of broiling beef began to arise, and a pot of potatoes merrily simmered in the corner.

As I lay tranquilly on the hay, watching the progress of our little culinary operations, I could not help fancying that from the holes about the room I could occasionally perceive small black eyes curiously watching, as I was, the progress of the coming meal ; but this I attributed to fancy.

Having despatched the solid portion of the supper, a kettle of hot water made its appearance on the board, into which a portion of spirit being poured, with a due allowance of sugar, a certain harmonious compound was the result ; which, let Father Mathew say what he may, I hold to be a grateful, and, in moderation, innocuous liquor. Nay, I go far towards agreeing with an ingenious friend, who on the fly-leaf of Dr. Beecher's "Sermons on Temperance," thus relieved his mind :

" Be ruled by me : this counsel take,  
And never mind old Beecher ;  
For head, or heart, or bellyache,  
There's nothing like a screecher."\*

Dipping from time to time our cups into the kettle, the boatmen recounted for my amusement many tales of the eccentricities of the romantic and melancholy Ronayne ; and especially how his spirit was wont to stroll about the premises in the dead waste and middle of the night. How the Sullivans, father and son, had seen him ; and Kearney, "aften." How old Mahony, the fisherman, pulling round the back of the island just at nightfall, saw the figure standing close above him on a rock, and dropping his oars, hid his face in his hands ; and when he looked

\* A jorum of hot punch.

again, there was nothing but a small old stump of a tree where the vision had disappeared. How Mr. Maher, of Bantry, thought to enter the house one summer evening, when, behold! as the boat approached, old Ronayne was standing in his doorway, and they backed their oars and pulled hastily away from that haunted spot; and during the recital of these tales, when the gentle wind caused a branch to rustle against the eaves, or the ill-fitting door to tap against the post, the men looked hastily round, and hitched the haycock nearer the fire.

The recluse was described as a small, withered man, of features intelligent but sad, and dressed in the common grey frieze of the country, which he wrapped closely round him, as if chilly from the damps of the grave. He was not, I was pleased to hear, an importunate or obtrusive spectre; had, apparently, no pressing secret to reveal—clanked no chains: neither did he give way to the weakness of squeaking, gibbering, groaning, or the like. There was a native dignity about him which repressed any disposition to pounding or stamping overhead, or tramping rudely up the staircase, or making any fuss in the cellarage. He seemed, from all accounts, a spectre of much negative hospitality, not offended by the presence of visitors, or at any rate contenting himself with a “dumb resentment.” The only suspicion of a sound escaping him was the smallest possible howl having been heard about his premises during high winds. Above all, I was gratified to hear that he expected no questioning on the part of his guests; but, on the contrary, had a habit of vanishing when confronted, as if shunning any impertinent inquiries. All this was satisfactory; and since we had a ghost to deal with, how fortunate it was to find a conscientious and easy-going one. Fresh logs were heaped upon the fire, and a reinforcement piled up in the corner to recruit it during the night.

I would with pleasure exchange stomachs—nay, throw in a bit of liver to boot—with the man who can sleep undisturbed after a supper of provincial beef-steaks.

I never could ; and as I lay warmly wrapped in my boat-cloak, I envied the efficient laboratory of the boatmen, which left them at leisure to execute a nasal duet loud enough to frighten all the ghosts in the parish.

While tranquilly awaiting the issue of the fight between fatigue and indigestion, my attention was again attracted to the bead-like eyes peering out of the crannies of the walls. There they were—now looking out of a crack in the skirting-board, then glancing from a hole in the plaster ; and there was the smallest perceptible rustling under the floor, which made me disposed more than once to doubt the accuracy of the quiet character which had been given to Mr. Ronayne.

Soon there was no mistake about the cause, for the eyes were accompanied by sharp-pointed, whiskered noses innumerable, thrust further and further into the apartment. They were rats. In all my life—and I have lived much in Her Majesty's barracks—I never saw such multitudes. They seemed to occupy every cranny and hollow of the walls and floor. They were cautious at first, a few only venturing from their hiding-places, and those mostly of a tender age—*enfants perdus*—sent out to skirmish by the wily seniors in the background. But soon they all took courage, and almost literally covered the floor and table with their numbers ; and getting bolder as they found us inoffensive, ran without scruple not only over the snoring boatman, but myself.

The table was the grand point of attack. Fortunately the remainder of the meal had been covered over with a dish, as a reserve for breakfast ; and it was amusing to watch their efforts to uncover the provisions. They tried to pull off the dish, then to get a purchase under it with their noses, then to remove the whole bodily towards the side of the door. What a squeaking and whisking of tails, and a frolicking, there was amongst them ! I never saw so much of the manners and customs of rats before. By far the greater portion were young, but others were of a patriarchal age ; in particular, a grey old buck, of huge



dimensions, probably one of the original colonists. This fellow, cross with age and infirmities, chased the younger fry in all directions, and was unquestionably the Robinson Crusoe of the island.

It was long before I felt disposed to sleep in such a busy scene ; and frequently, when I closed my eyes, I was roused by some new *tour de force*, a louder squeak, or a more general skurry before the old master of the revels.

But as I lay, half-dozing, towards the "witching hour," my thoughts began to revert to the recluse. I wondered if he was even then taking the air ; and whether, having satisfied himself with the pale starlight, he would come in to the fire for the night. I wondered, in my dreamy state, whether he liked punch while in the flesh ; and imagined that, even now, the warm fragrance of our kettle must agreeably vary to him the general cold-without of the cottage. Then I fell off into a dream of the spectre-ballet, and thought how fortunate was the Devil Robert to be visited by such very agreeable ghosts, all lifting up their heels to soft music, and making it quite a pleasure to be haunted. Then I was wandering in interminable catacombs, and finally woke myself pelting Ronayne out of his own house with his own bones. Then I thought upon him waking, and pictured to myself an elderly gentleman, of pale and benevolent aspect, seated by the table, and gravely dipping his cup into the kettle, while he pledged himself to some toast or sentiment that touched upon his early history. I fancied the ashy paleness of his cadaverous features as the remembrance of "some distressful stroke that his youth suffered" passed through his mind ; and then, moved by that irresistible curiosity which will come over us at such times, I opened my eyes to assure myself that he really was not there ; when, behold ! the rats were gone. Not a single tail was whisking over the table, or about the floor ; not a squeak was heard ; the grey old general had drawn off his forces, and they had silently and unaccount-



ably vanished, without leaving a single straggler behind. I looked under the table, into the corners, along the skirting-board; and then, raising my eyes, examined the walls, when, as my inquiring gaze passed across the doorway, it suddenly rested upon the pale features of an elderly man, sternly, but curiously, looking into the room.

I shut my eyes—pooh, pooh! it could not be: a touch of nightmare, begotten of punch out of beef-steaks—excited imagination. I must look again—nonsense! better go to sleep.

I *did* look, and there was the face still, and figure, partly seen through the ill-closed doorway. He was dressed in the common frieze usually worn by the peasantry, and his coat hung loose and limp on his attenuated form. He moved not, but kept a steady, unearthly gaze upon me as I lay.

I had no power to close my eyes a second time; a rustiness came over the hinges of the eyelids, and they became stiff and distended with the intensity of my gaze. A sensation passed over my head as if each particular hair was raising itself independently up, and there was a cold, crawling feeling down my back like the tickling of a dead man's hand under my clothes.

How long I should have remained fascinated it is impossible to say, but at last the figure spoke. It said, in a clear and somewhat peremptory tone,—

“What the divle are ye doing here, at all? Sure I thought the place was a-fire!”

We were upon our legs in a moment. Don't be disappointed, gentle reader, it was no ghost after all, but the body of Corney Sullivan, who, having seen the blaze of our fire from his cottage on the mainland, pulled across the lake to ascertain the cause of such an unusual appearance.

## THE LAST PIGTAIL.

THE more I consider pigtails, the more confirmed am I in the opinion that they are the heir-loom of some practical joker. No man could adopt them for ornament, still less for use. No, they were “a bargain,” hung upon the heads of men for sport, by some dry humorist, who victimised himself that he might turn others into ridicule—one of those incomprehensible fellows who pull a sad face while they are roaring inwardly, and hug themselves in a fraudulent merriment. How he must have shaken his sides when he saw his tails taking with the million!—hanging at the polls of princes, adopted of orators and statesmen, greedily seized upon by martinets, indispensable to men of fashion, disfiguring youth and beauty, giving a handle to satirists, and an inconvenience to all. With what relish he must have watched the spread of his bad fashion from country to country, and thought how, when mankind have spent countless ages in rubbing off their tails, he in one short lifetime should have succeeded in putting them on again! With what intense delight he must have heard our great pig-tailed orators—our Burkes, and Wyndhams, and Pitts, and Foxes, and moralized upon the sublime and the ridiculous, only divided—as it, doubtless, occurred to him—

by a mere hair's breadth ; and listened to the noblest oratory, the most impassioned eloquence, this country ever produced, accompanied by the jerks of a pig-tail !

But the progress of tails amongst mankind must have been slow ; so, probably, our humorist's joke was mostly prospective, and hung upon the fixing of tails upon generations yet unborn. He must have been a poker of posthumous fun, like him who caused fireworks to be hidden under his pall, and, leaving directions with his executor when to light the match, died chuckling at the thought of blowing up the chief mourner.

I feel disposed to hope that the last illness of our merry friend may have been attended by a physician who wore a tail ; and also that the lawyer who made his will may have been so decorated. He was too crafty to make any testamentary mention of tails, lest men should smell a rat, and suspect his great scheme ; and no doubt endured with firmness the discomfort of his tie, however it may have interfered with the "smoothing down" of his last pillow.

But, perhaps, it was in His Majesty's land service that this facetious encumbrance was most felt. Heroes were forced to be on foot, hours before they otherwise would have risen, in order to get their tails tied in time for parade ; and when once tied, and soaped, and powdered, there was no further rest for those wicked men : the head must be kept as in a vice ; and a nod to an acquaintance or a turn of the face might have caused a shaking of the tail involving the certain exercise of the rattan, if not consigning the wearer to the stocks or the picquets.

As is usual in most cases, those of lowest rank fared worst : the tying of the private soldiers' tails commenced at two or three in the morning ; then came the non-commissioned officers ; after them the officers of the company, beginning with the ensign, and contriving that the captain should be tied just in time for parade. Different occasions had different ties. There was the full-dress tie for review or guard-mounting, when the

tail was exhibited in its fairest proportions and most ample length of riband, with a tuft at the tip, of which endless general orders had established the exact and infallible length and breadth. In marching order the tails were "clubbed," or made up into a knot out of the way; and the troops "clubbed" their tails before going into action.

On one occasion, during the Duke of York's campaign in Holland, a certain distinguished regiment, remarkable not only for attention to such matters, but for their excellent discipline and conduct under all circumstances, were in position, expecting to be immediately engaged with a large force of the enemy moving up to the attack, when a sudden halt took place in the advancing column.

"What can they be halting for?" cried the Colonel, impatiently.

"Perhaps, Sir," suggested a young officer, quietly, "they are halting to 'club!'"

"Hold your tongue, Jack;\* hold your tongue," said the good-natured chief, not quite insensible to the ridicule.

The military parted with their tails with silent satisfaction, and the happy event is chronicled in a popular song. Not so the sailors: when the order to cut off tails reached the fleet, it was appointed to be carried out at noon the next day, when the tails, having been cut, were collected into a vast bale in each ship (imagine a bunch of a thousand pigtails, each as long and as thick as your arm!), and hove overboard with three cheers.

The last pigtail, that I at least have seen, was in Ireland, and I place the fact on record for the benefit of future antiquaries.

In a certain town in the King's County there lived, and probably still continues to live, a small, dusty, faded old gentleman, conspicuously furnished with a pigtail.

\* The late Col. John Tucker, of the 29th Regiment.

He was something the colour of antiquated parchment, and looked as if he had been laid ages ago in some neglected chest, and subsequently brought to light, and set going in the old-fashioned coarse wrapping in which he had been stowed away. He was a brown man: he wore a brown wig; a brown hat much too large, and coming out wide at the top of the crown; a brown great coat, reaching nearly to his heels; brown worsted stockings, and brown shoes, unconscious of the modern inventions of Warren, Hunt, or Day. Where brown only is seen, brown will be presumed; he was suspected of brown breeches, but these no man had ever seen, and under his surtout all was pure conjecture: he had no wife to reveal the secret—no man, no maid: he lived alone with his tail. A question arose amongst the curious, Who tied his tail?—but there was no proof that the tail was ever untied, though the raising the question was enough to cast a slur of falsehood on it. Was it a maiden or a pollard tail? This none could answer. It was far from being a drooping or a downcast tail, but, on the contrary, it sat up with an air of obtrusive pertness. The old gentleman wore a coat which belonged to that epoch when collars were worn high; not so much deep, as coming high up the back of the head, and the tail resting upon this, gave it something the air of being mounted "*en barbette*," for the convenience of traversing in all directions.

This gentleman in brown—this *homo caudatus*—lived mysteriously in a small house inclosed with high palings, at the town's end. It was not a cabin—neither was it a cottage, exactly: it was a small, contracted, narrow-minded little tenement, such as one might have suspected would be occupied by the man who wore the last pigtail.

His manners and ways, and walks and language, all partook of the same narrow-singleness. Three hundred and thirteen times in the year did he go up the same street, at the same hour, and call at the same shop, and utter the same sentence:

"It's cruel cowld, Mr. Caffin!"



He never, as far as I could hear, went beyond, or fell short of this. What were seasons to him? December or the Dog-Days—"India's fires or Zembla's frost"—it was all the same. He snapped his fingers at Fahrenheit and Réaumur, took no heed of muffs or muslins: people might enjoy their own opinions—he had his: it was always, "Cruel cowl'd, Mr. Caffin!"

To this Caffin had but one answer,—"'Tis cowl'd!"

Mr. Caffin was a heavy, fat, dirty, unshaved, black-muzzled general dealer. He sold everything: brooms, barley-sugar, huckaback, treacle, Bath bricks, oatmeal, gridirons, tar, tea, tamarinds, toys, towelling, and mouse-traps. This, perhaps, may account for the respect with which he treated the brown man's one observation. "'Tis cowl'd!" was Caffin's invariable answer. It was not for a general dealer like Caffin to bandy opinions about the temperature with his customers, or indeed with any one; for no man could live through a single day without wanting some article which Caffin dealt in.

"'Tis cowl'd!" he would cheerfully observe, thrusting his hands deeper into his sleeves, when the weather was frosty, or even moderately fresh; but when the sun of July cast a varnish over Caffin's countenance, or the flies of a sultry August buzzed about his head, a slight impatience might be detected in his tone.

"'Tis cowl'd!" he would say, in a louder voice than common, turning half round, and taking three steps from the window—his usual station, and at the same time pushing his fist impatiently across his stomach, as if in spirit he "fibbed" the brown man in revenge for the false admission, while he quieted his conscience by turning his back upon the sun.

The brown man was a Protestant; and on the fifty-two days of the year when Caffin's shop was shut he betook himself, as a respectable man should do, and by a short cut, to the parish church, where he had a sitting immediately in front of that which the narrator was accustomed to occupy.

Sitting in the centre of the pew, his tail, mounted on

the barbette principle, was wont to intrude upon the premises in rear, to which it had no sort of claim, and traversing about as the owner moved his head from side to side, it seemed to look us all, in turn, saucily in the face; a liberty to which, as an intruder, it had clearly no right, and which was in fact adding insult to injury.

All people, nations as well as individuals, hate intruders, whether kings or pigtails. They dislike having even a good thing foisted on them—they are sore at the intrusive principle. The French, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Neapolitans, all are uneasy—they rebel against it—they won't have it at any price.

Now it came to pass that there was in the town, and seated in that pew behind the tail, a practical joker: one of those pestilent fellows who jest with their hands, and are funny through the medium of tricks and grimaces. And the better to enable him to carry out his manual pleasantries, Nature had gifted him with a face of imperturbable sadness. It was the longest, most lonesome, lugubrious countenance ever seen: the "knight of the woful countenance" was a joke to him—he was a "sadde dogge." He never laughed; seldom smiled; and never was the face so oppressively solemn as when its owner was pregnant with some atrocious conceit, and intent upon a happy delivery.

He would have made his fortune as a mute—almost have drawn tears from an undertaker; and he might, on the sole credit of his physiognomy, have raised any amount of subscription for any serious project brought forward at Exeter Hall. Why, they would have paid him a handsome annuity, seven years in advance, if he had only undertaken to form a congregation in Sandwich Land, or promised to reside amongst the Tchukchi till they were perfect in nasal psalmody.

I have said that the tail occupied a conspicuous place in the centre of our front pew, and immediately behind it sat the practical joker; the intrusive tuft looking him straight in the eyes, and ever and anon it would pertly

whisk from side to side, and then settle down again to its former bearing upon the mournful countenance of the practical joker.

But, of all the congregation, there was not one apparently more edified with the service than the proprietor of that doleful and impressive face. Its oblong outline was gently inclined to an attentive angle: its dovelike eyes fixed in meek attention upon the eloquent reader: the scanty hair was smoothed down upon that pallid forehead: and the corners of that expressive mouth solemnly drawn down—that mouth, in which a casual observer might have fancied that summer butter would have remained unmelted.

There are times when we feel an oppressive consciousness that something is about to happen. It is like a weight upon us: we hold our breath—the shadow of the coming event casts a chill over the spirit: it becomes painfully intense, and we long, whatever it may be, to have it over. There may be something mesmeric in this: the tail was making passes at the joker—I trembled for the consequences.

Stuffing a bandana into my mouth, as a precaution against the worst that might happen, I leaned my forehead on my hand, and followed the sonorous voice of the clergyman.

The lesson was being read impressively: the church, otherwise, silent as death. It was the story of Balaam and the Ass; and I marvelled at the nerves of Balaam, who could keep his seat upon a talking donkey. We came to the unreasonable question,—

“What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?”

“And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee.”

“And the ass said unto Balaam——”

“BLOOD AN’ OUNS, WILL YE LAVE GO O’ MY TAIL!!!”

The man in brown was on his legs looking angrily round, but confronted only the placid and composed face of assured innocence; with perhaps a shade of severity on the features, as scandalised at the strange interruption.

One fact, however, was clearly established by this event, viz. that the owner of the last pigtail could vary the eternal sentence he was wont to bestow upon Caffin—a truth which, up to that day, had been very generally doubted.

## THE GREEN TRAVELLER.

AT a time when anonymous travellers are springing up every day, it may be well to distinguish him to whom the following adventure befel from all others: we will therefore call him the Green Traveller.

It was an afternoon about the middle of winter, that the Green Traveller was walking along a road in one of the midland counties of Ireland. It was a cultivated part of the island thereabouts, and the fields were enclosed with high banks of earth, called perversely by the natives "ditches," a high specimen of which bounded either side of the road. Against one of these ditches were seated three persons, or, rather, two out of the three, and they would probably have escaped the traveller's notice had it not been for the somewhat unusual duties of one of them. He was a young man of Herculean proportions, who would have graced the front rank of any grenadier company in Europe, and there are very few regiments in which he would not have taken the right of the line. But his occupation was a very singular one: he was nursing an aged and apparently helpless woman, as nursery-maids are wont to nurse babies, and occasionally tossing her up in the air, after the most approved manner of the aforesaid female functionaries, for five or ten



minutes together. There was nothing at all jocular in this; on the contrary, a mere passing glance was sufficient to inform the most unobservant that anything rather than playfulness or a joke was intended. The old woman showed no signs of animation; in fact, she looked more dead than alive; but as the strapping young nurseryman kept soothing, and coaxing, and croning over her, the traveller naturally concluded that she was not quite dead.

Beside the young man, thus strangely occupied, there sat a woman—a young one it would seem from her abundant black hair, but who kept her elbows planted on her knees and her face buried in her hands; and, from certain slight convulsive motions, it would appear that she was crying bitterly.

The Green Traveller was passing on: what was it to him? A man may not marry his grandmother certainly, but the rubric says nothing against his nursing her, if so minded, or tossing her about in any way most congenial to his feelings; and, therefore, if he derived gratification from such a pastime, there seemed to be no reasonable objection to his indulging in it. It was entirely a matter of taste.

But there was something odd in it upon second thoughts, this dandling an old woman in his arms, while a young one was sitting crying by his side. It was a proceeding, to say the least, unusual—out of the common course of dandling. “I should be half inclined,” said the Green Traveller, thinking aloud, and turning towards them, “I should really be half inclined to give the young one a turn, if it were only by way of a change.”

Perhaps the strapping young man detected something verdant about the look of our friend, thinking him, mayhap, a soft and likely nest in which to drop the egg of a family secret; for he suddenly ceased to toss the old lady, and a short cough and one or two hems indicated

that he had a purpose of relieving his mind if an opportunity were afforded him.

"You seem to have hard work there," said the Green Traveller, alluding to the man's occupation.

"Faith, we have, Sir; we're destroyed entirely—we're poor crathurs, God help us! Indeed, it's kilt she is with the hard master. Sorrow friend we have nearer than Mallow, and how will I carry here there?"

"Is she your mother?" said the traveller.

"She is my grand——; that is, she was to be—she is my grandmother," said the strapping young man taking courage, and laying an emphasis upon the verb. "She is my grandmother," repeated he; "and this is my wife!"

"Never!" said the young woman, rising up, and speaking for the first time. "You shall never marry a beggar, James, nor have a beggar for your grandmother through me: the worse luck for us all," said she, covering her eyes with her hand.

"But where do you live?" said the traveller.

"HERE! here on the road itself!" said the young man, laying the helpless woman across his knees, and bringing the backs of his hands to the ground with a sort of desperate salaam, till the nails nearly touched the road.

"They did live there," said he, pointing across the road to a small house with a few farm-buildings about it; "but Fay, the villain! turned them out. And the furniture's seized, and the bed's taken from under her, and they've left her to die of the cowl'd."

"But have they no friends or neighbours?"

"Not one, plaze yer honour; they're strangers from the county Limerick: they took the land of Fay a year ago, and their crap was burnt, and the man died, and she's a cripple, and all they had is seized, and sorrow house, or bed, or anything else have they got. And we were to be married to-morrow," said he, turning to the young

woman; "and, by the blessing o' God, so we will yet, if——. But anyhow," said the young man quickly, seeing the girl about to speak, "all we want is, to put her somewhere for the night till we see what we'll do."

When the strapping young man said they were strangers, and had taken the land to the exclusion of the native candidates for it, the traveller saw it was a hopeless case to seek for charity or even the shelter of a roof thereabouts: they must, at least, get beyond the gossip of that neighbourhood before they could look for the charities of a fellow-creature.

It is said that by the laws of Howel Dha, or the Good, a stranger and a leper might be killed with impunity; and there was another kind of game abandoned to the general sportsman by the same benevolent legislator, though just now it escapes my memory. What the Irish may do with their lepers we have no means of judging, but they dispose of their agricultural strangers in quite as summary a way as the illustrious Welshman could have desired.

The Green Traveller soon got the history of these poor people. The young man, who was so thoughtfully qualifying himself for the duties of married life—though he took his lessons at the wrong end of the family—was engaged to her of the sable locks before she left Mallow; and now, on hearing of the death of the old man, had walked all the way here, either to settle down with them in their intrusive occupancy, or to take them back with him. The little stock of money he brought was absorbed in the funeral expenses and helping to lighten the balance of the debts; and instead of the happy bridegroom he thought to be, he found himself left in charge of his betrothed wife, her helpless grandmother, and not one farthing in his pocket; or, what was still worse, the means of getting one.

It was a fix: at least most people would have thought so.

And who is Mr. Fay, and where does he live?" said Green Traveller.

"Sure, he's the attorney," said the girl, "and lives at the big house this side the town. It's little I thought him such a hard man."

"Then shoulder the old lady and come along," said the traveller to the Mallow man, "and I'll go before you."

"But where will I take her, Sir?"

"To Fay's, to be sure;—come along, it's getting late. I'll call there, and say you are coming."

"But what will he say to us? Sure it's he that's done it all!"

"Never mind. Pull away at his bell—rap at the door till they come. Say you want beds for three, and are ready for supper. I'll tell them to put on the potatoes. Why would you be shy at *taking a bed* with him?—he has done the same by you." And he strode away.

Now I have reason to believe that he of the verdant designation was averse to strangers—strange attorneys in particular; and this weakness was rather increased than otherwise by the consciousness that he carried with him to the lion's den a tail of a houseless young woman, a bed-ridden old one, and a strapping young fellow from Mallow; all of whom he was bent upon quartering, if possible, on the attorney; or, at any rate, of using a display of their helpless condition as a means of extracting something out of him in the way of mitigation, or composition of the debt; or, at any rate, some temporary relief for them.

"I should like amazingly," said the traveller, "to smuggle the old woman into the lawyer's best bed. 'Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows,' and why not sharp practice, too? He could not, for shame, turn her out in her present state. I am disposed to look at the thing as practicable, at a small pecuniary sacrifice and a few soft words to the housemaid.

"I wonder," said the traveller, musing as he walked

along, if these lawyers *do* feel any compunction when they have such jobs as this in hand ; or whether, as I am inclined to suspect, their whole energies are so entirely thrown into the scale of professional triumph and advancement, that any trifle of right or justice is a mere dust in the balance ? They certainly have an immense capacity for bearing other people's pain. How warm and cosily they can sit and listen to the dismal misery of a client in chancery, put off from year to year, throwing to him the sop of 'next term' four times every twelvemonth ! Poor fellow ! he finds out in the course of time that he has to do with an animal 'what wouldn't go,' and who unhappily, 'gains, like Fabius, by delay.' Have we not," said the traveller, pursuing his musing, "seen them take Heaven to witness that they are ignorant of a murderer's guilt, having at the time the man's confession of it in their pocket ? Did they not shed tears for Thurtell, and even for Tawell ?—a villain worse than a mere murderer, —calmly sitting with the fatal phial in his hand, till the mother of his children, in the busy zeal of contributing to his comfort, should afford him an opportunity of pouring the deadly poison into her cup ! And yet this was a case for professional tears ! Surely," said the Green Traveller, "if ever the devil laughs, it must be when a lawyer cries."

There was no mistaking the attorney's house ; there was nothing like it in that small town. Clean, well-kept grounds gave an earnest of interior comfort ; and the well-closed gates—unlike Irish gates in general—seemed to indicate that what he had he meant to keep.

"A nice man, no doubt, you are, Mr. Fay !" thought the Green Traveller, as he slowly paced along the smooth gravel and mounted the well-whitened steps : "a nice man ! This is squeezed out of widows ; orphans have something to do with this green door and brass knocker. No doubt you are a worthy successor of that old solicitor,



Moloch, and batten upon 'human sacrifice and parents' tears.' "

The Green Traveller was anxious to see this man of sharp practice, and gave a sonorous appeal upon the well-burnished brass.

"I will lead him," thought the traveller, "into the idea of a client, impatient and rich, and not contented with a mere sneaking 'double.' Perhaps it may soften him for the purpose I have in hand."

"Mr. Fay was not at home, but was expected very shortly."

"In the squeezing of a widow, perhaps," thought the traveller. "I must wait."

"But missis is at home," said the man; "would you like to see her?"

"Certainly. This is better still," thought the traveller: "I can deal better with a woman; and if I can only manage to enlist her on my side, we may have a chance to get something out of him."

It was a fine house, and everything seemed good about the place—except the owner. The furniture was handsome, the room luxurious. Fine paintings, in beautiful frames, hung upon the walls; downy sofas wooed you to repose, and easy chairs held out their arms to clasp you.

"All squeezed out of widows," said the Green Traveller, looking round the room.

Mrs. Fay was announced—a delicate-looking lady in her prime; fattish, pale, and soft.

"Come," thought the traveller, inwardly chuckling, "this will do. Widows are looking up—orphans are rising. Nothing of the nether millstone here. *She* can have no hand in grinding the poor. The husband may be a squeezer, but, judging from appearances, I should say that the wife is rather in the nature of a squeezee."

The lawyer's lady sat gracefully down, placed a pair of very white hands upon her lap, accidentally pushed forward

rather more than half of a pretty foot from under the drapery, and raising her blue eyes to the traveller's face seemed to say, "Well, what do you want?"

The Green Traveller is not by nature eloquent, but he did his best. He drew a little sketch of the helpless family, turned adrift into the road without a friend, without money, almost without hope—of the nursing Mallowman, and the firm, pale, determined, independent, broken-hearted girl, who was to have been married to-morrow. The traveller dwelt upon this; it was a strong point. He begged her co-operation in getting, at least, a little delay, and perhaps a temporary re-instatement in the house. Warming with the subject, he stepped beyond the bounds of prudence in touching upon Mr. Fay's part in the transaction, and was inadvertently betrayed into some rather strong expressions relating to that worthy.

As he proceeded, the lawyer's wife grew colder and colder; she did not usually interfere—her husband's profession was necessarily an unpopular one—no doubt Mr. Fay could explain all—she was very sorry that she could suggest nothing—he would shortly be at home, &c. &c. Then she made a show of retiring—called in the foot, disunited the hands, thought she heard her husband's key in the office-door, rose, moved with graceful languor across the room, and vanished like a Juno made of ice.

"Widows and orphans are decidedly flat," said the Green Traveller. "There is nothing doing in them at all—there is a frightful want of firmness about them. Nobody will take a lot of them at any price; their bill is thrown out—it is all up with them. And this precious lawyer's wife—this comely she-fiend! 'the devil *has* power to assume a pleasing shape!' she is privy, no doubt, to all her husband's squeezings, soft as she looks. Yes, there's a pair of them! She's a downy Sally Brass—a Mrs. Moloch, and no mistake."

"Mr. Fay would be happy to see the gentleman in his

office, if he would step that way—here, out at the front door—this room at the corner of the house.”

The traveller strode towards it. “Mind yourself!” said the man, catching him by the elbow; “your fut’s in the flower-bed! Master won’t stand that, nohow.”

“Well, upon my word,” thought the Green Traveller, “this lawyer is a curious fellow! he devours widows’ houses, and yet won’t nohow stand a fut in his flower-bed! He’s like the giant in Rabelais, who could swallow a windmill and was choked with a pound of butter.”

The lawyer received the traveller complacently. He was a short, square man, with a square face, a long upper lip, small sharp grey eyes, looking from under heavy bushes of eyebrows like a snake in a hedge; and he had a small, shapeless, bridgeless nose, full of black snuff. It was absurd to call it a nose—it was a pimple. It seemed to have been bullied into insignificance by a long course of ill-usage, and was finally turned into a dust-hole. But, insignificant as the nose was, it occupied a great deal of the lawyer’s attention; he seemed to have two objects in view—to cram the little feature full of black snuff, and then to blow it sonorously out again. If this oppressed nose had belonged to anybody but such a widow-squeezing, orphan-crushing man as this, one might have pitied its hard case.

The lawyer started when he heard that the old woman and her grand-daughter had been ejected from the premises; and pished and poohed a good deal at some stupid fellow whom he did not name—the bailiff most likely, for not taking them to goal; laughed at the Mallowman and his nursing the grandmother to keep the life in her: but upon the whole made light of the matter, and, strange to say, heard without surprise that the family were on their way to his house, and might be expected every moment.

When the traveller opened his little plan of doing something for the poor people, provided the lawyer would

do his part in staying proceedings, and soften as much as he could the customary practice in such cases, he looked grave, and forced the rappee further and further into his nose, till the poor little thing was at last driven to get up a sneeze in its own defence.

After taking a few turns about the room, the attorney sat down and began to talk of the old woman's debts.

"What does she owe to the landlord?" asked the traveller.

"Nine, sixteen, eight," said the lawyer, dryly, looking at his nails. "It's really a pity," said he, "that the poor devils have been turned out for a trifle like this."

"A trifle to you, no doubt," thought the traveller; "you might lose such a sum without feeling it. You could soon find ways and means of making it up again; it would be only squeezing another widow, or putting the screw upon a few orphans, and the thing is done."

"Nine pound, six—teen shillings, and eight—pence," said the lawyer, very slowly, and dividing the syllables. "Are you ready to pay it?" said he, turning quickly upon the traveller, and bringing the two edges down upon his eyes till you could see nothing but a couple of grey sparks under them.

"Why," said the traveller, rather taken aback at the lawyer's bluntness, and colouring at the imputation of verdure conveyed in the question, "I'm a stranger, you know, to these people; but I'll do what I can."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, leaning back in his chair with an expression which said plainly enough, "you'll do all you *can*, but you *can't* part with your money."

"Well, I *will* pay the money," said the traveller, desperately; "and I dare say you think it green enough in me to do so."

"Well, upon my honour and word," said the lawyer, bursting into a loud laugh, "I do: it is green, indeed—it's jolly green: ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!—I should say it's invisible green, for you will not see your money again for some time. You may call it—ho, ho ho, haugh,



haugh, haugh," said the lawyer, half choked—"you may call it *ever* green, for I doubt if it will *ever* be paid."

And so saying, the lawyer fell back in a perfect storm of merriment, rubbing his hands and even clapping his feet together in his ecstasy, as if he was not contented without laughing in the legs at the perpetration of his vile puns.

When the Green Traveller saw this nefarious attorney chuckling and screaming at his magnanimous offer, and heard him making his puns and cracking his jokes at his philanthropy, he thought him, without any exception, the most hateful incarnation of pettifogging villany that he had ever seen or heard of.

"But here they are," said the lawyer, jumping up, and running to the door. "Come along, bring her in; here, drop her into the easy chair by the fire, and give her the footstool. Well, Beauty!" said he, pinching the girl by the chin, "sit you down opposite. And now, ma'am, how are you since? It's cold weather you've come out in—put up your feet and toast them well—have a pinch of snuff?"

"Well, surely," thought the traveller, "this must be a fiend in human shape! He turns a bedridden old woman out of house and home, and then banters her about coming out in the cold! He seizes her furniture, he sells her pig, and then tells her to toast her feet and make herself comfortable! He brings utter ruin upon the old woman, and breaks off the young one's marriage, and then chucks the one under the chin and offers the other a pinch of snuff! I positively ask pardon of Moloch for comparing this fellow to him; the horrid king was incapable of anything like this.

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not."

"Of course; he was an above-board devil. He would, doubtless, have cut her throat with pleasure, or even



toasted her feet after a fashion of his own, but I entirely acquit him of adding insult to injury, such as chucking the girl under the chin, or offering the old one a pinch of snuff.

“And so they turned you out?” said the lawyer, with an air of hilarity.

“Faith ye did,” said the expectant grandson, adroitly changing the person of the pronoun; “the worse luck, she was nigh-hand kilt with the cowl’d.”

“And you tossed her about to keep the life in her? Well, I’d like to have seen that! I’d have given a pound to see that! But you never gave her the letter,” said he to the young man. “Why didn’t you give her the letter I gave you for her?”

The Mallowman looked rather blank at this unexpected discovery. It was very true he had never given it. He had heard of *lawyers’ letters* before—perhaps had had some experience of the same. No; it was not very likely that he should serve a process upon his grandmother: rather too ’cute for that, he flattered himself.

“But what did you do with the letter?” said the lawyer: “put it behind the fire, I suppose?”

“No, faith, your honour; I have it here safe enough,” pulling it out with some little triumph. “Sure I wouldn’t destroy your honour’s letter!”

“Then open it yourself.”

He was caught in his own trap: he had some awful ideas about that letter; it was most likely a process—or a writ—or a *ca. sa.*—or a *fi. fa.*, or a some infernal thing which he knew no name for. He had too much regard for the old woman to deliver it, and now he must serve it on himself. He was “hoist with his own petard.”

“Come, open it, man,” said the lawyer, it won’t bite you” (seeing him twist it carefully round by the corners): “don’t be shy—perhaps it’s a love-letter.”

The young woman threw back the black hair and looked sharply up.

“ Well, faith,” said the lawyer, relapsing into a laugh as the remembrance of the Mallowman’s exploit came back upon him ; “ I’d give him something handsome to see him nurse any one the way he did Mrs. Donellan.”

“ Murther ! !” said the Mallowman, in a voice of thunder.

“ What is it, dear James ?” said the black-haired girl, running to him and seizing him by the arm.

“ Honaman d’Hiaoul !” said the Mallowman, throwing her rudely aside, “ let me at him !”

Before any one could guess what he was going to do, he had seized the lawyer with one arm round the waist, and the other under the legs, and was throwing him wildly up to the ceiling.

“ Twopence more, and up goes the donkey,” said the Green Traveller. “ He’ll catch it now. Don’t let him fall. No ; be very careful that you don’t drop him. No, no, it *would* be a pity if he hurt himself—it *really* would ; and yet the floor’s not so very hard, I dare say—wood, most likely—soft deal ; there are harder things about him than that ; but still *be* careful, do. And yet, after all, if he were to fall, and even break some unimportant bone—say a tibia—it would be no very great harm. Strong man of Mallow, be careful.”

But the man of Mallow had set him on his legs again unhurt, and had fallen on his knees, and was shaking the lawyer’s one hand up and down between his own, as if he had some frantic scheme of pumping the attorney, and was making a strange spluttering noise, like decanting a bottle of wine. And what was equally strange, the black-haired girl was soon kneeling by the young man’s side, and had got hold of the lawyer’s other hand ; and was snivelling too, or something very like it.

And the Green Traveller, stooping down, picked from the floor an envelope, directed to Mr. Donellan, in which was a paper without writing, but enclosing a bank-note for ten pounds ; and the envelope, and the paper, and

the note, were considerably crushed and crumpled by being carried about for two days in the Mallowman's pocket.

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And the lawyer was not a squeezer of widows, after all ; at least, we will hope not, for Mrs. Fay's sake. I wish we could go the same length for him, as regards orphans. The first use that he made of his liberated hands was to raise the black-haired girl to his own level, and, folding her in his arms, to inflict one, two, three deliberate smacks upon her rosy mouth, pausing between each to look into her black eyes, and perpetrating the several outrages with a relishing intonation that might have been heard into the road.

"I am very strongly disposed to hope," said the Green Traveller to himself, "that this respectable solicitor will not, like the giant, die of unmelted butter."

"Dear me, Mr. Fay, what is all this about ?" said a lady, coming very quietly into the room at the third smack, with a heightened colour, and a rather bright spark in her naturally soft blue eyes.

I have often observed, that when a man finds himself caught in a scrape, he has recourse to the palpably unjust bullying of some wretched dependant, who has no means of retaliation or defence ; probably to assure himself of his own consequence. In this instance, the lawyer fell upon his nose, in the sense of an onslaught, and probably because it had served him at a pinch before, and forced such a quantity of rappee into it, that he seemed in a fair way soon to have "his fine pate filled with fine dirt," unless provided with some hidden receptacle, such as that in which the celebrated Jack disposed of the giant's pudding.

Perhaps it may be thought, that in this instance the punishment was not wholly undeserved, seeing that the punished feature was first in the trespass. Though the

mouth secured the game, the nose was clearly the leading poacher on the preserve.

But nobody answered the lady's reasonable question; and the red spots were getting larger on her cheeks, her eyes rounder, a thought more sparkling, and she was rapidly enlarging into a Juno.

But nobody spoke. The lawyer was busy punishing the poacher. "I'll give it you, you villain! I'll teach you to respect private property! I'll give you a taste of the strong-box for this."

The Mallowman had fallen back upon his hat, which he appeared to have a purpose of turning up, and moulding into a Repeal cap. Miss Donellan was examining the binding of her cloak, having previously drawn down the black-fringed curtains over her eyes; and the old lady had turned her feet as well as she could, and was toasting the other sides.

"My dear Madam," said the Green Traveller, seeing that nobody else came forward, "the fact is, that there has been a little misconception here—"

"There appears to be some still, Sir," said the lady, with an accent and manner but very little above zero.

"And yet not of such a nature as cannot be explained to the satisfaction of all parties. It appears that the little domestic tragedy in which I some time since attempted to excite your interest, was brought about by the miscarriage of a note; and the scene you witnessed on coming in was the result of that note's being found, acting, as it could not fail to do, most powerfully on the grateful feelings of these poor people. It may have been wrong, perhaps, in the young person to kiss a gentleman's hand; but gratitude, and the securing of a good husband when all seemed lost, will lead people into strange vagaries. With respect to his thinking it necessary to make a return in kind, no doubt it can be easily explained to your entire satisfaction."

But here the Mallowman came to the rescue.

"Faith, I wouldn't for fifty—no, not for a hundred



pound—I hadn't got the note. Divle a bigger villain ever I thought a man than him, till I got the note. And now he'll have the blessing of th' ould and the young. Well, thinks I, if it's nursing he wants, it's meself that will give it him; and, faith, if it was your ladyship's self, I'd be ready for the same, day or night, or any of the family. But, by the blessing o' God, will be married the morn's morning: 'tis not long will be having her into Mallow. But, sure, if his honour'd send, I'd be ready at any time; it isn't the distance I'd mind, for the likes of him, if it was twice as far, when we're settled, barring it was harvest, or while we're digging the praties."

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It is recorded, that the Green Traveller was persuaded to remain a day in that small town, and partake of Mr. and Mrs. Fay's hospitality. What is singular, too, his little scheme of putting the old woman to bed at the lawyer's was carried out without the necessity of the little sacrifices he meditated. That next morning the Green Traveller accompanied the lawyer and his wife to the Mallowman's wedding, Mr. Fay acting as father in church; and how, when the ceremony was over, that shocking solicitor insisted upon being paid for his trouble in a kind of coin much current among brides and bridegrooms, Mrs. Fay kindly insisting that he must be reasonable in his charges; and how, after the ceremony, when the Mallowman and his wife began to talk of shouldering the old lady, and taking a stage towards their own country, the lawyer persuaded them to mount with himself and his wife, and the Green Traveller, upon a car which was waiting, and take another look at the old house before they went; and how, on their arriving there, to the immense astonishment of all, they found the old lady comfortable in her own bed again; and there was another and a better bed on the premises than had ever been seen there before; and the furniture was come back "fat," as



they say at school ; and the pig was at home, as if nothing had happened ; and the potatoes were boiled, and there was a hamper and a bottle or two ; and the lawyer was obliged to bolt from the house to escape another nursing, which might have been attended with serious damage to the unfortunate scapegoat feature of his face, seeing that the ceiling was scarcely so high as the Mallowman's head.

Now, however strange may be the title of " the Green Traveller," the creature is not very difficult to find ; and perhaps the interest in the story might have been increased by naming it after something much more rare—a Soft Attorney.

## MR. SMITH'S IRISH LOVE.

HE must be a sulky fellow who cannot speedily make himself at home in Dublin. They have an off-hand way with them. I hardly know what it is ; but it saves a deal of trouble.

“Allow me to present you to mamma. This is my aunt. Would you like to go to Mrs. Burkes’? or Mrs. French’s? or Mrs. Bodkin’s? or Mrs. O’Connor’s? or Mrs. O’Rafferty’s? May I send you a card? Ask for me: I shall introduce you—I shall be delighted !”

In fact, there was a something so enticing about them, that even John Smith—plain, plodding, prosy Smith—cold, calculating, unimaginative Smith, could do no less than fall in love.

Louisa Donovan was an Irish beauty of the first class : it is therefore unnecessary to say that she came very near perfection ; nay, I suspect that, physically, she attained it. The hypercritic might perhaps have taken exception to the size of her foot and ankle, but I think, upon reference to the best models, your ancient Venuses will be found of substantial under-standings, and rather leaning to the Irish development than the *beau idéal* of a French ladies’ shoemaker.

Her hair, eyes, and eyelashes were nearly black, but her skin was of a dazzling fairness. She was a fleshy beauty—a lolloping, lazy, languishing love. She took no trouble about anything: *laissez aller* was her motto.

When she crossed the room, she dragged her slow length along as if the effort was really too overcoming : and she flopped into an easy chair with such an air of indolent happiness, that it positively made you yawn to see it.

How she mustered up energy enough to dress herself was a mystery ; certain it is, that whether the operation was performed by self or deputy, it was but indifferently done. Her clothes looked as if thrown on by chance ; and although the dress had contrived somehow to get fastened, it seemed to have been done in the dark. Hook No. 1 was generally in conjunction with eye No. 2. Sometimes she wore an ear-ring, sometimes two, oftener none ; and when she did display those ornaments, they were generally foul with the tangles of her dark, dark hair. Such hair I never beheld ! I doubt the fact of its ever being brushed ; but for length, fineness, and excessive luxuriance, it had no equal, out of Macassar. Then her collar was always wrong : tucked in on one side, perhaps, and on the other, wandering away over the shoulder. One was sometimes tempted to think there was a spice of coquetry in this to draw attention to the fair skin and rounded *contour* ; but, on second thoughts, you acquitted her of taking any trouble at all about the matter. What a fat, soft hand she had ! and what long, slender fingers ! tipped, not with oriental henna, but—I grieve to say it—more frequently Irish ebony. Poor dear ! she was suspected of having very vague and unsettled notions about soap and water, and to be rather averse than otherwise to their application. Even Smith, enamoured as he was, rather dreaded to see her in short sleeves, lest high-water-mark should be too apparent about the wrists ; and no one could look at the back of her neck without thinking of the invaluable services of Tom Pipes.

It must be conceded to Miss Donovan, that she had none of the “ adulteries of art ” in the scheme of her toilet. Hers was the “ hair loosely flowing, robes as free,” and there was about her altogether a “ sweet neglect,” enough to have taken the fancy of Rare Ben himself.

Though rather disposed to fastidious nicety in personal matters, Mr. Smith somehow became enamoured of this piece of angelic nastiness — “so full of shapes is fancy;” and yet he was more than half angry at it. But what can you expect from a raw fellow but little over twenty? Why, there was an archness in her dear, dirty face, that might have bothered a sexagenarian.

She had a brogue, too—the richest and most teeming brogue that ever came from an Irish mouth. How the straight and narrow passage of her lips could give vent to anything so broad was a puzzle, but it came rolling out, like everything she did, without an effort.

But Smith had it not all his own way: that would have been too much to expect. There was a “snag”—a “sawyer,” that ruffled the dimpling course of his true love.

There was a FIRST COUSIN!

Now it does appear to be a sad mistake, that this particular relationship should have been left out of that “Table of Kindred and Affinity, wherein whosoever are related are forbidden, in Scripture and our Laws, to marry together.” Considering the excessive caution with which we are guarded against our grandmothers, this omission is really an unaccountable laxity.

But there was a FIRST COUSIN — Alexander Casey, of the county of Roscommon, Esquire—Sandy Casey with his intimates, Sandy alone at his aunt’s. This fellow was the bane of Smith; whether he turned out, eventually, his antidote, I will not anticipate by informing the reader. He was always in the way, there was no getting rid of him: his time was his own, and he imparted it to his friends with ruinous liberality. The sacrifice which he made at his aunt’s of this valuable commodity was awful. If it had been really money, as some pretend, he was clearly in the high road to bankruptcy. Wherever the fair Louisa might be lounging, wherever driving, wherever walking, there you might be sure was the eternal Sandy.

He was a cool, good-humoured, placid-featured fellow, without much to say for himself; but from his being a

general favourite with the ladies, it was presumed that he had hit upon a style of silent eloquence to the full as effective as words.

Once, in a party, the buzz of conversation suddenly ceased; yet one soft voice was heard from a corner to say in a demi-whisper, audible to all the room:—

“Ah, Sandy, don’t you be squeezing my hand!”

Fourteen pairs of eyes, belonging to as many dowagers, were instantly brought to bear upon the place with the intensity of burning lenses. They went like augers through the scattered furniture, by which Miss Donovan and her cousin were partially screened, and traversed with a searching focus every line of space between the pair; but nothing was brought to light save the fair Louisa “looking tranquillity” in an easy chair, with one hand a little over the elbow, and Mr. Casey picking up a fallen book from the floor, his face unruffled as a summer lake.

In dress, Sandy Casey was unrivalled. He was the extremity of the extremes of Grafton Street. Were rough over-coats the fashion, he was a biped bear. Were low collars the mode, his was little wider than a hem. Were gaiter-trowsers correct, he merely showed a patent-leather toe. Of whiskers, nature had as yet withheld more than a reasonable supply; but the summer’s growth might be anticipated from the vernal promise, and “mirific balsams” and “incomparable oils” were called upon to foster the incipient forest.

No one could have been in Sandy’s company ten minutes without hearing of the “grate harss that th’ officer bought,” or the details of a “killing day with the Kildare.”

Although hating him for his attentions to his dirty dear, Mr. Smith could not but allow that he was a good fellow enough, though a shocking bore. It has been already said that he was a general favourite with the sex: with the young he was “delightful;” with the elderly, “a dear cratur;” and even the most censorious of the four-



teen dowagers, pronounced him "a foine young man, if possible."

But notwithstanding his popularity, he was a shocking nuisance in Harcourt Street; the more so from the doubt that hung over Miss Donovan's preference. He was too well established to be got rid of, and walked about the house a sort of pet lamb of the family; though from certain scarcely perceptible twitches about the mouth of Pat, the tea-boy, when inquiries were made about him, Smith shrewdly suspected that doubts were entertained by that functionary whether his lamb-like appearance was altogether to be relied upon. With his aunt he had established a character for remarkable modesty and retiring diffidence; and Smith was an involuntary listener to discussions upon that subject between Mrs. Donovan and her daughter.

MRS. D. Ah! he's a humble lad; sure, he's not like an Irishman at all! It's his modesty, poor cratur, 'll be the ruin of him. What he'll do for employment it's hard to say.

MISS D. Don't you think, mamma, he'd rise at the bar?

MRS. D. Oh! the bar! What's the use of putting the poor cratur to the bar, when he can't say "bo!" to a goose, and he so shy? It's he that's the bashful boy!

MISS D. Sure he might practise, but not in the coorts?

MRS. D. Is it a chamber-counsel you mane? Ah! he'd never be able for the attorneys. Sure, he's too good to be loose. It's his mother he takes after,—poor Milley! Indeed it's Milley Casey that was the pride of Roscommon before she met the Colonel. But what could she do when her husband left her? Ah! that was the bad man—

The conversation generally dropped when they arrived at the history of Milley Casey. It might be inferred, however, that her adventures had been of a chequered character, and that she had eventually eloped with a field-officer, Mr. Casey having previously set her the example.

Although Smith's liking for Miss Donovan was not without alloy, yet was it of such a nature that suspense became intolerable, and he at length screwed up his courage to the point of being enlightened on the momentous question whether he or Sandy was the favoured man. "I will call early," thought Smith, "long before that fellow comes abroad. I will catch this pretty sloven at her harp or her drawing, if she ever practises either. I will lead her to talk of this incessant cousin, narrowly watch her smiles and frowns, above all, that dimple, which has more meaning than all the rest of her face, and then be guided by circumstances. I am rather disposed to look at the bright side of this question," quoth Smith, complacently, and just turning his eye on the glass; "and yet that was a dashing attempt in the corner; a plucky effort to cut off an outsider of the flotilla, and an able retreat without loss upon discovery under the heavy fire of the dowager battery. But supposing for the sake of argument," thought Smith, "I were to come off second best? Bah! the thing's impossible!"

The next morning he was early on foot. "Aha! my friend," said Smith, triumphantly, as he passed through Stephen's Green, and saw the blinds still down in Sandy's bed-room, "this is a dodge you little suspected! You have to do with an early bird—perhaps another time you may remember the proverb—you little dream of the activity of some people while you are 'turning your sides and your shoulders and your heavy head.' I feel persuaded that the perusal of that pretty effusion of Mrs. Barbauld's was withheld from you in early youth, or perhaps had never penetrated to Roscommon. I rather think, friend Sandy," said Smith, looking cheerfully back at the bed-room as he turned the corner, "I rather think, to use a figurative expression, your goose is cooked!"

"Well, Pat, are the ladies at home?"

"Bedad, they are—so——"

"Where's the mistress?"

"Beyant, with Mrs. Ryan."

"And Miss Donovan, is she alone?"

"Och! why wouldn't she be? Sure it's airy."

"You are sure the mistress is not with her?"

"Ochgh! not at all!" with great emphasis and a twist of the mouth.

"Well, you have no occasion to go up—I can find my way." And he plodded silently and slowly up the well-carpeted staircase.

Many think, that next to calling upon a dentist, or having to wait upon Liston or Guthrie by appointment, there are few things more formidable than venturing in cold blood upon a *tête-à-tête* with a lady in the early part of the forenoon, with the avowed determination of bringing matters to issue on a tender subject. These little explanations, I am instructed, usually come off at balls or parties, in walks or rides, in wanderings in shady lanes or by purling streams, in recesses in back drawing-rooms, or the protracted transit to down stairs refreshment. Sometimes it appears to happen when sisters have silently and singly left the room, and mamma suddenly recollects some pressing engagement, "so nearly forgotten!" and retires in haste to execute it. It is a formidable affair under any circumstances, but I think he deserves a mural, or some other crown, who gets up early on a raw morning, with a touch of sleet in the wind, to pop the question. It requires the resolution of a Greenacre.

Mr. Smith paused a moment on the first step from the bottom.

"I really and positively like this girl," said he, in his homely way. "What a beauty she is!" (a step higher.)

"What a skin!" (another step.)

"It might, certainly, be cleaner!" (a pause.)

"Then her eyes—her figure!" (up to the landing-place.)

"Her bust!" (mounting the second flight.)

"Her rosy lips! her teeth! I wish she had a better tooth-brush!" (a pause.)

"But when we are married, we'll see what Metcalf can

do ; and then we can get our brown windsor at the same time—cheaper, no doubt, by taking a quantity. But I am approaching the door, and how to attack her ? Shall I rush to her feet, and in a burst of impassioned eloquence declare my *intintions*, as that fellow in Stephen's Green would say, or steal in on the pensive tack ? No, that will never do : she may drop off in a doze before she fully comprehends the state of the case. The dashing system is the best ; no doubt that was the way the Colonel carried off Milley." (A slight hesitation on the last step.) " ' Brisk confidence still best with woman copes.' So here goes——"

"But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell."

Two persons, evidently, were in the room, and one of them, assuredly, a man. The conversation was carried on in too low a tone to enable Smith to catch the words, even if he had been disposed to listen. That he did so for a moment cannot be denied, and a sickening conviction came over him that the male voice was that of the accursed Sandy !

Now Mr. Smith hated listeners as much as any man—we all hate them. Nobody ever has, or ever will, admit that he listened. The Roman sculptor put a slave in the humiliating posture. It is a practice repudiated by high and low. The officer who hid his adjutant in a cupboard, denied that he listened by deputy ; and there is not a maid-of-all-work, from Hammersmith to Blackwall, that would not "scorn the haction," however caught in the fact.

But if any man ever had an excuse for listening, it must be admitted that, all the circumstances considered, Smith was that man. To resist the temptation would have been superhuman ; Smith was a mere mortal, so he advanced to such a position as gave him a full command over the interior of the drawing-room.

There, sitting, or rather lying back in the corner of a

sofa, was the voluptuous form of Miss Donovan; and seated next to her—and very close indeed—was Mr. Sandy Casey; her left hand held in his, and his right arm extended behind the fair neck, which he was in the act of drawing towards him, till, by a corresponding advance on his own part, the four lips met!

“Well done, Mr. Sandy Casey!” said Smith to himself, with a bitter merriment; “very well done, indeed, for the humble lad, whose modesty, poor cratur! would be the ruin of him!”

“‘It’s he that’s the bashful boy!’” repeated Smith, quoting Mrs. Donovan, “who took after his mother, poor Milley, the pride of Roscommon!”

“‘Sure he’s too good to be loose!’” Poor Smith thought so.

“‘Chamber-counsel,’ quotha! Most admirably adapted he seems for that particular line of business.”

“‘Sure, he might practise, but not in the coorts!’ Not a doubt about it, and with immense success!”

It was a fix—a dilemma—a wet blanket: it was a break on the wheels to Smith.

But, after all, there are few situations so utterly bad and barren as not to afford a trifle of balm.

“At any rate,” thought Smith, calling upon his White-chapel notions for comfort, “at any rate there will be something saved in the article of brown windsor!”

He was getting over the sublime, and soon began to see the matter in another light.

“A change came o’er the spirit of his dream.”

He nearly laughed outright, and passing quickly into the room, was before them almost before the lips had separated—actually before Sandy had time to resume his modesty, or the lady energy enough to call up a blush.

Seizing a hand of each, he joined them together, saying, “I publish the banns of marriage between Alexander Casey, bachelor, and Louisa Donovan, spinster. This is



the last time of asking. 'Dearly beloved,' *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*,—'And be not afraid with any amazement.' Permit me to claim the fee!"

Retaining the fair Louisa's hand, the wretched Smith drew her towards him, and fastened a long, good, savage kiss on her beautiful mouth; and then, like "The Pride of Roscommon," he bolted.

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Seven years after the above passage in Mr. Smith's early life, he found himself again strolling about the well-known streets of the Irish capital. During that awful period his connection with Dublin, and almost with Ireland had been suspended. He had

"Put a girdle round about the earth,"

and, excepting some passing notice in a chance newspaper, was ignorant of the births, deaths, and marriages amongst his Irish acquaintances.

That Sandy Casey and his fair cousin had taken the pretty broad hint given them at his last interview, and married, he thought there could be little doubt; and as he wandered about the streets, he looked into every carriage in the hopes of recognising the beautiful features of Mrs. Casey, and at every horseman expecting to discover Sandy.

But all in vain. Grafton Street exhibited the same description of good-looking, athletic, free-and-easy young fellows; the same abundance of whiskers and exaggerations of the reigning fashions as formerly. The ladies were the same examples of lovely untidiness; they had the same straggling hair, the same long points to the fingers of their badly-fitting gloves, the same expression of arch simplicity in their features; and were, in short, the same lovely, fascinating creatures, that Smith had formerly known them to be.

There was the country cousin, in his seedy cut-away coat and long-haired rabbit-skin hat, walking arm-in-arm

with the ultra-metropolitan "swell;" there were quite as many bare-footed beggar-women at the carriage-doors, and the cads seemed to have about the same bunch of rags hanging to their shoulders by the one suspender. He saw many a well-known feature at Dycer's; and there, indeed, he could almost have identified the individual duck-hunters. He could almost have sworn it was the same spavined mare that he saw trotted out seven years before, warranted sound wind and limb, up to any weight in any country—the same groom riding her over the bar; and the first words he heard the auctioneer utter were precisely those delivered by him when last he left the yard:

"If there's no advance upon ten pound, she's GONE!"

Ruminating upon the immutability of men and things in this interesting country, Mr. Smith found himself in Harcourt Street, abreast of the well-known residence of Mrs. Donovan.

If there is anything more rash than another, it is revisiting an early love, especially one that has been married seven years. In nine cases out of ten it is an impertinent intrusion. Pass on, Smith, let bygones be bygones; don't disturb the peace of families, and be voted a bore. Hurry, Smith; remember you are a "have-been" yourself, and make no exchange of recollection for reality. Permit yourself, for a moment, to imagine what a slovenly spinster may be after a seven years' marriage! Think of crows' feet, *embonpoint*, and six children? Are you prepared to nurse the baby?

At this thought Smith made two rapid steps in advance, when the dining-room curtains caught his eye. They were evidently the same moreen—faded, but the same. Old scenes began to reappear; and his thoughts having taken their cue in the upholstery line, settled upon the "mahogany," under which his feet had so often nestled. He thought of Mrs. Donovan's boiled mutton and capers, and the glorious old port of Mr. Donovan—Brookes's, with the black seal, as it was called. He

bethought him of the many festive passages that had come off over that polished Honduras, and remembered the treasured joke of the deceased Donovan, that a table was never so brilliant as when there was plenty of wet upon it. Then, the centre spike of the area railing was wanting, as of yore; and the lowest step of the door-flight had not yet been either mended or replaced where ~~he~~ well remembered a piece to have been chipped off, tradition said, by an eccentric cornet of heavies, who had a trick of riding up to the door to ring the bell.

Still, Smith might possibly have passed on had not a sudden thought struck him. "Who knows," thought he, "but matters may have remained unchanged within as without? It is far from impossible that Mrs. Donovan may still be in the flesh and the brown tabinet; and perchance her fair daughter may be even now a Miss. She must be—let me see—why, certainly, not more than seven-and-twenty. These Irish ladies wear well. By Heaven!" said Smith, running nimbly up the steps, "she is at this moment in the absolute perfection of the prime of life! A magnificent woman, no question: decidedly improved in every way. Poor dear girl! her mother, though an excellent person, was one of the old school, and, I have no doubt, neglected to inculcate with vigour a knowledge of the duties of the toilet. By this time her own good sense will have set her right on this point; and, besides, I am pretty sure that, of late years, there has been an exemption in favour of Ireland as regards the duty on soap. I am for measures, not men," said Smith, as he gave a thundering rap at the door; "and whoever did this, whether Whigs or Tories, I honour them for it!"

Just as he was preparing to inflict another double on the door, and getting ready to give a hearty shaking to Pat when he opened it, behold! a gentleman in a strange livery presented himself—a staid, formal footman, with ample calves in unwrinkled cottons, and a well-powdered head, emitting an odour of bergamot pomatum.

Mr. Smith was rather taken aback. "The spirits he

had raised abandoned him." The man knew nothing of Mrs. Donovan, nor of Mr. Casey. Could not possibly tell where they might be ; had lived in that house upwards of three years, and never heard of such people. Not impossible that the charwoman might know something about them. (Here a slight movement, as if to make inquiry, when, seeing Smith eye the hats and coats, a new idea appeared to arise.)

"Oh, no, Sir, quite sure the charwoman knows nothing about them. Don't think you are likely to obtain information hereabouts." (Gradually closing the door.) "Good morning, Sir; sorry I can't oblige you;" and finally shutting him out, as he glanced at the coats, while an expression of "Don't you wish you may get it!" passed over his intelligent features.

Smith had very much the feeling of having been kicked out of doors, and had at once a painful aggravation of the sense of solitude one feels, when alone and unheeded in a great city—a solitude passing that of Selkirk.

Slowly he retraced his steps towards Stephen's Green, and had hardly the heart to look up at Sandy's old bedroom, where, by a singular coincidence, the blinds were still down, as on that eventful morning when he had last passed the place. He tried the house, in the hope of being still the earlier bird, but in vain. Sandy had not been heard of for years. They thought he had married, and believed he had settled in the country ; but where they knew not.

"He *had* a small property in Roscommon," said the landlord, laying an unpleasant emphasis upon the past tense ; "but —" I question whether he has it still—he would have said, if politeness had allowed him to finish the sentence.

Smith gave up the chase in despair ; he abandoned the pleasing vision of his well-washed Irish love, and concluded that Miss Donovan, as well as the Roscommon property, were things of the past.



Some months afterwards, chance conducted Mr. Smith to a desolate part of the island, westward. Desolate it appeared on the map, for there were few names to indicate that thereabouts the natives were gathered together into towns or even villages; but, in place of these, the ingenious hydrographer had ornamented his canvas with tufts of grass, as they

“ On Afric downs  
Place elephants for want of towns ;”

while here and there a range of hills showed faintly on the surface, like a fossil centipede.

He took up his residence in a long, straggling, one-street village, boasting of a single slate-roofed house—the inn; all the others being cabins, covered with thatch, or inferred to be so, under the weeds, and barley, and moss, which hid the original material; and amongst which the domestic poultry, and an occasional “scald crow,” found a scanty picking. Before every house was a dunghill; beside every dunghill a filthy pool, in which they washed the potatoes. At almost every door, propped against the wall, was a man in a huge grey great-coat, in the sleeves of which his hands were buried, a short pipe in his mouth, his breeches’ knees unbuttoned, and his stockings wrinkled down to the ankle. Then there was a bustling barefooted, bareheaded, generally comely wife, a swarm of all but naked children, and a most independent pig. This last was perhaps the busiest of all; now giving a curious little eye to the potato-washing, then walking in-doors as if to see how the turf burned; rudely scraping against the bare legs of the females, or rooting a baby out of his way with a toss of his snout, as he passed backwards and forwards; and all the while keeping up a small, querulous, maundering cry, that seemed to come from his lower stomach, and doubtless, in his language, meant “cupboard.”

On the morning after Mr. Smith’s arrival, and when



just upon the point of starting in the pursuit of snipes, a gentleman rode into the inn-yard, and commenced a conversation with the ostler. There was something in the voice that Smith remembered; but, paying little attention to it, he would probably to this day have remained in ignorance of the owner, had it not been for a little by-play on his part with the red-legged maid of the inn, and her exclamation:

"Ah, Mr. Casey, go 'long wid ye! Ye'r a sad man. Sure ye ought to repint."

Smith looked at the horseman, but in the full-grown, muscular, black-whiskered individual before him could recognise little that belonged to the humble lad of former times; and yet a second glance convinced him that it was the same. It *was* Sandy; and going up, Smith shook him cordially by the nearest hand, without saying a word.

Sandy for a moment looked perplexed, and then uttered a screech, that you might have heard half-across the bog; and not contented with this, he deliberately rose in his stirrups, and putting his finger to his ear, gave a holloa, that set all the cocks and hens in the village gabbling, and might have been envied by any huntsman or master of hounds on the face of the earth. His next move was to jump from his horse, and catch the Englishman in his arms, in a hug the most affectionate bear could scarcely have rivalled; and seeing the red-legged servant, with round eyes and open mouth, in an ecstasy of amazement at his proceedings, he would have served her in like manner, but for the superior nimbleness of her pink heels.

"Och, murther!" said Sandy, dropping naturally into the vernacular, "but this will be a great day at Casey's Town! Sure, it's Louisa that will be right glad to see you. Mick, ye villain, put old Jack in the car, till we have him up at the Place! Katty, will you run now, and fetch down his portmanteau, or I'll pinch you into smithereens!" Here he suited the action to the word.

"Ah, can't ye stop? Sure, it's a shame for ye!"

"Will you run now, and take his things to the car?"

"Faith, I couldn't take it at all, nor the half of it. It's fowling he's come. Sure, there's bags fit to load the mail."

As soon as Smith could get in a word, he interfered to overrule his friend's hospitable intentions; and it was finally agreed that each should pursue his original sporting plans—Smith to the bog, the other to the fox-hounds, some seven miles off; while a note was despatched to Mrs. Casey, apprising her that a few friends were coming to dinner, though without mentioning names.

"Faith, we'll take a start out of her, any way," said Sandy. "I wouldn't for five pounds Pat knew you were here; he'd spoil it all."

A few minutes before the appointed time, the guest was seated on the car, behind old Jack, and on the road to Casey's Town, or The Place, as it was called, *par excellence*, from being almost the only habitable place within some miles of the village. It stood upon a slightly rising ground, which afforded it from the windows a wide prospect, bounded only by the horizon, of that description of country which the map-maker had so truly and ingeniously indicated with his tufts of grass; it was a level waste of bog, fertile in snipes, turf, and wild-fowl, but little else.

Passing a dilapidated lodge, crowded with dirty children, they approached the Place by a moss-covered gravel-walk. The house was a plain white building, without pretensions to architectural beauty, and with a meadow in front sloping to the road. There was no attempt at either garden or flower-bed, but a scrubby plantation flanked the building making some attempt to hide the offices, in which it signally failed.

The wheels of the Irish chariot had been heard as they drove up, and the master and Pat were at the open door to receive him. It was clear that Pat had not been let into the secret of Mr. Smith's coming, for on recognising

him, which he did at once, he uttered a wild howl, and wheeling quickly round, made a bolt for the door. This movement, however, had been foreseen, and before he could possibly gain the house, Sandy had him by the skirt of the coat. The well-worn livery was not proof against this rude assault, and the one tail coming clear off at the waist, remained in his master's hand. Pat, nothing daunted, would have succeeded in effecting his purpose, had not his master seized him by the collar, and, with a curious variety of imprecations, threatened him with present death, if he did not hold his tongue.

"Murther!" said Pat; "why wouldn't I tell the missis?"

"Whisht, ye villain, or I'll have the life out of ye!"

Not without a struggle they managed to reach the drawing-room, Pat ever ready to rush to the front, and only kept back by either a fist in his face, or an arm thrown out on either side. At the unopened door of the drawing-room Mr. Casey made a pause, and addressing his servant in an impressive whisper, referring, no doubt, to certain audible clearances of the throat, which he had noticed on the way:

"If ye call his name out till I see if she knows him, I'll stifle you."

But Pat was a man not easily baffled; he had made his mind to the announcement, though willing to keep on the windy side of suffocation; and the door was no sooner opened, than he raised himself on tiptoe, to get, if possible, his mouth above his master's shoulder, and shouted, with the full force of his lungs:

"Th' Army, Ma'am!" as Mr. Smith was wont to be announced in former times, when wearing Her Majesty's uniform.

Mr. Casey was called to account for having planned and executed such a surprise; the scuffle in the hall, and struggling ascent of the staircase, having been more calculated to raise, in an imaginative mind, unpleasant ideas

of a resisted sheriff's officer, than the entrance of a welcome guest.

"Sure, I tould him so," said Pat, backing out of the room to conceal the lost tail; "'twas a shame for him! and the mistress, maybe, in a delicate situation."

Before we proceed to the dining-room, it may be necessary to give a short description of this eccentric serving-man.

In person, Pat Finn was rather under the average height, and there was nothing very striking or peculiar in his figure, but his physiognomy was extremely droll. His eyes and nose are soon dismissed; the first were of a greenish-grey, and the last neither Grecian nor Roman, but a fair specimen of the Irish variety; flattish about the bridge and rising into a small tump at the end, with nostrils well seen from the front. But the mouth was, in every sense, *the* great feature in Pat's face. It was singular in having no facings to the lips, but the upper lip shut down so exactly on the under one, that at a little distance the only indication of a mouth was a faint horizontal line drawn across the face from ear to ear. It looked as if some adept in the sword exercise had produced it by the cuts five and six. Cut five having entered shortly below the left ear, the sword cleared itself under the nose, and the returning cut six, taking up the gash under the right lobe, finished at the same point as number five, producing the most capacious receptacle for all edible substances that could be seen. As far as this mouth was concerned, no man had less cause to complain of being "cheated of feature by dissembling Nature."

Pat rarely laughed, but he had a way of screwing his upper lip to a point which was very comic. For his manners, it must be confessed that they bordered on the familiar; but then it must be remembered that he was an old and trusted servant, who had been born in the family, and most assuredly meant to die in it. So impossible an idea as that of parting with Pat Finn had never entered the head of either his master or mistress still less into



Pat's : in fact, he was as much a fixture as the roof of the house. Then he was ready for anything. Such a system as a division of labour had never occurred to him. He drove the car, took a turn in the stable, was butler, footman, valet, and occasionally cook, particularly at a late hour at night. In this last capacity, devils were his *forte* : he imparted a pungent relish to a gizzard or a drumstick that set the assuaging power of drink at defiance—they positively made you sneeze as they came in ; and for compounding a “screecher” of punch, he might have been backed against Father Tom himself. Indeed, I never knew but one man come near him in this point, and that was the codjūtor, as they called him, of a place near Cahirconlish. But to proceed with the story.

Pat having cautiously backed out, as if from the presence of royalty, contrived, with the assistance of a few pins, to remedy the mishap of the torn coat ; and at his next appearance to announce an arrival, had resumed with his skirt the habitual gravity of his manners.

From half an hour to an hour after the appointed time, the party, amounting to half-a-dozen, came dropping in, and they sat down to a plain and plentiful repast.

Scarcely had the fish been helped, when Pat (the only waiter) had occasion to leave the room, and on his return presented himself with only one skirt to his coat. It has been mentioned that the original accident had been partially remedied by the skirt being pinned on, but now some practical joker in the kitchen had slyly taken out the pins, and suffered the much-trusted domestic to return into the dining-room in the unseemly condition above-mentioned ; and the absurdity of his appearance was increased by the red plush breeches being patched on the seat with some dark-coloured cloth—something in the shape of a heart, sewn, or rather coarsely tied on, with packthread.

Mr. Casey was the first to notice the circumstance, when he lost no time in calling the attention of the guests to it, by a variety of telegraphic signs when Pat's back



was turned ; imploring and threatening, by all sorts of emphatic gestures, that no one would apprize him of his caudal deficiency.

There are two little traits in Pat's behaviour to which it may be necessary to advert, and which would have been needless to mention, had not the habits been so prominently brought forward by the circumstance of his lost tail. One was a remarkably springy and jaunty carriage : he did everything with an air ; and on the grand occasion of a dinner party, he indulged in this peculiarity to excess. For instance, when asked for anything he would gently sink down a few inches on one leg, by bending the knee while he wheeled round, the other leg being extended straight like the wheeling limb of a pair of compasses in describing a circle. Having brought himself facing that part of the sideboard containing the article required, he would gently bound forward with an *en avant* step, such as dancing-masters were wont to teach their pupils at a time when prancing through quadrilles was the fashion. This flourish, which would have attracted little notice under ordinary circumstances, was absurd in the extreme when performed by a man totally unconscious of the ridiculous exposure he exhibited at each evolution. The other peculiarity was a habit of thinking aloud : his sentiments, though murmured in a low tone, and without any movement of the lips, being pretty generally audible to the whole party.

Sandy Casey had no sooner discovered the state of Pat's rear, than he adopted a plan the best possible for showing it off with effect to the company. He called for water, bread, beer, fish-sauce, and kept the unfortunate serving-man in a perpetual wheel. Pat bore this wonderfully well for a time, but became at last rather scandalised at his master's manners, which he justly considered to savour more of looking to his own interests than attending to his guests, as a hospitable Irish host is wont to do ; and in this view of the case he was strengthened by the uncontrollable laughter of the whole party, which he con-

cluded to be excited by such an unusual course at a man's own board.

They were soon made acquainted with what was passing in his mind by an occasional "aside," heard during a pause in the merriment.

PAT (*aside*.)—"Bedad ye're taking care of yourself anyhow! Ketchup! Sure I've tuk it twice to you. Soy! anchovy! vinegar! Hervey! Divle such a man ever I see for sauce! Faith, ye're making a holy show of yourself wid your pickles! By my sowl, ye don't give the rest a chance: ay, well they may laugh. Is it beer? Sure ye might ask them to take a glass of wine, they're most choking. Och, murther! is it mustard with salmon? That bangs all!"

This last order went far to produce some act of open rebellion, so monstrous did it appear in Pat's eyes. He affected at first not to hear it, and kept his eyes sternly fixed on the opposite wall. When, however, there was no mistaking the reiterated command, he moved with slow and faltering steps, and a deprecating look, towards his master, with the mustard-pot in his hand, and holding it at arm's length behind him, he lowered his mouth to Mr. Casey's ear, and addressing him confidentially:

"It's salmon ye're ating! Sure ye wouldn't ate mustard with salmon?"

The order, however, was repeated, and Pat, almost doubting the evidence of his senses, saw his master help himself desperately to the obnoxious condiment, and eat it with great apparent satisfaction. The expression of surprise mingled with disgust and doubt in the serving-man's face was so extremely ridiculous, that it produced a fresh roar, which very much scandalised and not a little chafed him.

"That you may die roaring like Doran's bull! what the divle you see to laugh at, it's hard to say. Bad manners to you, but it's a quare thing to be screeching at a man at his own table, anyhow. Perhaps it's a way they have in England. Faith, I believe you—so!"

After this fashion the dinner passed off, Pat remaining in uncomfortable ignorance, and his master losing no opportunity of showing him off. At last, when he was removing the cheese, Mr. Casey turned to him innocently, and asked why he mended his small clothes with a wax-end, when there was a tailor in the town? Pat, pausing in his career, quickly reconnoitred the part, when the whole truth flashed upon him. The look he gave his master, and then the company, was the most exquisitely comic that the human face could represent, but the predominant expression was certainly joy at the extraordinary conduct of all parties being so happily explained.

Dropping the cheese hastily upon the sideboard, he rushed to the kitchen, and by the squealing that ensued might be guessed the kind of punishment he was inflicting on the originator of the practical joke.

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Passing over some years subsequent to this merry party, and the jovial fortnight which succeeded it—the dinners, the dances, the shootings, the huntings, the runaway mare, and Mr. Smith's imminent risk of suffocation in a bog, we will wind up this sketch of Mr. Finn with a characteristic letter written by him to our friend Smith, on the occasion of a serious illness which had befallen Mrs. Casey.

#### PAT FINN'S LETTER.

“Pleas your Honour,—

“This comes with my humble duty, hoping that your honour is in good health, as it laves me at present, thank God, barrin the missis, who is sadly changed for the worse since Dunn went. Sure the master could never abide him, becasse it's always getting worse she was, and so he tould him; and says Dunn, says he, ‘Sure I can't controul events,’ says he, ‘Mr. Casey; but with the

‘blessing o’ God,’ says he, ‘we’ll see what the spring will do,’ says he. And with that the master says, ‘Mr. Dunn,’ says he, ‘in the multitude of counsellors there’s safety’ (but it was doctors he meant, and I tould him so); ‘in the multitude of counsellors,’ says he, repeating it, for he’s most like a child now, ‘there’s safety, and I’m thinking of asking Mr. Kisbey to meet you,’ says he. And with that Mr. Dunn, drawing himself up, says he, ‘Mr. Casey,’ says he, ‘I’ve nothing to say against Mr. Kisbey,’ says he, ‘but I’d rather not meet him. Anybody else I’ve no objection to,’ says he. And with that the master got vexed, and some words passed betune them, and Dunn tuk himself off, not to come back. ‘Ah, sure,’ says I, ‘you would not send for Kisbey! Is it Kisbey, the coult, you’d have to the missis? Sure he killed Father Shea,’ says I, ‘divle a lie in it, for I seen it;’ but he wouldn’t be ruled.

‘I’ll tell your honour how it was. It was ony last spring, and Father Shea was confined to the house, and the master tould me to run down to the town and inquire for him, and take him a hare, ‘for,’ says he, ‘he’s fand of hare soup,’ says he, ‘and perhaps a drop will do him good.’ And with that I went, and the door was open, and divle any one in it that I seen; so I walks into the kitchen, and there was Kit Flynn hating water. So I axed for Miss Biddy, that’s t’housekeeper, and says Kit, says she, ‘Sure she’s up with the master, and Mr. Kisbey’s attinding him, and the codjūtor’s\* in it; so,’ says she, ‘go up, Pat, for he’s mighty fand of hare, and the sight of it, maybe, ‘ll revive him,’ says she. So with that I goes gently up stairs, and the door was open, and I walks in with a ‘God save all here!’ says I. ‘You’re kindly welcome,—come in,’ says Mr. Ryan (that’s the codjūtor); ‘come in,’ says he, ‘Mr. Finn; that’s a fine hare you’ve got,’ says he, feeling it; ‘that will make a

\* Coadjutor, or curate.

great soup,' says he, 'for our poor friend: but I'm thinking he's most past it,' says he. And with that poor Biddy began to cry again, for I seen that her eyes were red, and it's full of trouble she was, the cratur. And I looked to the bed, and his rivrence was lying, taking no notice at all, but looking mighty flushed, and breathing hard, and Kisbey was mixing some stuff at the table in a taycup, and a quare face he made, sure enough. And Biddy couldn't stop crying and sobbing fit to break her heart, poor cratur! and she lifted her apron to her eyes, and faith I seen it's very stout she was. And Kisbey was moving an to the bed, stirring the stuff, and looking hard at the patient.

" 'Whisht, Biddy,' says Kisbey, 'you'll disturb his rivrence, and maybe it's not long he'll be spared to you; sure it's a smart faver he's got: but anyhow,' says Kisbey, 'I think this will do him, for it's a febrifewdge,' says he, 'and will rouse him in the bowels,' says Kisbey; 'and besides, there's a touch of the saline in it,' says he, stirring the cup again, and making a face; 'it's my favourite medicine,' says he, 'in a crisis.'

" 'Och hone!' says poor Biddy, crying out, 'what would I do if I lost his rivrence? Ah, Mr. Kisbey, you see the state I'm in,' says she: 'it's a poor case that you can't relave him,' says she, 'wid your crisis, and he hearty o' Thursday.' 'Ah, be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says the codjūtor, stipping up behind her mighty quiet (sure it's him that got the parish after Shea), 'be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says he, laying the heel of his hand upon her shoulther, and his fingers came down rather far, indeed; 'be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says he, 'for, by the blessing o' God, it will all be right wid him. Sure, if human manes can do it,' says he, 'Mr. Kisbey can do it; he's a man of skill,' says he, 'and his practice extensive. So keep up your heart, Biddy,' says the codjūtor; 'but it's well to be prepared for the worst. We're frail creatures, and life's but a span,' says he, drawing her towards him, mighty



kind; 'sure I feel for him,' says he, 'greatly,' pressing her bussom.

"And while the codjūtor was offering the consolation to Miss Biddy, I seen Kisbey houlding his rivrence by the nose, and trying to put the febbriefewdge into him; but divle a taste he'd have of it at all, but kicked and struggled like mad.

"'Ah! hould still, Mr. Shea, and take it,' says Kisbey; 'it's the cooling draught,' says he, 'that will aise you. Sure it's mighty pleasant when you get it down,' says Kisbey, forcing it an him. Faith, I did not like to see his rivrence treated so rough.

"'Well, Mr. Finn,' says the codjūtor, 'you'd better go down wid your hare, and give it to Kitty,' says he, 'for the soup. Maybe my poor friend will like it,' says he, 'when the draught has aised him.' But the divle any aising did Father Shea get, barrin death, for he died that night. Oh! I'm fearful of Kisbey. But, anyhow, on Monday, he came to the missis, and when I tuck his horse.

"'Good morning,' says I, 'Mr. Kisbey.' 'Morrow to you, Pat,' says he; 'how's the missis?' 'Faith, she's but poorly,' says I. 'But, Mr. Kisbey,' says I, 'I hope you won't give her the febbriefewdge you gave Father Shea, the day he died.' 'Mr. Finn,' says he, mighty grand, 'it would be more becoming for you,' says he, 'to attind to your own affairs, and lave me to mine.'

"Sure's he's angry because I see what he done to his rivrence, but divle a much I care for the coult. So no more at present from your humble servant to command,

"PAT FINN."

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## “MICK DOOLAN’S HEAD.”

(FIRST PUBLISHED IN “THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.”)

It was drawing towards the close of a winter’s day, when an English sportsman plodded his way homewards across the country towards the capital town of the King’s County. Being a stranger, and somewhat out of his beat, he ascended a low, rocky hill, in hopes to catch a sight of the distant tower, and ascertain, if possible, whether any road might be discerned tending in a direction towards it. Here a flat surface of bog met his view, stretching from the foot of the little eminence on which he stood, till it faded away into a distant and scarcely defined horizon.

It was just the kind of “waste” to puzzle an improver and distract an agriculturist; and even a “reclaiming” committee man might be excused for giving it up in despair. Contrary to the form of bogs generally, it descended from the edge inwards, and there was a faint twinkle on its otherwise hazy surface, which gave promise of a central lake or lough.

But it had charms for our Englishman. He was a “man of many snipes,” a persecutor of the duck family, and his life had been, in more senses than one, a wild-geese chase.

At the foot of the little hill, and on the very edge of the bog, stood a solitary cottage or cabin, built of the black bog-earth, and thatched with a material so exactly resembling the ground on which it stood, that it might have escaped detection but for a thin, wavering line of blue smoke, like a halfpenny riband, escaping by the chimney.

The Englishman pounced at once upon the house ; and, walking through the ever open door, laid his gun against the wall, and with the usual salutation, “ God save all here !” drew near the little pyramid of turf that was sending the blue riband up the chimney.

Seated in the recess of the fire-place—and one might say in the chimney itself—was a man in the prime condition of human happiness. The hinges of his body were at acute angles ; his elbows upon his knees ; his chin upon his fists ; his eyes upon the fire ; and the bowl of a very dark pipe occupied, without any perceptible stalk, the corner of his mouth. There was only one break in the bland repose of his figure, and that was where his pleasant vice had made an instrument to plague him. Had it not been for the effort observable in his closed eye as the tobacco-smoke ascended from the bowl of his doodeen, you would have said that the picture of still life was perfect.

Moving about the house, with her hand in a worsted stocking, in the foot of which was sticking a darning-needle with its pendant thread, was an exceedingly plump and comely woman. Her fair skin, though not of the cleanest, showing to advantage in the interregnum between the black locks of her capless head and the chocolate-brown of her dress, which, both in substance and colour, resembled a tanned fisherman’s sail. Her naked arms and legs were also set off by the same contrast, aided by the black floor of the cabin.

The stranger’s entrance caused a small sensation. The man made a dive into the waist of the house to welcome him ; and the lady, taking a handful of her petticoats as

the readiest duster, swept them over the top of a three-legged stool, and placed it by the fire for his accommodation.

The intruder plunged at once into the subject of wild-fowl; and if, instead of an Irish bog, it had been a summer lake in Lapland about which he made inquiry, the accounts could scarcely have been more promising. From pretty good experience, he had learned to receive with caution the flattering accounts of game afforded by the Irish peasantry under such circumstances. He well knew their habit of telling what they thought would be most agreeable news to the anxious sportsman. They see his eye brighten as they tell of countless flights of ducks and impossible strings of geese—of snipes. “Ogh!”—as who should say, “Would you have me count the sands on the sea-shore?”

And who has not felt that they have touched the right chord? Can we help attaching some credit to the veriest quack that ever puffed, when he forces his nostrums upon us in every paper we read?—or totally disbelieve the prospectus of the most shameless bubble that ever came under the 7th and 8th of Victoria? We are almost warmed into a belief in Irish patriotism, hammered into us as it is by the orators of Conciliation Hall.

“Bedad,” said Larry Rooney, “if ye came here airlier ye’d have grate cracking. Sure there’s a power of fowl, and a grate deal of hares in it.”

“Thru for you,” said his wife; “sure the geese do be passing over the house for a quarther of an hour together.”

“Ogh! many times I wished I’d had a gun. ’Twas ony Thursday I was goen through the bog, and I seen thirty an ’em; you might a’most have knocked ’em down with a turf, and they tired.”

“Faith, then, it’s at night they do be coming to the lough. Murther! they’re in such hapes ye’d think they’d ony the one lough to come to!”

Who can wonder that the Englishman fixed an early

day to open a campaign against such an unsuspecting enemy, never disturbed, by all accounts, since the bog was formed, and went home on his way rejoicing ?

The appointed day was lowering and threatening—all the better. Plenty of wind was an assurance of good sport: if a touch of rain, so much the better. He had chosen his time well—there was no moon; and a black bank of clouds seemed spread like a cushion for the brassy sun to fall upon.

The sanguine fowler dined early; encumbered himself with a Macintosh, filled his whisky-flask, put a comforter in his pocket, loaded himself with No. 3, and, provided with a coil of small rope to tie together the proceeds of the adventure, trudged some four miles to Larry Rooney’s cottage.

Arriving there, half-an-hour after the appointed time, his disappointment was excessive to find the master from home. He had gone across the bog on some business—bad weather threatened, and such a thing as a gentleman, for the sake of a few ducks, going out in a dark night, with the prospect of a hurricane coming on, upon the wettest and most dangerous bog in the county, when he might stay by the fire and wait for better weather, was, to his simple notions, too great a folly to be expected. So, when the hour passed, he held himself absolved from the engagement.

Mrs. Rooney bore with much patience the vituperative epithets freely bestowed upon her absent husband by the irascible sportsman, and put many innocent questions touching the nature of flight-shooting, and the proceedings of those interested in that diversion; much wondering, amongst other things, how gentlemen delicately reared can take pleasure in leaving their warm beds before daylight in the frost, and compass the destruction of fowl at a cost cheaply estimated at twenty times the amount of what the same could be purchased in the market, with other wonderings, showing her to be lamentably ignorant of human nature.



At last the fowler lost all patience.

"You have brought me here at much inconvenience," quoth he. "I have suffered the misery of an early dinner. I am ridden by a nightmare before her time. You hear this howling wind, and see how rapidly it is getting dark. It is the very night for the purpose. There was a blast! it almost took us into the bog, house and all. To go I am determined, and as your husband is out of the way, *you* must come and show me the lough."

But here an unexpected difficulty appeared.

"Ah! I'd be afraid of my life to go into it afther dark—sure it's haunted!"

"Nonsense!" said the fowler; "come along; show me the lough, and you can come back before it's quite dark, leave me to find my way off the bog, and, never fear, Ill defend you from banshies!"

"Faith, it's not the banshies I'm fearing, but Mick Doolan! Sure his sperrit walks! It's as thrue as ye'r sittin there. He was murdered down in the hollow beyant, and the murdering villains cut the head aff of him, and buried him and it in the bog. Sure, I wouldn't crass it afther dark for all the goold ye could give me!"

A considerable time was spent in this idle talk, but the fowler at length prevailed; and Mrs. Rooney, fairly teased into compliance, gave a reluctant consent to show the wished-for lough; covenanting that, when she had pointed out the place, she should be allowed to return and send her husband to guide the fowler back again; the dangerous nature of the bog being such that no one, unless "to the manner born," could traverse it, even by day, without imminent risk.

The lady's scruples being overcome, she was ready enough to start before the evening quite closed in. Throwing a cloak over her shoulders, she was in her walking dress without further preparation; and after the unnecessary precaution, as it appeared, of shutting the door, she steered straight for the heart of the bog.

They had scarcely entered upon that part from whence

the turf had been cut, before the fowler perceived how difficult it would have been for him to find his way amongst the endless labyrinth of ditches, which intersected the place in all shapes and directions. Sometimes they had to be taken at a leap, and the stranger, as he marked the course of Mrs. Rooney's white feet over the dark water, envied the agility she displayed, and the extraordinary sagacity with which she steered her course. It was warm work, for the lady held on at a killing pace; and when her companion halted for a moment to take breath, she urged him on with such phrases as "Hurry wid ye! it's a mile aff." But as they got into the bog the difficulty increased. They had to cross a part where the pools of mud covered with water entirely ceased, and the whole surface of smooth herbage, matted together by its roots, rested on a thin mass of fluid of unknown depth. It was what is called a "Skaking Bog," from a surface undulating as you traverse it like the swell of the sea. No jumping was there required, but a brisk movement is indispensable, since at the slightest pause you sink down bodily upon the unbroken crust, till you appear in the bottom of a basin. Mrs. Rooney was indefatigable; though she neither stopped nor turned, she indicated the parts to be avoided by pointing with her hand, and having more than once floundered, knee deep or so, through the vegetable carpet, she struck off from her former course at an angle, loudly calling upon her companion to avoid the "well."

No man could have been better disposed to pay respectful attention to the proverb than our Englishman. It was his first appearance upon a shaking bog, and perhaps the dangers were somewhat magnified in his eyes. He remembered to have seen, in the Dublin Museum, the body of a man dressed in a hair shirt, which had been extracted from some such place as this, after lying there for centuries in his uncomfortable guernsey. He imagined the company that might be still below, and the possibility of his dropping in amongst them. He mooted the case of

being himself an occupant of some museum in a far-off century, and wondered if his fit-out would be ascribed to Stulz or Moses. He thought of Shane O'Neile and his luxurious habits, and hesitating a moment at a bit of suspicious green before him, saw the horizon gradually rising round him, and the black water rushing through the carpet with a gasping sound. Somehow, in the confusion, his heavy-nailed boots got entangled in the wiry herbage, and in the effort to pull them out, he got deeper and deeper. The guide was nowhere to be seen—hidden, perhaps, behind the "swell," or (not impossibly) foundered herself. But help was nearer than he thought. Running rather than walking, or perhaps with a motion most like skating, was seen the dishevelled form of Mrs. Rooney, her cloak flying in the wind, her hair adrift, her arms thrown upwards, and screaming, in the extremity of excitement:

"Stamp! yer sowl! if ye wish for life! Drag out yer legs and hurry. This way—any way—stamp through it—oncet ye go through ye'r gone."

The fowler was not slow to profit by the hint, reassured as he was by the presence of the guide. It required but an effort; though where to tread was a matter of chance, since the oozing water had covered all the neighbouring surface. Onward skated Mrs. Rooney, unencumbered and light of foot; the waves grew less and less, and in a few minutes she paused upon a firmer surface, to wait the coming up of her companion.

The first thought of the latter, on escaping, was to register a vow against shaking bogs generally, this one in particular; and passing a resolution to the effect, that when he ventured next upon any bog at all, it should be by broad daylight.

"But where's the lough?"

"Faith, yer honour, I believe we'll be there directly; hurry this away," said she, striking off at a right angle. "Sure we wouldn't miss it?"

The stranger began to entertain some doubts upon

that point, and even of his guide. It was clear, either that she had missed her way, or that the lough was a mere creature of the brain, invented by this respectable couple to lure him into the adventure, with a view to securing the small gratuity he might give them for their trouble. When, however, he heard the repeated ejaculations of surprise and anxiety, not unmixed with terror, which escaped from his companion, and saw the pace at which she led, requiring his utmost exertion to keep up with her, he dismissed such unworthy suspicions.

At last Mrs. Rooney stopped. “Faix, I believe this is it,” said she, with an air of doubt; “anyhow, if it isn’t we’ve missed it!”

“This!—what! this piece of water, about as large as a good-sized blanket!”

“Faith, there do be a grate deal of fowl here mostly.”

“You can’t mean that they come to such a place as this?”

“Faith, they do so. Sure if yer honour was to take a sate on the dhry part, maybe ye’d get a duck.”

Although exceedingly annoyed at the total failure of the expedition, it was impossible to help laughing at the coolness of this proposition.

“And so you would leave me sitting up here, waiting for the ducks, while you go comfortably home?”

“Faith, I wouldn’t go home by meself—sorrow fut. Ye tazed me to come, and sure I must stay wid ye, short or long. Ah, why did ye taze me to come?” said she, giving way to her fears, and putting a fragment of her drapery to her eyes. “Sure I thought I’d repint it.”

Things certainly looked unpromising. The night had fairly set in, and the wild fowl, if ever they did come there at the evening flight, which was extremely doubtful, had assuredly been scared away and gone elsewhere. There seemed but one course to pursue—to return to Mr. Rooney’s house with all speed, to abuse that respectable personage, to doubt him and his on all future occasions,



and to cherish the remembrance of the adventure as a valuable piece of experience in Irish character.

But how to recross the shaking bog? Mrs. Rooney admitted it to be impossible: and here was discovered the cause of her anxiety; for, in making a *détour*, they must pass over the scene of Mick Doolan's murder,—in her opinion a spot much more to be dreaded than the most dangerous shaking bog in the land.

It was such a night as Burns might have said "the devil would take the air in." The rain began to pelt in large drops against them, and the low, ragged scud, seemed only just to clear their heads.

As they approached the fatal spot where Doolan had fallen, Mrs. Rooney's terror increased. She took especial care to keep the Englishman between her and the hollow, and gradually came closer and closer to his side. Yet with an unaccountable curiosity she continued to look out, now before, then behind him, in the dreaded direction. At first she took him by a pinch of the sleeve, then she had him by the pocket; till at length, as her scruples gave way to terror, she fairly took his arm and held it tightly with both her own.

The fowler, who was not without some sense of the ludicrous, could not fail to see the extreme absurdity of his situation. Here was he on a wild bog, in a dark stormy night, with a terrified woman hanging on his arm, and almost preventing his moving by her dodging about to look out for a ghost. He thought of the fair arms that had hung upon the place now heavily occupied by Mrs. Rooney, and contrasting the difference of the circumstances, began to extract amusement from the inconvenience. He contrasted in his mind's eye the splendid dresses of the Castle drawing-rooms with the sailcloth gown of his present companion, and the spotless *chaussures* of the one scene with the black stockings which Mrs. Rooney had found in the bog. In a spirit of buffoonery, to which he was no stranger, he imagined himself in some brilliant ball-room,



and assuming such a mincing step as the nature of the surface admitted of, with an air conforming, proceeded to address his companion with some of those *fade* gallantries which he had known to pass current on the like occasions. Now he was promenading with her in the intervals of the dances, then whispering soft things in a corner. Presently he took her down to supper, and spread before her a repast that the Barmecide would have delighted to feign.

To these polite attentions the poor woman, mystified by terror, and perhaps doubting the sanity of her companion, answered by such phrases as "Whisht!"—"Lord save us!"—"Will ye whisht, if ye plaze?" And such answers, together with her unmistakeable earnestness of terror, gave a zest to this absurd hilarity.

"Do take some more champagne?"

"Ah, will ye whisht? it's a shame for ye!"

"Try a jelly!"

"Ah, can't ye stop?"

"How divine was that last waltz of Strauss! We seemed to float in bliss! I never saw you look so divine! Pull a cracker!"

"Whisht, for the love of God!" said the poor woman, almost beside herself, and speaking close to her companion's face in a tremulous whisper: "It's down beyant there, in the hollow, it was done! Ah!" cried she, with a shriek, "what's that?"

She trembled so violently, he was obliged to hold her arm to prevent her falling.

"I'll be upon my oath," she said, very earnestly, "I saw something moving there to the right, by the clear sky under the dark cloud. I'll swear," she cried, with increased earnestness, "if I was to die this minute, I saw the figure of a man; *and I know who it is!* Ah! why did ye taze me to come?"

The fowler looked towards the spot indicated, but could see nothing. The wind had now risen to a gale, and the darkness had increased to such a degree, that no object, however near, could be seen except against the clearest

part of the sky. He gave the poor woman credit for a lively imagination, and set down the appearance which had terrified her so much as a phantom conjured up by terror, knowing that they were in the act of traversing the scene of a horrible murder, and that popular superstition had peopled it with a spectre. The increased roaring of the gale almost prevented conversation, though Mrs. Rooney walked as close as might be to her protector, and still obstinately kept a look-out in the dreaded direction.

Perhaps the Englishman began to think that the poor woman's fears were becoming too serious for jesting, for he ceased the bantering tone of his talk, and, when the wind and rain permitted, bestowed upon her such small store of comfort as he was able to call up on the occasion. But while he was thus trying to rally her out of her fears she seized him violently by the coat, and pointing with her other hand across his body, exclaimed,—

“There!—there!—there! Do you see it now?—do you see it now? Ah! why did you taze me to come?”

The fowler did look; and certainly some object was moving in the direction pointed to, but was only visible now and then as it appeared above the horizon. He called aloud, but no answer was returned; perhaps the roaring wind may have rendered the question or the answer inaudible.

Without giving way to the superstitious fears of his companion, the Englishman felt that there was something very suspicious in being dogged in this way, for he had now no doubt whatever of the reality of the first appearance which Mrs. Rooney had noticed, but with a loaded double gun he felt pretty secure from any open attack. Still he thought it right to keep a sharp look-out upon his flanks and rear, and cocked both barrels in case of the worst.

They had proceeded but a short distance when Mrs. Rooney screamed again, and directly to their right there was, at the distance of a few paces only, a tall figure standing motionless. There could be no mistake this time, and the Englishman demanded in a loud voice who

it was; when the figure gradually began to sink into the bog apparently, slowly at first, then more rapidly, till it entirely disappeared. The Englishman knelt down as it descended to watch it against the sky, and saw it fairly sink into the ground, not rapidly, like a man plunging by a false step into the bog, but with an equal and steady motion,

It it was level with the surface. While he was rising from his knee, the attention of both was even more powerfully arrested than before, by seeing a sort of ball raise itself slowly from the surface of the bog to the height of six feet or so; and there, without any apparent support, become stationary.

"It's his head!" shrieked Mrs. Rooney, catching the fowler round the waist, and trying to hide her face under his arm. "Ah! why did you taze me to come?"

It was indeed, extraordinary, and, it may as well be confessed, alarming. It *was* a head! He could have sworn to it.

"Holy Father!" cried the poor woman, sinking on her knees, and covering her face; "Holy Father! I see his eyes! It's Mick Doolan's head! I know him!"

The fowler looked at the suspended head, and felt a weight of cold clay at his breast. He saw, as far as he could believe his eyes, and in spite of every effort of reason to banish the idea, a human head standing bodiless and without support against the sky. He strained his eyes in silent horror, when suddenly, to his excited sense, the head seemed to grow larger, and began to advance with a steady motion towards his own face. It was too much; and with an unaccountable desperation he rudely shook off Mrs. Rooney, who was clinging to his knees, and fired a barrel at the advancing object, which instantly fell. No sooner was the shot fired than there was heard a peculiar tone, a sort of whine, and ending in what seemed a low mocking laugh, scarcely audible.

But what was become of the lady? She was lying motionless on the bog: she had fainted. Here was an embarrassing situation! The Englishman's first care was

to recover the unfortunate woman, which after a plentiful application of water and mud, he effected; and having loaded again, left her sitting up half stupified, while he went towards the spot where the extraordinary appearances had shown themselves. Here he walked about in every direction, called aloud, but no answer was returned; neither were there any signs of Mick Doolan or his head.

Whilst occupied in this way, the fowler's attention was drawn to a plashing noise in the direction of the place he had left, and he instantly became aware that Mrs. Rooney had decamped, and, "winged with terror," was making her way across the bog with astonishing speed.

To lose her would be to be lost indeed! He called after her, but it seemed to have the effect of increasing her exertions to get away. In an instant the thought flashed through his mind, how persons lost in such places were prone to wander about in circles without a hope of escape, and that such a way of passing the lingering winter's night would be extremely unpleasant, setting out of the question the company of the headless Doolan. He pictured to himself how in his wanderings he might come again upon the shaking bog, and totally unable,

"Through the palpable obscure, to find  
His uncouth way,"

should, without doubt, there perish miserably. His imagination, wrought up to a painful state of excitement, pictured to him the scene of the horrible murder and its circumstances;—the scuffle, the shrieks, the very sound of the heavy blows, the fall, the savage exultation of the murderers, and the groans of the dying man, mixed with the grating of the rough knife used in the savage act of decapitation. All this he saw in detail, yet at a glance and in an instant of time; and a cold and creeping tremour passed over his flesh. He was by no means superstitious, but he felt that the objects he had seen were not of this world. He had actually watched the figure of a man as it



slowly sank into the earth, and a head rise from the spot where the body disappeared, and sustain itself unsupported in the air! Nay, he had seen the features of the face, in his heated fancy; and Mrs. Rooney, who knew the murdered man, had recognised him, and proclaimed aloud that she did so. If the object he had fired at had been of flesh and blood, it must have been struck and killed at such a distance; but supposing it to be missed, the body of a living man could scarcely have escaped the search, or retired without noise. He might, perhaps, have been ashamed to say that he gave way to superstitious terror, but he felt almost persuaded that the spiritual trunk of Doolan was before him, while the “mopping and mowing” head was manœuvring to turn his flanks and attack him in the rear. In a word, he felt a sensation which few people care to acknowledge; but certainly his predominant feeling was an anxiety to quit that “blasted heath;” and that he might affect that purpose, it was absolutely necessary that he should catch Mrs. Rooney.

She was already at a considerable distance, as could be inferred from the faint noise of her passage, but the fowler started with a good-will and strained every sinew in the chase. Sometimes he evidently gained upon her, for she was floundering close in his front, but some untoward plunge into the mud would cause him to lose ground again. But it was a sort of life-and-death chase, and he dashed forward, hallooing and entreating her to wait till he came up, but all in vain: his shouting rather increased her speed, as doubtless suggesting to her terrified senses that she had some demon at her heels.

Accident favoured the pursuer at last. Just as he began to despair of overtaking the fair fugitive, a lull of the wind enabled him to hear a low moaning close before him, and there was Mrs. Rooney up to her arm-pits in a hare-hole (a pitfall dug in the runs of those animals), and from which she was vainly trying to extricate herself. So confused and terrified was the poor woman, that she screamed and struggled still more when she was ap-



proached, and made astonishing efforts to escape from the pitfall, which, however, is cut away on all sides as it descends, to take from the poor animal any chance of a purchase in endeavouring to raise himself out of the water.'

Having caught his game, the fowler was secure of not remaining all night upon the bog; and he trusted that, if left to herself for a short time, Mrs. Rooney would learn to distinguish between him and the ghost.

Seating himself, therefore, on the turf, he calmly allowed her to struggle, throwing out a remark occasionally upon the extreme folly of plashing in the water when, by accepting a little assistance, she might be so easily extricated from her difficulties. The event justified his expectations; and after much pulling and hauling, several relapses into the pitfall—for she was a compact and rather heavy figure—Mrs. Rooney was dragged up completely exhausted, and in a condition that might be guessed at, but, fortunately, could not be seen.

After a little rest, and a sup from the whisky-flask, which did wonders, the pair proceeded on their way; and after various flounderings in deep holes—numberless falls amongst the small turf-stacks set up to-day, arrived at Larry Rooney's cottage at last.

The master had not yet returned, so, administering another drop of cordial to the lady, the sportsman plodded his solitary way homeward.

It is not easy to paint the astonishment with which he was received in the well-lighted dining-room, or the roar of laughter that succeeded when his friends recognised him. A looking-glass was speedily produced, and certainly a more grotesque object could scarcely have been seen, coated as he was from head to foot with bog mud, and not only his face, but everything about him of a deep black.

He must have been a man indeed devoid of curiosity, who had not felt curious to clear up the mysteries which hung upon this night's adventure. At an early hour next

morning our Englishman was on his way to Larry Rooney's cottage. The worthy couple were at home, but there was an air of reserve and sheepishness about them which he could by no means account for. The woman blushed and pouted, and Larry was fidgetty. He, however, took his seat by the fire, and trusted that a little time would bring matters to light: he also brought out his whisky-flask, which had done such wonders the night before, and insisted upon "glasses round." Larry soon began to thaw.

"Bedad, Captain, that was a great shot ye made at the hat!"

"Hat! what hat?"

"Och! murther! ye thought it was Mick Doolan's head ye were fowling; but *here's the head!*" So saying, he produced a hat pretty considerably riddled with No. 3.

A little cross-questioning drew out the whole truth. Larry, it appeared, despairing of the appointment being kept in such weather, crossed the bog to see a farmer on some business on the other side. On his way back, he thought it as well to make a cast towards the lough, in case his guest should have come after all. He had nearly overtaken the pair just as they started on the way homeward, and being struck with the jocose tone of the conversation, certain misgivings crossed his mind; the foolish fellow became jealous, and resorted to the dangerous experiment of watching his wife. Relying upon the darkness, he kept parallel to them in a stooping posture, and it was only when passing a part of the sky brighter than the rest, or fancying himself safe in the distance, that he ventured to stand upright, when his presence became revealed. On these occasions he had sunk down on the bog; and in the last instance, having incautiously approached very near, he calculated rightly upon frightening his wife at least, by raising his hat upon the long slender stick he carried, when it was mistaken, as he rightly conjectured it would be, for Mick Doolan's head suspended in the air.

Mrs. Rooney was naturally a little put out at her husband's unjust suspicions, hence the passing cloud upon her comely face; and the flight-shooter felt that his share in the adventure, if not of consequence enough to "point a moral," would assuredly "adorn a tale" if it became known; so he thought it prudent to bestow a small amount of hush-money upon Larry, under the name of remuneration for the old hat, with some sage advice touching unworthy suspicions and too practical experiments on the nervous system.

"Well, faith," said Larry, at last, in his usual cheery tone, "I believe yer honour's right; but when I heered ye talk of yer bliss and yer crackers, the divle a bit of me knew what to make of it all!"

## POTATOES.

THERE is no kind of food, however savoury or delicious, which an Irish peasant will choose in preference to plain boiled potatoes. This is a "great fact" in taste. No doubt he might be brought in time to munch without making faces a "*Sauté de filets de Volaille à l'Ambassadeur*," or even to get through without wincing "*le Buisson d'Ecrevisses pagodatique, au vin de Champagne à la Sampayo*," but at the first offer he will prefer the potatoes. Shade of Charles Lamb! will you believe that the delicate flesh of a young roasting pig is among their antipathies? No wonder, then, that a marine delicacy of mine own cooking should have been rejected.

Sailing in a little yacht on the south-eastern coast of Ireland, and having with me a young fisherman from Youghal, a sudden north-west gale arose and blew us off the coast. For some hours it was impossible to carry sail at all, so violent were the squalls that came off that iron-bound coast; and there seemed every probability of our bringing up somewhere on the Welsh coast should the gale continue, and our boat weather the short, heavy seas, which rose higher and more dangerous as we left the land. Fortunately towards evening the wind lulled, and we were able, under a close-reefed mainsail, to stagger back

towards the coast, shaping our course with many weary tacks for Ardmore Bay, at the rocky, southern side of which we arrived in thick darkness, the black outline of the cliffs being only recognised against the equally black sky by their immovable position amongst the driving clouds. Relying upon the conning of the trusty Mike, we stood into the bay, and finally dropped anchor abreast of the village and under shelter of the cliffs. Of food we had a lump of hard mouldy bread, left forgotten from some former trip; but there was a keg of fresh water, a cooking apparatus, and good store of sea-birds killed before the gale came on.

To make a fire, skin and prepare the birds for stewing, we busily addressed ourselves. And let not the fastidious reader imagine that such a mess is a mere unpalatable make-shift: sea-birds produce a rich and savoury soup, little, if at all, inferior to hare soup, especially if after skinning they are allowed to soak for some hours in cold water.

Each time that the lid of our kettle was removed arose a more grateful fragrance from the simmering fluid, till about midnight a supper was ready that an alderman might not have disdained, let alone two hungry men fasting since an early breakfast, and who had been working hard in the wet for nine or ten hours. As president of the mess, I made an equitable division of the fare, and handing Michael his portion, fell furiously upon the Guillemot soup. Anything more exquisite to my taste on that occasion I never encountered, but behold! the trusty Mike stirred not, neither did he lift up his spoon. He would not touch it!

“Faith, I never see any one ate them things at all!”

“But you have nothing else, man, except that mouldy crust!”

“Faith, I wouldn’t ate it at all!”

“Is it fast day?”

“No.”

“Come, nonsense! try a puffin—or this cormorant



you'll find exceedingly juicy and tender. No? Perhaps you are not hungry?"

"Faith, it's meself that is, then. Sorrow bit I had to-day!"

"Would you like a kettle-full of Connaught lumpers well boiled?"

"Be my sowl I would!" (With much energy.)

"Suffering from the heat with their coats unbuttoned?"

"Just so!"

"But as you haven't got the praties, try a bit of willock?"

"Ogh! I wouldn't taste it all! I'd be sick!"

So he munched in preference the mouldy bread. But I have to record another peculiarity in the trusty Michael's taste.

The next morning a boat came off and took us ashore, and we steered at once for the best cabin in the place (bad enough though it was), but bearing on the white-washed wall the encouraging hieroglyphic of a bottle and glass, and above the doorway this inscription, contrived ingeniously to fit the space, and reading somewhat like a rude rhyme:—

BEAMISH and CRAWFORD'S PO  
RTER Licensed for SPIRITS and to  
BACCO.

Here the Saxon called for eggs and bacon—it is unnecessary to mention the order of the Celt. But the bacon was not to be procured in the village, and a boy dispatched to a house "convanient," did not return till the Celtic breakfast was heaped upon the board. In vain did the Saxon call upon him to stop—to pause—not to throw away so glorious an appetite upon a peck of tubers—at least to keep a corner for the bacon. But Mike was mounted on an irresistible hobby, and, like the Lady Baussière, he "rode on."

"Well, hold hard before you go into your second peck—see, here's a rasher ready!"

“No !”

“What ! you don’t like bacon ?”

“Faith, I dunnow !”

“Not know if you like bacon ?”

“Sure, I never tasted the like !”

He had never tasted bacon ! He, an Irishman, of the age of twenty—who had been brought up with pigs from earliest infancy—whose ears, probably, received a grunt before all other sounds—whose infant head had been pillowed upon living chitterlings, and whose earliest plaything was souse—who had bestridden chins and griskins before he could walk, and toddled through boyhood with pettitoes—nay, who could not at the present hour, when at home, put forth hand or foot without touching ham or flitch ;—and yet he had never tasted bacon, nor wished to taste it !

Poor creatures ! no wonder we can do nothing for them. What hope is there for a man who, half starved, will yet dine upon a boiled potato—nay, go without even that rather than try a new dish ?—who will sell a young pig weighing ten pounds for tenpence to lay out in potatoes, in preference to eating the pig ?”

The universal example of the higher ranks throughout Ireland has gone to diffuse a love of sporting and a hatred of work. The younger brother will drag on his shabby life at the family domain, rather than make an effort to be independent by means of a profession ; and as for a trade, he would call out the man who suggested such a degradation. The shopkeeper, as much as he can, shuffles out of the business and leaves it to his wife, while he is either indulging his half-tipsy grandeur in the back parlour, or out with the hounds. The farmer, even in harvest-time, will leave the loaded car—throw aside the business of the day—to follow the “hoont,” if the hounds come in the neighbourhood. Even a shooting sportsman is sufficient to attract them : they follow the example set them by their betters, and have had no other.

Of course they will attend monster meetings, and listen

with delight to an orator who addresses them as the finest peasantry in the world, condemned by Saxon misrule to hereditary bondage ; who calls their country

“ The first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea ; ”

who offers to procure them, on the easiest conditions, “ JUSTICE FOR IRELAND ”—a phrase which, in the minds of the audience, means what each most desires—a good farm, easy rents, dear selling and cheap buying—and all to be had by repeal ! Then “ Hurrah for Repeal ! ” of course. How can they refuse to go heart and hand with a gentleman who promises all this—cracks his jokes with a jolly, good-humoured face—praises Irish beauty and boasts of the power of Irish limbs—irresistible in cajolery and matchless in abuse—never confuted, or even questioned, except by some “ Gutter Commissioner,” who, if he was not kicked out of the country, deserved to be ?

I am far from presuming to suggest a remedy for Irish disorders ; but I am convinced that a stronger power than that afforded by our present laws is required in so desperate a case. To wait till the age of reason dawns upon a people, whose besotted ignorance is such that you cannot make them understand what is best for them, or that you are trying to benefit them, is hopeless ; who have a native cunning and aptitude to defeat your schemes ; who have no sense of independence or shame of beggary ; and (which is the worst feature in the case), they are upheld in their opposition to all improvement by those in whom all their confidence is placed, who teach them that England is their great and grinding oppressor, from whom spring all their wrongs and all their misery. This is rung in their ears by all whom they are taught to look up to ; their journalists, their poets, their patriots, their priests, have all the same cry :

“ On our side is virtue and Erin—  
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.”

This is the never-ending burden of all the speeches

and all the writings addressed to the Irish people. It is in vain you feed and clothe them, pay them to make their own roads, drain their own bogs, nay, sow their own land. It is quite sufficient to render the boon distrusted, when it is associated with "the Saxon and guilt!" But still the lesson is, Get all you can, take every advantage, still cry for more, hate the giver, but take the gift, "cram and blaspheme your feeder."

Education may do something; but when you have taught them to read, *will they be allowed to read?* Did anybody ever see an Irish peasant reading in his cabin?—and yet education is very general. The great difficulty is to teach them to think. This once attained, they will gradually shake off their "old men of the sea."

In the meantime, our law-tinkers may meddle with their system of tenure, their poor, and their relation of landlord and tenant; for it will be hard to put them into any position more deplorable than that in which they are now.

# IRISH HISTORY.

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## CHAPTER I.

Antiquity of Irish origin—Their three kings at the conquest—St. Patrick—Brehon law—Paying—Eric—Monster meetings—"Ireland and the Irish"—Troops—O'Connell's quotations—1641—State of the country in the sixteenth century—Lawyers and clergy—Irish innocence—English crimes—Irish mercy and love of justice—Despair of authors.

THE Irish have a commendable pride in tracing their history up to a very remote antiquity; and in this respect are, perhaps, second only to the Welsh. Mr. Moore, indeed, has the modesty to commence his book at only a thousand years before Christ; but as great men were living long prior to that era, whose lives and times may not be familiar to the general reader, I will take the liberty of introducing him to such as strike me to be the most remarkable; and conclude this little book with such bits, taken here and there from the old chronicles, as I may think illustrative of the national character and manners at various periods, and likely to afford amusement to such kind readers as have gone with me so far. And I will anticipate the cavils of such as may complain that this touch-and-go system is unworthy of the gravity of history, by reminding them that this is a book of



"Scraps and Sketches," without form or method, and written for *Jean qui rit*, not *Jean qui pleure*.

In carrying out this design, I must endeavour to touch as little as may be upon sore places; for though history may be falsified to blacken the English character, the truth must be kept back, if it tell against the Irish.

"It is the nature of the Irishman," says Holinshed, "that albeit he keepeth faith for the most part with no bodie, yet will he have no man to break with him."

It is considered quite fair to talk of the "bloody Saxon," but not a word of Irish mid-day murders and midnight burnings. The ladies of England are, to a woman, no better than they should be; but no "Times Commissioner" shall dare to criticise even a feature here. English landlords and English companies, however prosperous their tenantry may be, are grasping and grinding, if you please, but not a word of Cahirciveen! and touch Derrynane Beg, if you dare! We were a great and glorious nation, till we fell under Saxon misrule. You may believe those who tell you that we held synods, and sent forth learned men; but not that our people were sunk in utter barbarism, and only bent upon cutting each other's throats. You may say that our kings built monasteries, but not of mud; that they lived in palaces, but not with dunghills at the doors; that they were brave and warlike, but not that they bit off their enemies' noses, or rooted out their brother's eyes; and, whether we can prove it or not, you *shall* say that our ancestors wore breeches as well as bracelets.

The first great attempt to colonise Ireland—for I hold all previous accounts to be fabulous—was made by Noah's niece, "one Cesara (or Cesarea, for they are very particular), who, when others neglected her uncle's warning of the coming deluge, 'rigged a navy,' committing herself, with her adherents, to the seas, to seek adventures, and to avoid the plagues that were to fall. There arrived in Ireland with her three men—Bithi, Laigria, and Fintan, and fifty women."

Considering the sex of the person who planned this expedition, the company seems an ill-chosen one; and there is, besides, a shadow of scandal cast upon the commodore, which we hope is the translator's doing: they are, however, unfortunately caught in the flood within forty days of their arrival, and all drowned but Fintan, who was transformed into a salmon, and "swoome all the time of the Deluge about Ulster; and after the fall of the water, recovering his former shape, lived longer than Adam, and delivered strange things to the posterity; so that of him the common speech riseth, 'If I had lived Fintan's yeeres, I could say much.'"<sup>\*</sup>

From this submarine historian, we come to the "Plantation of Bartholanus," one of the giants, who kept possession of the land from "two thousand three hundred and thirty-three for many yeares, without foreign invasion."

But even in those days there was a cry of "misrule." "They began," says Campion, "to kicke at their governours," "and in all that space their mindes not being set upon any goodnesse, but altogether upon mischiefe, they made no good lawes, framed no commonwealth, they obeyed no magistrate, but fell at variance amongst themselves, measuring things by might [no wonder], and seditiously vexed each other."

It is, therefore, from these turbulent giants that we must trace much of the hot blood of their descendants. One of them, Ruanus, the personal friend of St. Patrick, deserves some mention.

"He, from time to time, kept true record of their histories, else utterly done away by sundrie casualties of death, warre, spoile, fire, foreigne victories, and he (forsooth) continued till the yeere of Christ 430, and told St. Patrick all the newes of the country, requiring of him to be baptised, and so died, when he had lived no more but two thousand and forty-one yeares."<sup>†</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> Hanmer, p. 5.

<sup>†</sup> Champion's "History of Ireland," p. 34.

A stupendous newsmonger, indeed! and fortunate, when having the gossip of twenty centuries to relate, in finding a listener with the patience of a saint. We may sympathise with Campion in the regret, that this chatty giant did not live a few thousand years longer.

"Had it been my chaunce," says he, "in Ireland, to meete and conferre with this noble antiquarie, hee might have eased me of much trouble."

One more notice of him. He had taken refuge in a cave, to avoid a pestilence caused by the stench of dead giants, and from whence he was driven by hunger. This is the way in which he seeks a change of air:

"So hungry was hee, that everything was meate that came to his mouth—hee, covering his face with mosse and grasse, fled to the furthest parts of the land into the winde, to avoid the infection; and so, having taken advantage of the ayre, escaped death."\*

The spectacle of a giant, at his time of life, "flying into the winde," with a respirator of moss and grass, must have been a remarkable sight.

"In the necke of these troubles, came over a new army, under Roderick, a Red-shank of Scythia; . . . a people from their cradle dissentious; landleapers, mercilesse, soure, and hardy." "The Britains also put in a foot; then the Egyptians, the Picts; and lastly came the Spaniards and the Milesian kings. Of a hundred and seventy-one of these illustrious monarchs, only forty-one died natural deaths; Arthur the Melancholy having given the Welsh the unnecessary trouble of putting him to death.

These were the days of Ireland's ancient grandeur, though an "alien" might find it difficult to reconcile its flourishing state with such perpetual throat-cutting. Mr. Moore even acknowledges the difficulty.

"Nor can any one," says he, "who follows the dark and turbid course of our ancient history . . . suppose,

\* Hanmer's "History of Ireland," p. 4.

for an instant, that any high degree of general civilization could co-exist with habits and practices so utterly subversive of all the elements of civilised life."

But, notwithstanding, we subsequently come to such a lament as this, on occasion of their being about to relinquish their ancient glories, and fall under Saxon "misrule:"

"How melancholy was the pride of this now-doomed people, in thus calling up around them the forms and recollections of ancient grandeur, at the very moment when even their existence, as an independent nation, was about to be extinguished for ever."\*

Let us see the sort of government they exchanged for "Saxon misrule."

"The three last contemporary monarchs of Ireland were Murtagh O'Loughlin, King of Ulster; Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught; and Dermot Mac Morough, King of Leinster. Of the first it is recorded, that having treacherously seized upon another King (Eachad) and put out his eyes, having previously sworn friendship to him on the crozier of St. Patrick, and committed other enormities, an army is sent against him, and he is defeated and killed. He was," says Mr. Moore, "a munificent friend to the church."

Roderick O'Connor the Second, having been kept in chains for a year by his father to curb his wild ways, no sooner took possession of the throne of Connaught than he caused the eyes of his two brothers to be put out; and "combining with this ferocity a total want of the chivalrous spirit which alone adds grace to mere valour," he causes a chieftain to be loaded with fetters, and kills him with own hand.

"But Dermot Mac Morough, King of Leinster, is the most important personage of these three kings, as having invited the English when he had been driven from his kingdom by O'Ruarc, whose wife he had carried away.

\* Moore, vol. II, p. 198.

In the year 1140, he had treacherously seized seventeen of the principal nobles of Leinster, some of whom he put to death, and plucked out the eyes of the rest. He also was a munificent friend to the church, and founder of several religious houses.”\*

“The most graphic scene in the history of this monarch is on occasion of a victory in Ossory, where he is accompanied by his English allies, by whose onset of cavalry the enemy were overpowered and beaten down.

The native infantry of the King then rushing upon them with their long battleaxes, cut off their heads. After the battle, three hundred of these heads were laid, as a trophy, at the feet of Dermot; who, turning them over, leaped with delight as he recognised the different faces; and then, holding up his hands, shouted aloud thanksgiving to God. It is likewise added, though hardly to be credited, that perceiving in the midst of this frightful heap the head of a man whom alive he had mortally hated, the barbarian seized it by both ears, and lifting it to his mouth, ferociously bit off the nose and lips.”†

Any one who has witnessed an Irish faction-fight, will have this scene vividly before him. He will see the excited monarch flourishing his weapon aloft, and giving vent to his passion in a mad-stamping caper. He will fancy the “whoop!” and the “hooroo!” and the savage darting at the prostrate victim. He has only to go to an Irish fair to see something very like this scene at the present day.

“ ’Tis from high life high characters are drawn.”

If such were the Irish kings, what must have been the common people? These were the kings they exchanged for Henry II.

Some advantages they certainly had under a change of masters; their eyes would not be rooted out, neither

\* Moore’s “History of Ireland,” vol. II, p. 202.

Ibid. p. 217.



would the English monarchs (except metaphorically) snap off their noses.

We hear much of the palaces of Tara and Emania—"the halls of our ancestors;" and this is Sir William Petty's opinion of them:—

"There is at this day [17th century] no monument or real argument that, when the Irish were first invaded, they had any stone housing at all; any money, any foreign trade; nor any learning but the legends of the saints, psalters, missals, rituals; nor geometry, astronomy, anatomy, architecture, engineery, painting, carving; nor any kind of manufacture, nor the least use of navigation, or the art military."\*

This last, considering their constant practice, is the most unaccountable deficiency.

Let us take a picture of the "bloody Saxon," who came to oppress these Irish innocents, Fitz Stephen, having with him for an army to conquer all Ireland. "thirty knights, sixty men in coats of mail, and three hundred of the most skilful archers of South Wales."

"The townsmen (of Wexford), a fierce and wilful people (to the number of two thousand), sally forth with full purpose to give them battaile in the field; but when they heard the trumpets sound, the horses neighing, and beheld their glittering armes, the rattling of their furniture, horse and men in complete armes, and all most comely in battaile array (the like of them not formerly seene, neither heard of); they alter their mindes, they retire into the town: they make fast their gates, and fire the suburbs."†

Mr. Moore does ample justice to the knightly bearing of the chiefs who conducted this famous invasion, and the immense superiority of the troops it is unnecessary to notice.

The famous palaces of Tara and Emania are acknow

\* Sir William Petty's "Rebellion in Ireland," p. 26.

† Hanmer, vol. II, p. 226.

ledged to have been built of wood. Ware tells us that, when Roderick O'Connor built a stone house at Tuam in 1161, "it was a thing so new and uncommon, that it became famous among the Irish at that time, by the name of 'the Wonderful Castle.'"\*

The residences of their chiefs had the dung-hills at their doors, as the cabins have now; and were, Mr. Moore says, "constructed of earth and hurdles." Their "cities were of mud and thatch." Even so late as the 16th century the houses in Dublin were thatched; as we find that Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, in attacking the Castle of Dublin, was forced to retire by the thatched houses in Ship Street taking fire; and the churches built by St. Patrick were of wattles and mud.

People of strange contradictions! While their princes were breechless, and lived with dunghills at their doors, they wore necklaces of gold, and kept a family harper. St. Patrick drove up to his mud edifice in his own chariot. Kings who rooted out eyes, bit off noses, slaughtered, burnt, ravished, and perjured themselves, founded monasteries, and were munificent friends to the church; and while the people were wallowing in every moral and physical filth, their learned men were corresponding with Charlemagne about the solar eclipse!

It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that St. Patrick's coachman is the only martyr on record who, in "the course of this peaceful crusade in Ireland, fell a victim by the hands of an Irishman." This he did to save his master's life. Hearing of a conspiracy to waylay them on a journey, the honest fellow persuaded the saint to take the ribands, while he occupied his master's place, and so fell a sacrifice to the murderers.

Much obloquy is cast upon the English Government for not having introduced the English law into Ireland; and Sir John Davies, Attorney-General in Ireland to James I., is quoted to prove that the people desired it.

\* "Antiquities of Ireland," vol. II, p. 181.

But, however they may have done so, the chiefs opposed it, as finding the old Irish law more profitable. They had a direct interest in encouraging murder and theft, as they shared with the judge and the friends of the murdered man the fine levied on the murderer: and the same in all other cases of felony. Under such circumstances, it was not likely that a prisoner would be acquitted. By the Brehon law, "murder, manslaughter, rape, and robbery," were punished by a fine, which was adjudged by the Lord Brehon, "who adjudgeth, for the most part, a better share unto his (the murderer's) lord; that is, the lord of the soyle, or the head of that septe, and also unto himself, for his judgement, a greater portion than unto the plaintiffes or parties grieved."\*

No wonder they encouraged such profitable crimes, and were opposed to the introduction of laws which would have diminished their revenues.

This was their simple court of justice.

"The Breighoon (so they call this kind of lawyer) sitteth him down on a banke, the lords and gentlemen at variance round about him, and then they proceed."†

These sittings *in banco* had two decided advantages: they were not likely to be very protracted in a moist climate; and they had only one lawyer in the court. This is the kind of justice they had under the Brehon law. "Inferior persons could have no right against the lord of the cuntre, for the judge wolde give no judgement against the lord of the cuntre, but by his awne assent.‡

Juries and witnesses, it appears, were not more to be relied upon three hundred years ago than now.

"*Eudoxus*.—But doth many of that people (say you) make no more conscience to perjure themselves in their verdicts, and damne their soules?

\* Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland," p. 7.

† Campion's "History of Ireland," p. 26.

‡ Cusacke to the Council in England. State Papers, 347.

*"Irenæus.*—Not only in their verdicts, but also in all other their dealings, especially with the English, they are most wilfully bent: for though they will not seeme manifestly to doe it, yet will some one or other subtle-headed fellow amongst them put some quirke or devise, some evasion whereof the rest will likely take hold and suffer themselves to be led by him to that themselves desired . . . you would wonder whence they borrow such subtiltyes and slye shiftes."\*

They have, unfortunately, never been without these "subtle-headed fellows," and we continue daily to wonder at their "slye shiftes." An Irish judge once tried to expose them, but, as it seems, with little effect.

"Modain M'Tolbain, a judge under Constantine Centimachus, King of Ireland (A.D. 177), wrote a book of Laws called 'Maillbreatha; or, a Collection of Judgments for discovering the Arts of designing Men, who usually set Traps to deceive the ignorant and unwary.' "†

It is much to be wished that one of our spirited publishers would bring out an edition of this at the present crisis.

The price put upon every man's head was called his "erick;" it was his calculated value, to be paid by his murderer to his relations (shared by the chief and the lawyer—the latter, according to Ware, getting the eleventh part), and was probably in many cases the most valuable of his assets. It was a sum of money assured to every one on dying a violent death, and differing from such transactions at the present day in requiring no annual premium. By whom a man's erick was calculated does not appear; but if every one assured himself according to his own estimation, we may in most cases pity the poor murderer who had to pay upon the policy. Some remnant of this custom may be traced to the alleged fact, that still in Ireland every man has his price.

\* Spenser's "State of Ireland," p. 35.

† Ware's "History of the Writers of Ireland," p. 2.

It appears that when the individual murderer could not be discovered, they came upon the county for the payment of the erick.

“When Sir Williams Fitzwilliams (being lord-deputy) told Maguyre that he was to send a sheriffe into Fermanagh, ‘Your sheriffe (said Maguyre) shall be welcome to me, but let me know his *ericke* (or the price of his head) aforehand; that if my people cut it off, I may put the ericke upon the country.’”\*

They had their monster meetings formerly as now.

“There is a great use among the Irish to make great assemblies together upon a rath, or hill, there to parlie (as they say) about matters and wrongs betweene township and township, or one private person and another. But well I wot that in their meetings many mischiefs have been practised and wrought; for to them doe commonlie resort all the scumme of the people, where they may meete and confer of what they list.... besides, at these meetings, I have knowne divers times that many Englishmen and good Irish subjects have been villanously murdered by moving one quarrell or another against them. For the Irish never cometh to these raths but armed, whether on horse or foot; while the English, suspecting nothing, are then commonly taken at advantage like sheepe in the peinfolde.”†

By Mr. O’Connell’s account, all this was entirely the other way. In his veracious history, which, as everybody has read, of course, it may be unnecessary to mention the title of, the benevolent object of the work is thus stated:—

“I am very desirous to have it unequivocally understood (says the author, p. 46), that one great object of mine is to involve the people of England in much—in very much of the guilt of their government. If the English people were not influenced by a bigotry, violent as it is

\* Sir J. Davies’s “Historical Tracts,” p. 135.

† Spenser’s “State of Ireland,” p. 127.



unjust, against the Catholic religion on the one hand, and a strong national antipathy against the Irish people on the other, the government could not have so long persevered in its course of injustice and oppression. The bad passions of the English people, which gave an evil strength to the English government for the oppression of the Irish, still subsist, little diminished and less mitigated."

The best comment upon this will, perhaps, be found in the Reports of the Relief Committees, and one item in the Civil List. For Irish gratitude, we may consult the speeches in Conciliation Hall, the speeches and writings of some of the "Sweet doves of Repeal," and the invoices of provincial gun-smiths. But, in this history, the author has quoted too shortly from his authorities, omitting passages which bear upon his subject: as, for instance, he cites this character of the Irish from Holinshed's "Chronicles":—

"The people are thus inclined; religious, frank, amorous, sufferable of infinite paines, verie glorious, manie sorcerers, excellent horsemen, delighted with wars, great alms-givers, passing in hospitalitie," &c.\*

The "manie sorcerers" probably referred to the political charlatans of those days. Further on he might have discovered a less favourable account:—

"And here you may see the nature and disposition of this wicked, effrenated, barbarous, and vnfaithfull nation, who, (as Cambrensis writeth of them) are a wicked and perverse generation, constant alwaies in that they be alwaies inconstant, faithfull in that they be alwaies unfaithfull, and trustie in that they be alwaies treacherous and vntrustie. They doo nothing but imagine mischeefe, and have no delite in anie good thing. They are alwaies working wickednes against the good and such as be quiet in the land. Their mouths are full of ynrighteousnesse, and their toongs speak nothing but cursednesse. Their

\* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi, p. 67.

feet swift to shed blood, and their hands embued in the blood of innocents. The waies of peace they know not, and in the pathe of righteousness they walke not. God is not knowne in their land, neither is his name called rightlie vpon among them . . . . For such a pervers nature they are of, that they will be no longer honest and obedient than that they cannot be suffered to be rebelles. Such is their stubbornnesse and pride, that with continuall feare it must be brideled . . . . For withdraw the sword and forbear correction, deale with them in courtesie and forbear correction, and entreate them gentlie, if they can take anie advantage they will surelie skip out.”\*

“It is not going too far to say,” says Mr. O’C., “that a people capable of such high and generous attachment to each other and to their duty, ought to rank high in the estimation of good men.” And yet Campion says—

“Covenant and indent with them never so warilie, never so preciselie, yet they have beene founde faithlesse and periured. Where they are joined in colour of surest amitie, there they intend to kill. This ceremonie, reporteth Cambrensis, the parties to be coupled in league meete at church, become God septes, or allies, beare each other on their backe certain paces in a ring, kisse together holy reliques, take blessing of the bishoppe, offer each to other a droppe of their own bloude, and drink it up betweene them; even in the doing hereof, they practise mutuall destruction.”†

Mr. O’C. dwells complacently on their military virtues, and quotes Spenser, as follows:—

“I have heard some great warriors say, that in all the services which they had seen abroad, they never saw a more comelie man than the Irishman, nor that cometh up more bravely to his charge.” No one ever doubted it.

Pity that, according to the same authority, their moral qualities were not conforming:—

\* Holinshed’s “Chronicles,” vol. vi, p. 370

† Campion’s “History of Ireland,” p. 23.

“ The evil and wilde uses which the gallow-glasses and kerne (horse and foot-soldiers) do use in their common trade of life . . . those be the most barbarous and loathly conditions of any people (I thinke) under Heaven: for from the time that they enter into that course, they do use all the beastly behaviour that may be; they oppresse all men, they spoile the subject as the enemy, full of revenge and delighting in deadly execution, licencious, swearers and blasphemers, common ravishers of women, and murderers of children.”\*

And thus they are handled in Holinshed:—

“ Kerne signifieth (as noblemen of deepe judgment informed me) a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rakehells or the divel’s black gard, by reason of the stinking sturre they keepe wheresoever they be.”†

Excepting an expedition into Scotland, the first instance that we have where Irish troops co-operated with English on foreign service is, as far as I am aware of, that of the Prior of Kilmainham, and the force which accompanied him in Henry the Fifth’s celebrated expedition into France, when their eccentric habits and strange manner of warfare appeared to have created some surprise amongst the natives. This is Hall’s account of them:—

“ The Irishmen overcame al the Isle of Fraunce, and did to the Frenchmen dammages innumerable (as these writers affirme,) and brought dayly praies to the English armye. And besides that, they would robbe houses and lay beddes on the backs of the kine, and ride vpon them, and carry yong children before them, and sell them to the Englishmen for slaues; which strange doyngs so feared the Frenchmen within the territory of Paris and the coutry about, that the rude persons fled out of the villages withal their stuffe to the cytie of Paris.”‡

\* Spenser’s “View of the State of Ireland,” vol. i, p. 118; see also p. 132.

† Holinshed’s “Chronicles,” vol. vi, p. 68.

‡ Hall’s “Chronicles,” p. 92.

Their picturesque return from foraging, riding on beds upon the cows' backs, with children before them, may be imagined.

But we have, fortunately, preserved to us a more particular description of a body of Irish troops who accompanied Henry the Eighth to the siege of Boulogne, in 1544. They were mustered previously in St. James's Park, where their costume and general appearance must have afforded quite a treat to the London citizens.

There was some difficulty in raising these men, as the chiefs objected to part with their followers, and the men themselves required a leader in whom they placed confidence. It was no easy matter to find a leader; for the Irish chieftains do not appear to have been capable of taking command of troops in a regular army, and the English noblemen were too fat.

"Considering that none of the Yrishe Lordes were mete for that purpose, ne yet conveyent to send any of th' Erles or other of the nobilitie of the Englishery, being onweldy men for to go with light kerne; fynally, we had no choise but either the Lord of Dunboyne or the Lorde Power, and accordingly have appoynted the saide Lorde Power, which is a toward and an hardy yong gentleman."\*

There was some difficulty in getting them across the Channel when collected, on account of "pyrotes and Brytons nowe kepynge uppon these costes . . . for if these kerne which shall pass but in pickards shulde be taken (besydes the dishonour of the thing) it were no small displeasure . . . if there be not some defence upon their sees, the Bryttons wyll be lordes betwyxte Brittain and Scotlande."†

In the State Paper Office is said to be a complete muster-roll of these "piked and chosen men," specifying

\* The Lord Justice and Council to Henry VIII. State Papers, p. 406.

† Ibid.

the name of every officer and man after the contingent found by the different chiefs. This was their strength :—

“ Summa totalis . . . . 1154

Inde

Abate in bois . . . . 234

So

Remanet in fighting men . . 920

but ther be more shipped.”\*

The letter contains this curious notice of their organisation :—

“ Within this realme every two kerne use to have a page or boye, which commonly ys nevertheless a man, to bear their mantelles, weapons, and vycailles for 2, 3, or 4 dayes, when they goo in a volant journey ; for whome, and other shares of the marshalles, pypers, surjions, and such like, according ther usage, they recyve like enter-taynment as for themselffes.”†

The “ pypers, surjions, and such like,” is speaking slightly of the “ Faculty” of the period ; but one is surprised at their having surgeons at all.

“ According to this authority,” says Mr. Moore (meaning Holinshed’s ‘Chronicles’), “ such were the wild feats of courage performed by these kerns, that the French, astonished, sent an ambassador to inquire of Henry whether he had brought with him men or devils.”\*

To read this, one would suppose that it was simply the extravagant gallantry of the Irish troops that so astonished the natives ; but this is the original account, in which, at least, he acquits them of body-snatching :—

“ If they (the Irish kerns) took anie Frenchmen prisoners, lest they should be accounted couetous in snatch-ing with them his entire bodie, his onclie ransome should

\* The Lord Justice and Council to Henry VIII. State Papers, p. 496.

† Ibid.

‡ “ History of Ireland,” vol. III, p. 326.



be no more but his head. The French, with this strange kind of warfaring astonished, sent an ambassador to King Henrie to learne whether he brought men with him, or diuels that could neither be won with rewards nor pacified by pitie."

No wonder they were astonished; doubtless at their headlong valour, but certainly quite as much at the thoughtless and improvident cruelty of these savages, which led them to prefer the pleasure of cutting off their prisoners' heads to bringing them alive to the camp, with a view to their being ransomed by their friends, as was the custom amongst the French and English. He goes on to say:

"Which when the King had turned to a ieast, the Frenchmen ever after, if they could take anie of the Irish scattering from the companie, vsed first to . . . and after to torment them with as great and as lingering paine as they could devise."\*

The Tudors loved a grim "ieast," as witness the father of this funny king chuckling at the pleasantry of Kildare's intention of roasting the Archbishop in Cashel Cathedral: and the chronicler is not without his waggery when he acquits the Irish of any covetous tendency.

This detachment made themselves very useful as foragers:—

"They stood the armie in very good steade. For they were not onlie contented to burn and spoile all the villages thereunto adjoining, but also they would range twentie or thirtie miles into the maine land: and having taken a bull, they vsed to tie him to a stake, and scorching him with faggots, they would force him to rore, so that all the cattell in the countrie would make towards the bull, all which they would lightlie lead awaie, and furnish the camp with stoore of beefe."†

Their device of roasting the bull to make him call the

\* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi, p. 315

† Ibid.

cows by his "rore" is perfect of its kind, and was, no doubt, a familiar practice in their own little domestic troubles.

But it would be doing no more that justice to this celebrated detachment to record an act of gallantry in one of its members :—

"After that Bullongue was surrendered to the King, there encamped on the west side of the towne, beyond the hauen, an armie of Frenchmen, amongst whom there was a Thrasonicall Golias that departed from the armie and came to the brink of the hauen, and there, in ietting and daring wise, challenged anie one of the English armie that durst be so hardie as to bicker with him hand to hand. And albeit the distance of the place, the depth of the hauen, the neernesse of his companie imboldened him to this chalenge, more than anie great valour or pith that rested in him to indure a combat; yet all this notwithstanding, an Irishman named Nicholl Welch, who after reteined to the Earle of Kildare, loathing and disdainig his proud brags, flung into the water, and swam over the river, fought with the challenger, strake him for dead, and returned backe to Bullongue with the Frenchman, his head in his mouth, before the armie could overtake him. For which exploit, as he was of all his companie highlie commended, so by the lieutenant he was bountifully rewarded."\*

No doubt Nicholl Welch did his duty by the "Thra-sonicall Golias," though his manner of "retrieving" the head savoured, perhaps, a little too much of that "wildness" which rendered these troops so notorious.

This is Holinshed's description of a horse-soldier: "The fourth degree is a gallow-glasse, vsing a kind of pollar for his weapon. These men are commonlie weie-ward rather by profession than by nature; grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of lim, burly of bodie,

\* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi, p. 315.

well and stronglie timbered, chiefly feeding on beefe, porke, and butter.\*

But, undoubtedly, the most authentic, as well as the most flattering, picture of the Irish troops, is that given by Sir Anthony Sentleger to Henry VIII., in answer to the King's order for sending those kerns to accompany him to Boulogne.

"There is no horsemen of this lande but he hathe his horse and his two boyes, and two hackeneys, or one hackeney and two chieffe horse at the leste, whoose wages must be according, and of themselfes they have no ryches to furnyshe the same. And assuredly I think for ther feate of warre, which ys for light scoorers, ther ar no properer horsemen in Christen grounde, nor more hardie, nor yet that can better endure hardnesse. . . . And as to their footemen, they have one sorte, which be harnessed in mayle and bassenettes, having every of them his weapon called a sparre, moche like the axe of the Towre, and they be named gallowglasse; and for the more parte ther boyes beare for them thre dartes they throwe, or they come to the hande stripe: these sorte of men be those that doo not lighty abandon the felde, but byde the brunt to the deathe.

"The other sorte, called kerne, ar naked men, but onely ther shertes and small cotes; and many tymes, when they come to the bycher, but bare-naked, saving ther shurtes and shorte bowes; which sorte of people be bothe hardy and delyver to serche woddes or maresses, in the which they be harde to be beaten. And if your Majestie will converte them to more spikes and hand-gonnes, I thinke they wolde in that feate, with small instructions, doo your Highnes greate service; for as for gonners, ther be no better in no lande than they be, for the nomber they have, which be more than I wolde wishe they had, onles it were to serve your Majestie. And also these two sortes of people be of such hardnes,

\* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi, p. 68.

that ther ys no man that ever I sawe, that will or can endure the paynes and evill fare that they will sustayne; for in the sommer, whan corne ys nere rype, they seche none other meate in tyme of nede, but to storke or swyll the eares of wheate, and eate the same; and water to ther drinke; and with this they pass ther lyves, and at all tymes thei eate suche meate as few other coulde lyve with.”\*

According to Froissart, there appears to have been little safety in running away from an ancient Irishman.

“For a man of armes being never so well horsed, and ron as fast as he can, the Yrisshmen wyll ryn afote as faste as he and ouertake him; yea, and leape vp vpon his horse behynde hym, and drawe hym fro his horse; for they are strong men in the armes, and have sharpe weapons with large blades and two edges, after the manner of darte heedes; . . . and they repute not a man ded till they have cutte his throte, and open his bely, and taken out his herte, and cary it awaye withe them: som saye, suche as knowe their nature, that they do eate it, and have great delyt therein: they take no man to ransome, and whanne they see at any encountre that they be ouermatched, than they will departe a sonder, and go and hyde himselfe in bussches, woodes, hedges, and caves, so that no man shall fynde them.”†

A more unpleasant companion upon a double horse it would be difficult to fancy, or one from whom mercy was so little to be expected. No wonder Sir John Froissart should come to the conclusion, that “Ireland is one of the yuel countries of the world to make warre upon.”

Mr. O’Connell, in his History, gives us a picture of Irish country life, in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the insinuation being, that it was upon such innocents that she brought all the horrors of war. He quotes from Hooker’s continuation to Holinshed. After the stunning repetition

\* Sentleger to Henry VIII. (1543). State Papers, p. 385.

† Froissart’s “Chronicle,” vol. II, p. 620.

of English barbarities, which are set forth in large capitals, much in the fashion of a quack doctor's posting-bill, we are unexpectedly refreshed with the following. It relates to the state of Munster, under Sir John Perrot's administration :

"Everie man with a white sticke only in his hand, and with great treasures, might and did travell without feare or danger where he woulde (as the writer hereof by triall knew it to be true), and the white sheepe did keepe the blacke, and all the beastes lay continually in the fields, without stealing or preieing." \*

And here we may pause a moment upon this Irish Arcadia. We see the simple natives sauntering about, "everie man with a white sticke;" the roads enlivened with unmolested virgins; the cattle unhoughed in the fields; the capitalist ostentatiously parading his money-bags; and barns and haggards wooing the incendiary in vain. A few sentences preceding this well-chosen quotation will show how it was brought about :

"This worthy knight (Sir John Perrot), knowing that he should have to do with a sort of nettles whose nature is that, being handled gently, they will sting; but being hard crushed together, they will doo no harme: even so he began with them. The sword and the law he made to be the foundation of his government; by the one, he persecuted the rebell and disobedient; and by the other, he ruled and governed in justice and judgment. Great trouble he had in both, but little did he prevaill in the latter before he had overcome the first; and therefore, minding to chastise the rebelles . . . he followed and chased them from place to place: in the bogs he pursued them, in the thickets he followed them, in the plaines he fought with them, . . . and in short time brought the same (Munster) to such a state of quietness and peaceable estate, that whereas no man before could passe through the countrie but was in danger to be mur-



dered and robbed, and no man durst to turn his cattell into the fields without watch, and so keepe them in the barnes in the night-time, now everie man with a white sticke," &c.

It is a subject of regret that all this good conduct was not, as insinuated, spontaneous; and that the only instance on record (at least in those times) when

“ Erin’s sons were so good or so cold  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold !”

was brought about by the exertions of an Englishman.

This lord-deputy seems to have been of the same opinion, as regards the mode in which Ireland should be governed, with Sir John Davies, who is much quoted by Mr. O’Connell. He gives as a reason why the manners of the Irish were so altered since the time of Henry II., that they were never sufficiently conquered—the nettle was not squeezed tight enough.

“ For it will appear . . . that ever since our nation had any footing in this land, the state of England did earnestly desire, and did accordingly endeavour, from time to time, to perfect the conquest of this kingdom, but that in every age there were found such impediments and defects in both realms as caused almost an impossibility that things should have been otherwise than as they are . . . A barbarous country must be first broken by a war before it will be capable of good government; and when it is fully subdued and conquered, if it be not well planted and governed, it will often return to the former barbarities . . . The English forces were ever too weak to subdue and master so many warlike nations or septs of the Irish . . . and besides their weakness, they were ill paid and worse governed.”\*

May it not be still questionable whether people in so uncivilised a state as to combine, on all occasions, to

\* “ Historical Tracts,” vol. 1, p. 3.

defeat the law, where a murderer is fostered and protected, where an agriculturist ploughs under the protection of armed policemen, and an improving landlord is forced to take a blunderbuss to church; whether such a people are fit to be placed on the same level as the English? To extend the franchise to them seems very like presenting Heki with a reading easel, or making Twankétaée a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In this book of Mr. O'Connell's every atrocity committed by the English upon the Irish is ostentatiously paraded, while the causes which brought about these awful retaliations are entirely suppressed; and even the sufferings of the Irish, by the dreadful famines which they brought about by destroying the farms and cattle of the English settlers, are all to be laid to our charge. All the horrors of the great rebellion of 1641, all Coote's excesses and Cromwell's massacres, are carefully set forth; but not a word of the 37,000 English murdered, starved, and drowned in Ulster (taking the lowest account, and 300,000 from first to last), and the inconceivable horrors perpetrated upon unoffending men, women, and children. The reader is referred to Leland, Sir John Temple, Sir William Petty, and to the masterly summary of Hume, chap. lv. In Temple, especially, he will see the unexampled massacres, the wholesale drownings, the faithless execution of prisoners admitted to quarter, the frightful obscenities, which it is impossible to quote in the plain language of the seventeenth century.

I must take the liberty to cite one passage from Sir John Temple's preface, which is so appropriate to Mr. O'Connell's book, that it seems almost like a prophetic notice of the work:—

“ Histories are called ‘*Testes temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ* ;’ and certainly he doth offend in an high degree, who shall either negligently suffer, or wilfully procure them to bring in false evidence, that shall make them dark lanthorns, to give light but on the one side; or, as *ignes fatui*, to cause the reader to wander from the

truth, and vainly to follow false shadows, or the factious humour of the writer's brain. To be false, to deceive, to lye, even in ordinary discourse, are vices commonly branded with much infamy, and held in great detestation by all good men. And, therefore, certainly those that arrive at such a height of impudency as magisterially to take upon them, not only to abuse the present, but future ages, must needs render themselves justly odious. They stand responsible for other men's errors; and whereas, in all other notorious offenders, their sin and their life determines at the farthest together, the sin of these men is perpetrated after their decease; they speak when they are dead, make false infusions into every age, and court every new person that shall, many years after, cast his eyes upon their story to give belief to their lyes."\*

If any man more than another was qualified to write upon this rebellion, it was Temple, who was Master of the Rolls and a Privy Councillor in Ireland, at the time. He thus speaks of his qualifications:—

"I have perused the public despatches, acts, and relations, as likewise the private letters and particular discourses sent by the chief gentlemen out of several parts of the kingdom, to present unto the lords justices and counsel, the sad condition of their affairs. And having been made acquainted with all the most secret passages and counsels of the state, I have, as far as I could without breach of trust, and as the duty of a Privie Counsellor would admit, communicated so much of them as I conceived necessary and proper for public information . . . . I may confidently avow that I have been so curious in gathering up my materials, and so careful in putting them together, as very few passages will be found here inserted which have not either fallen within the compasse of my own knowledge, or that I have not received from those who were chiefly intrusted in matter of action abroad; or that came not to my hands attested upon the oaths of

\* Sir John Temple's "History of the Irish Rebellion," 4to. Preface.

credible witnesses, or clearly asserted in the voluntary confessions of the rebels themselves.”\*

The assertions, which Mr. O’Connel supports by quotations, are, in almost every instance, either wholly confuted, or much softened down by the context. As an example, we will take an instance almost at random. He is describing the dreadful state of the country, as brought about by the war in Munster, and dwells with shocking minuteness upon the people feeding on the dead carrion, with other details of the famine and pestilence—caused, of course, by the English troops; and he thus quotes Spenser:—

“Out of every corner of the woods and glynnns they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carrions; yea, and one another soone after; insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of the graves; and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time; yea, not able to continue there withal; that in shorte space there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddainelie left voyde of man and beast;”†——

Here he stops short without finishing the sentence, which goes on thus:—

“Yet sure in all that warre, there perished not many by the sword, but all by the extremitie of famine, *which they themselves had wrought.*”

Anybody but an Irish patriot would see that the last words of this extract, like a lady’s postscript contain the pith of the whole, and transfer the blame from the English to the Irish themselves; but such passages are not quoted in “Ireland and the Irish.”

Those who feed upon the delusion of “Saxon misrule”

\* Temple’s “History of the Rebellion,” Preface.

† “State of Ireland,” p. 166.

may, perhaps, like to see the following description of such rule, as the Irish had amongst themselves. It is from a paper on the state of Ireland, drawn up for presentation to Henry VIII. and the English Council :—

“ What comyn folke in all this worlde is so power [poor], so feble, so ivyll besyn in towne and fylde, so bestyall, so greatly oppressid and trodde under fote, and farde so evyll, with so greate myserye, and with so wretcheid lyff, as the comen folke of Irelande? . . . Where regneith more than 60 cheyf capytaynes, whereof some calleth themselves kynges, some kynges peyres in ther langage, some princeis, some dukes, some archdukes, that lyveth onely by the swerde, and obeyeth to no other temporall person, but onely to himself that is stronger : and every of the said capytaynes maketh warre and peace for himself and holdeth by swerde ; and hath imperiall jurysdyction within his rome, and obeyeth to noo other person, Englyshe ne Iryshe, except only to suche persones as maye subdue hym by the swerde . . . Also the sonne of eny of the said capytaines shall not succede to his fader without he be the strongeist of all his nation ; for ther shalbe none chief captayn of eny of the said regions by lawfull succession, but by forte mayne and election : and he that hath strongyst armye and hardeyst swerde among them, hath best right and tytill ; and by reason thereof, ther be but fewe of the said regions that be in pease within themself, but comynly rebellyth alwaye agaynst ther cheyff capytaine.”

This one would have thought quite sufficient to furnish them with quarrels and wars to their hearts' content : but these chief captains had very able assistants in stirring up quarrels :—

“ Also in every of the said regions ther be dyverse pety captaines, and every of them makeith warre and pease for hymself without lycence of the chief capytaine.

“ Also every of the said regions is devydeid and departeid betwyxt the cheyfe capytaine and the deputy capytaine of the same . . . and so every of the said captaines



laboryth dayly, by all the means that they can, whereby he may be moste stronge of men.

“Also ther is more than thirty great captaines of the Englyshe noble folke that followyth tho same Iryshe order, and kepeith warre and pease for hymselff, without any licence of the King, save to him that is strongyst, and of suche that maye subdue them by the swerde.”

These last, it appears, “would have been right gladde to obey the King’s lawes, yf they might be defended by the King of the Iryshe enemies.”\*

No wonder the country got a bad name. “Pandar sheweth...that the holly woman, Brigitta, used to enquire of her good angell many questions of secrete dyvine, and among all other she inquiryd ‘of what Chrystyn lande was moste sowlles damned?’ The angell shewed her a lande in the west part of the worlde...and the angell dyd shew tyll her the lappes of the sowlles of Chrystyn folke of that lande, how they fell downe into hell as thyk as any haylle shewrys. And pytty thereof moveid the Pandar to consayn his said booke...for after his opinion this is the lande that the angell understoode; for ther is no lande in this worlde of so long contynuel warre within himselffe, ne of so greate shedeing of Chrysten blodde; ne of so greate rubbing, spoyleing, praying (preying), and burning, ne of so greate wrongful extortion contynually as Ireland. Wherfor it cannot be denyed by very estimation of man but that the angell dyd understand the land of Ireland.”†

Catholic writers of the present day are loud in their praises of the Romish clergy, at all times and under all circumstances; praise which is received with much complacency by those “sweet doves,” as if most of the rebellions had not been brought about, and their horrors aggravated, by them. In concocting the great rebellion

\* State Papers, Henry VIII. vol. i.

† Ibid.

of 1641, Temple joins the lawyers with them, and, in after times, we have seen them go hand-in-hand :—

“I find two sorts of persons who did most eminently appear in laying those main fundamentals whereupon their bloody superstructions were afterwards easily reared up ; and these were such of the Popish lawyers as were natives of the kingdome, and those of the Romish clergy of severall degrees and orders. For the first, they had in regard of their knowledge of the lawes of the land very great reputation and trust : they now began to stand up like great patriots for the vindication of the liberties of the subject, and redress of their pretended grievances ; and having, by their bold appearing therein, made a great party in the House of Commons . . . some of them did there magisterially obtrude as undoubted maxims of the law the pernicious speculation of their own brain, which, though plainly discerned to be full of virulence, yet so strangely were many of the Protestants and well-meaning men in the House blinded with an apprehension of ease and redresse, and so stupified with their bold accusations of the Government, as most thought not fit, others durst not stand up to contradict their fond assertions.”\*

Many are still, unfortunately, so stupified : and some who do “stand up to contradict their fond assertions” are overborne by the matchless impudence of these long-tongued orators, the ingenuity with which they garble facts, and the intrepidity of their direct lying.

Of their reverences he thus speaks :—

“For the facilitating of the worke and stirring up of the people, with greater animosity and cruelty to put it on at the time prefixed, they loudly, in all places, declaimed against the Protestants, telling the people that they were hereticks, and not to be suffered any longer to live among them : that it was no more sinne to kill an Englishman than to kill a dogge, and that it was a most

\* “History of the Rebellion,” p. 76.

mortall and unpardonable sinne to relieve or protect any one of them.”\*

The “Protestant historian,” Leland, whom Mr. O’Connell quotes so triumphantly, has this passage, not quoted by him:—“Early in the month of October, a considerable meeting of the principal Romish clergy, together with some laymen of their faction, was held in the Abbey of Multifarnam, in the county of Westmeath... Some recommended that the English should be simply driven out like the Moors from Spain; others exclaimed against this indulgence, and recommended ‘that a general massacre was the safest and most effectual method of freeing the kingdom from such fear’ (the English returning).”†

Such is the slavish obedience of the lower orders of Irish to their priests, that the following *ruse* might be assuredly practised in these days:—

“So light are they in believing whatsoever is with any countenance of gravitie affirmed by their superiors, whome they esteeme and honour, that a lewd prelate within these few years, needy of money, was able to persuade his parish that St. Patricke, in striving with St. Peter to let an Irish gallowglass into heaven, had his head broken with the keyes, for whose reliefe he obtained a colection.”‡

It must be confessed that their reverences, however quietly they may operate under ordinary circumstances, have been ready enough to take an active part in any actual outbreak, and have done good service, though in a somewhat unclerical fashion. On the surrender of a castle in Longford for want of provisions, and given up on promise of quarter,—

“A Popish priest, with his skeane in his hand, watching for the coming forth of a minister then amongst the

\* Temple, p. 79.

† Leland’s “History of Ireland,” vol. III, p. 106.

‡ Campion, p. 25.

English, did, by thrusting that skeane into the minister's guts, and ripping up his belly, give that as a signal to the rebels for falling upon the rest of the English, which they did accordingly assoone as the minister was murdered, killing some and hanging the rest most perfidiously."\*

A more complete picture, however, is afforded in the last rebellion (1798), which Mr. O'Connell calls a "fomented" rebellion; an assertion which, if true, places us in the exceedingly false position of having burnt our fingers most cruelly in the fomentation, saddled ourselves with a profitless and burdensome union, and ensured the lasting abuse of those we are condemned to support. Father Clinch, an Enniscorthy priest, is thus described:—

"Being of huge stature, with a scimeter and cross-belts, and mounted on a large white horse, with long pistols, he made so conspicuous a figure on the hill during the action and the day preceding it... The Earl of Roden, having singled him out among the fugitives, overtook him after a mile's pursuit, and received his fire, which his lordship returned, and wounded him in the neck. He then discharged his second pistol at Lord Roden, on which an officer rode up and shot him. He wore his vestments under his clothes."†

The saintly lives which the Irish clergy are said, by modern patriots, to have led in all ages, is rather disproved by the following letter of Cowley to Cromwell (1536):—

"The abbayes here doo not kepe so good divine service as the abbayes in England, being suppressid, did kepe; the religious personages here lesse contynent or vertuous, keping no hospitalitie, saving to theyme silves, their concubynes and childerne, and to certaine bell wedders, to eclypse their pernycious lyevinges and to beare and

\* Temple, letter dated 14th Dec. 1641.

† Musgrave's "History of the Rebellion," p. 478.

pavesse theire detestable deedes: which ryng leaders have good fees, fatte profitable fermes, the fynding of their children, with other daily pleasures of the abbeyes.”\*

There is a concentrated bitterness in the following custom, which could only have occurred to a highly imaginative people:—

“In some corners of the land they use a damnable superstition, leaving the right arms of their infants unchristened, to the intent it might inflict a more ungracious and deadlie blow.”†

Dr. Hanmer, I fear, is somewhat profane in his notion of the ancient Irish priesthood:—

“And yet, gentle reader, I may not overslip one thing, namely, how that (for all the sanctitie of the prelates in those dayes) Satan with all the infernal spirits, sent greeting, with great thanks, unto the Ecclesiasticall State upon Earth, in dreadfull characters. For that they, wanting no aide in their delights from hellish places, sent such a number of damned soules into the sulphureous pits, through their remissness of life and slacknesse in preaching, as in former ages had not beene scene.”‡

We may be, I hope, excused for a curiosity to see the “dreadful characters” of this diabolical missive, and to learn its delivery. He mentions a summary way they had of checking a disposition to controversial divinity. At “a great disputation and parlie” it was suggested “to take two monkes, one of thy side, another of mine, and cast them both into an house set on fire: he that cometh out safe, let him carry the truth.” To which is appended a note,—“If they were as fat in those daies as most of them proved after, there would have beene old frying.”§

This is a rhapsody upon Irish mercy and loving kindness:

\* State Papers, p. 149.

† Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 69.

‡ “History of Ireland,” p. 130.

§ Ibid. p. 123.



"Join with me," says Mr. O'Connell, "in blessing Providence, who gave the Irish nation a soul so full of humanity, a disposition so replete with mercy, that, excepting in the actual war itself, the Irish shed no blood, committed no crime, perpetrated no barbarity, exhibited no intolerance, exercised no persecution."\*

None but a special pleader—and an Irish special pleader—could have written this. It is very much like saying, that except when a murderer is actually cutting throats he is the best fellow alive—when a burglar is not actually breaking into houses, he is a steady, honest man—except when priests are hounding on a rabble to roast hundreds of Protestants in barns—to hang up by the hair and disembowel pregnant women alive—to promise life on condition of people changing their religion, and then have their throats cut to ensure their salvation; except on such occasions, they "exhibited no intolerance, exercised no persecution." "Actual war," of course, had commenced when armed ruffians broke into houses in the night, and butchered the defenceless inmates. "Actual war" had commenced when the Irish borrowed arms from the English, and shot them down with their own weapons. It was an "actual war," indeed, when 37,000 peaceable English were destroyed in cold blood by every species of refined and brutal cruelty, urged on by the "sweet doves," and that most atrocious monster, Sir Phelim O'Neil, of whom Mr. O'Connell is the apologist; and in describing the horrors of the retaliation he exclaims,—“I am sickened and disgusted with the hideous catalogue of English crimes.”

Man of a sensitive stomach! He reminds us of that famous giant before mentioned, who choked himself with melted butter.

He is "consoled and soothed by the recollection of the glorious contrast of the humanity and mercy exhibited by the Irish Catholics with the fiendish cruelty and barbarity

\* "Ireland and the Irish," p. 385.

of the English . . . . On the side of the Irish there cannot be quoted any letter, any writing, any document, any general or particular order, edict, law, or command, enjoining, suggesting, or palliating murder or pillage—plunder or crime. No—not one! I repeat, NOT ONE!”\*

This only goes to prove that they committed these horrors of their own free will, without prompting; that they did commit them is as well proved as any fact that history has ever recorded.

The writer of “Ireland and the Irish” has committed the mistake of trying to prove too much. It is true, that with the great majority of his readers, the garbled extracts will never be collated with the books they are taken from—the falsehood goes forth and is believed—the reckless and unsupported assertions are taken for truth—the agitation is continued, and the Rent is raised. Pity he should forget that

“Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues;”

that the enormous power he possesses of doing good should only be exercised the other way; and the smouldering prejudices of two great nations kindled to warm an inordinate vanity, and bring pence into the begging-box.

“The Irish,” says Mr. O’Connell, “are lovers of justice, of equal and impartial justice.”

This, perhaps, is the very last quality their best friends would have discovered, if by impartial justice is meant fair play; and we may be permitted humbly to inquire where it is to be found? At Conciliation Hall, or at Donnybrook fair?—to an in-coming tenant, or the crew of a wrecked vessel? Is it exercised towards improving landlords, or conspicuous amongst the candidates for the relief funds?

\* “Ireland and the Irish,” p. 383.

Before I take leave of Mr. O'Connell's book, I must notice one piece of unquestionable truth which it contains, embodied in the following happy allusion to the pelican :

"No! thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,  
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons!  
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,  
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast."

Let those who rashly say that the great Agitator's life is one entire falsehood, read this and recant: his most inveterate enemy will feel disposed to believe that, as long as the parent-land shall continue to bleed, so long will she retain the affections of her patriot son; but not one moment longer.

The despair with which Ireland has been regarded in all ages is curious, though fully accounted for in the perpetual opposition to improvement on the part of the leading men, whether kings, priests, or agitators, for their own selfish ends. Henry VIII.'s council admit that they break down when required to find a remedy for Irish disorders :

"Also there is a proverbe of old date, the pryde of Fraunce, the treason of England, the warre of Ireland, shalle never have ende; which proverbe twycheing the warre of Irland, is lyke allwaye to contynue without Godde sett in menne's brestes to fynde some newe remedye, that never was founde before."\*

And three hundred years after this was written, the "newe remedye" appears as difficult to find as then. Spenser's lament on this subject, taken in connexion with the present deplorable circumstances, and the dark prospects of the future, seems like an awful prophecy :

"They say it is the fatal destiny of that land that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceed

from the very genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that God Almighty hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that He reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowne, but yet much to be feared.”\*

\* “State of Ireland,” vol. 1, p. 1.

The news of Mr. O’Connell’s death is announced while these sheets are passing through the press, and on this account the writer would have wished to suppress some of the foregoing remarke. It is, however, to be considered, that “the evil that men do lives after them ;” the book which has been noticed is still doing its work, and is probably not concluded, and the true character of the political charlatan but yet partially found out.

## CHAPTER II.

Dress—Froissart's description of the four kings—Glibs—Ladies' dress and persons—Enormous shirts—Henry VIII.'s letter on dress—Acts of Parliament to regulate dress—Dress of nobles—Lord Roche and the White Knight—Training the Earl of Desmond for a courtier—Changing horses—Death of the last Earl of Desmond—Earl of Kildare at Slidegroat—Retainers—Timely submission—English degenerate in Ireland—Law of inheritance—Kildare before Henry VII.—Countess of Ossory—Efficacy of Irish water—Hospitality—Dress of the ancient Irish.

MR. MOORE notices a curious law on the subject of dress :

“ In the reign of Achy, who was the immediate successor of Tighernmas (that is, about 963 years before Christ), a singular law was enacted, regulating the number of colours by which the garments of the different classes of society were to be distinguished. Plebeians and soldiers were, by this ordinance, to wear but a single colour; military officers of an inferior rank, two; commanders of battalions, three; the keepers of houses of hospitality, four; the nobility and military knights, five; and the bards and ollamhs, who were distinguished for learning, six; being but one colour less than the number worn by the reigning princes themselves.”\*

\* “ History of Ireland,” by Thomas Moore, Esq., vol. I, p. 109.



So that the higher a man's rank, the more he became like a harlequin. And what must have rendered their appearance still more strange was, that all these colours were probably crowded into a single garment, and that of the scantiest proportion. It is ascertained, however, from the discoveries made in bogs, that ornaments, such as necklaces, armlets, &c. of fine gold, and very creditable workmanship, were worn in these remote times; and Ware says the Irish kings wore pearl ear-rings. The most curious and useful of these ornaments was certainly that celebrated collar of Moran, the Chief Judge, under King Feredach, the son of Crimthan, "which is said to have given warning by increased pressure around the neck of the wearer, whenever he was about to pronounce an unjust sentence." \*

It is a pity that this admirable property of "choking off" the Judge, when disposed to worry and browbeat, cannot be applied to some modern article of dress, and extended to the bar as well as the bench. The original collar, it seems, has been found in a bog near Limerick, and might be presented with much advantage to the importunate patriots of the day.

In Ware's "Antiquities," we find this regulation for the dress of a clergyman *and his wife*. It is from a canon of a synod held in St. Patrick's time:

"If a clergyman," says the canon, "from the door-keeper to the priest, shall appear in publick without a tunick, and not cover the nakedness and turpitude of his belly, or who shall not wear his hair shorn after the Roman fashion, and if his wife does not wear a veil when she goes abroad, let such be separated from the Church." †

"Respecting the dress of the ancient Irish," says Mr. Moore, "we have no satisfactory information. In an account given of them by a Roman writer of the third century, they are represented as being half naked; and

\* Moore, vol. i, p. 122.

† Ware, vol. ii, p. 239.

the Briton Gildas, who wrote about three hundred years after, has drawn much the same picture of them. It was only in battle, however, that they appear to have personated themselves in this barbarian fashion . . . . . enough may be collected from the accounts of a later period, when they had become more known to Europe, to satisfy us that the Milesian lord of the rath, and the plebeian of the hovel, had as little advanced in the scale of civilisation in their dress as in their dwellings; and that, while the latter was most probably clothed, like the lower order of Britons, in sheepskin, the chief himself wore the short woollen mantle, such as was customary at a later period among his countrymen, and which, according to some authorities, reached no further than the elbows; leaving, like the rhenō, or short mantle of the ancient Germans, the remainder of the body entirely naked.”\*

We are fortunate in being able to witness, any rainy day, a garment which will give us a fair idea of this ancient mantle; supposing it to be of a woollen fabric, and patchworked with as many colours as you please. We have to imagine a modern policeman in his cape only, “the remainder of the body entirely naked,” wearing a long beard, an enormous bunch of hair on the top of his head, which could be pulled over his face occasionally, to serve the purpose of a veil; and we have before us a chieftain of the time of Feredach, the son of Crimthan.

Anything more entirely absurd, to our notions, than a man wearing pearl ear-rings and other expensive articles of jewellery, in such a state as this, it would be difficult to fancy; and their solicitude about covering their elbows under such circumstances, would seem to show a national perverseness in fixing the point of interest where it would never have occurred to anybody else.

Mr. Moore, on the authority of Giraldus, enters a protest in favour of “braccæ,” or breeches; but, judging

\* Moore, vol. i, p. 196.

from what will presently appear, I think the plea scarcely admissible. It is not to be supposed, that, having once proved the comfort of that now indispensable part of dress, they would ever have so far degenerated as to leave them off again ; and that, in the time of Richard II., their kings wore nothing in the nature of pantaloons, is proved by incontestible evidence. The following extract from Hanmer, which describes Prince John's reception of the Irish chieftains on his landing, also shakes us in the advocacy of early small-clothes :

“ At the first landing and entering of the King's sonne at Waterford, a great many of the chieftest commanders of those parts, being advertised of this his arrivall, came and resorted to him in peaceable manner, after their best manner, to salute and gratify his comming. One made curtesie, another kneeled, some took him by the hand, other some offer to kisse him. The new gallants and Normans, such as had not beene before acquainted with the country, neither the homelinesse of the people, set them at nought, laughed at their mantles and troosses, derided their glibbes and long beards : one takes a sticke, and pats the Irishman on the pate ; another halls the mantle, and *pricks him behind with a pinne*, some have their glibbes and long beards pulled, and departing have flappes on the lippes, thumpes in their neckes, and the doore clapped on their heeles, with diverse other abuses and indiscreete entertainment.” \*

The simple manners of these good-humoured savages contrast very favourably with the “ indiscreete entertainment” of Prince John's thoughtless young courtiers. By the word “ troosses,” perhaps, may be meant the very inefficient substitute for trowsers figured in the first edition of Holinshed's “ Chronicles of Ireland.” The man in armour is of the date of Elizabeth's time, one of the force accompanying the Lord-Deputy into Munster. Though armed *cap-à-pie*, his Celtic prejudice peeps out

\* Hanmer's “ History of Ireland,” p. 332.

in an unseemly fashion, and would argue an instinct not unlike that of the ostrich.

The following account of the dress and behaviour of the four Irish Kings, who submitted to Richard II., as it was narrated to Froissart by the good Knight, Sir Henry Christall, or Castide, "an honest man and a wise," is not only very curious in itself, but conclusive evidence on the great pantaloon question, at least in the fourteenth century. Sir Henry, from his knowledge of the Irish language and manners, is chosen to train these four monarchs to civility. The account of his being carried amongst the Irish by a runaway horse, whilst engaged in a skirmish, is exceedingly graphic; and how "Brine Costeret" overtook him on foot, leaped up behind the horse, and, instead of cutting his throat, as was usual, took him home, married him to his daughter, and kept him seven years; at the end of which time, Costeret was carried amongst the English by the same runaway horse, taken prisoner, and exchanged for his son-in-law.

Sir Henry thus speaks of his charges:—

"For though they be kynges, yet no man can deuyse nor speke of ruder personages. I shall shewe you somewhat of their rudenesse, to the entent yt maye be ensample agayne people of other nacyons . . . . They wolde cause their mynstrelles, their servauntes, and valets, to sytte with them, and eate in their owne dysse, and drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the vsage of their countre was good, for they sayd in all thynges (except their beddes) they were and liued a comen. So the fourthe day I ordayned other tables to be couered in the hall, after the vsage of Englande, and I made these four kynges to sytte at the hyghe table, and there mynstrels at another borde, and their servauntes and varlettes at another byneth them, whereof by semyng they were displeased, and behelde eche other, and wolde nat eate, and sayd howe I wolde take fro them their good vsage, wherin they hadde been norissed. Than I answered them, smylyng



to apeace them, that it was nat honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that they must leaue it and vse the custom of Englande, and that it was the kynge's pleasure they shulde do so, and how he was charged so to order them. Whan they had harde that they suffred it because they had putte themself vnder the obeysaūce of the Kynge of Englande, and parceuered in the same as long as I was with them; while yet they hadde one vse which I knewe well was vsed in their couētre, and that was they *dyde were no breches*, I caused breches of linnen clothe to be made for them. Whyle I was with them I caused them to leave many rude thynges, as well in clothyng as in other causes. Moche ado I had at the fyrst to cause them to were gownes of sylke, furred with myneuere and gray; for before these kynges thought themselfe well apparelled when they hadde on a mantell. . . . They rode alwayes without sadelles and styropes, and with great payne, I made thē to ryde after our vsage."

They are made knights after the English fashion, watching all night before the church.

"These kynges sate that day at the table with Kynge Richarde. They were regarded of many folkes because their behauing was straunge to the maner of Englande and other couētries, and euer naturally men desyre to see newelties."\*

The reader will be disposed to agree with Froissart, "I wolde it had cost me largely that I had beene there." To inquiries as to their reasons for submitting, he says the King tarried there nine months, "and euery man well payed abasshed she Yrisshmen."

One word more on the "braccæ question." In that bantering conversation between the Dauphin and the Constable, in Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth, the former says, "O! then belike . . . . you rode like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers."

\* Froissart, vol. II, pp. 620—623.



Ware invests them with tight pantaloons, stockings, and shoes, all in one; and ascribes the thick legs, of both men and women, to wearing no heels to their brogues, and so continually straining the sinews.

The "glib" was an important part of their head-dress.

"Proud are they of long, crisp bunches of heare, which they terme glibs, and the same they nourish with all their cunning. To crop the front thereof they take it for a notable piece of villanie."\*

The glib was useful as a veil.

"Whenever he hath run himself into peril of the law, and will not be knowne, he either cutteth off his glibbe quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it so low downe over his eyes, that it is very hard to discern his thievish countenance."†

And it was not less useful in a fight. They "go into battle bareheaded and without armour, trusting to the thickness of their glibbes."‡

In the speech put into the mouth of the Danish Commander, their accoutrements are represented as of a very homely description.

"Excepting a few of their princes and gentlemen, the rest are but poore and needy slaues, bare . . . bare-legged, and bare-footed, and of small strength. For armes they were a skull, a sword by their side, hanging in a wyth that compasseth their middle, and a target: other some have darts: the best thing in them is that they are swift of foot."§

It would appear that in Spenser's time the mantle had much increased in size beyond that mentioned by Mr. Moore, since he describes it as—

"A fit house for an outlaw, a meete bed for a rebell, and an apte cloake for a thiefe, . . . and being, as

\* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi, p. 67.

† Spenser's "State of Ireland," p. 90.

‡ Ibid. p. 96.

§ Hanmer's "History of Ireland," p. 58.

they commonlie are, naked, it is to them all in all.”\*

This would scarcely have been applicable to a garment that only covered the elbows. It is equally convenient to the ladies. To

“The wandering woemen, called of them mona-shull, it is half a wardrobe; for in summer ye shall find her arrayed commonly but in her smocke and mantle, . . . and as for all other good woemen which love to doe but little worke, how handsome it is to lye in and sleepe, or louse themselves in the sunshine, they that have been but a while in Ireland can well witnes.”†

“In another place, the ladies’ dress is thus described:—

“The great linnen roll which the women weare to keepe their heads warme, after cutting their haire, which they use in sicknesse: besides their thicke folded linnen shirts, their long-sleeved smockes, their half-sleived coates, their silken fillets, and all the rest, they will devise some colour for, either of necessity, or of antiquity, or of comelynesse.”‡

Sir John Perrot, amongst the other reforms which he introduced into Munster, took in hand the dress of the inhabitants: “suffering no glibs nor like vsage among the men, nor the Egyptiacall rolles upon women’s heads to be worne; whereat, though the ladies and gentlewomen were somewhat grieved, yet they yeelded, and giving the same over, did weare hats after the English manner.”§

Ware, in his “Irish Antiquities,” makes mention of a clergyman who once got into trouble for meddling with the ladies’ hair. There was “a strange kind of tonsure introduced by Æd, an Irishman, who, from a long beard,

\* Spenser’s “State of Ireland,” p. 87.

† Ibid. p. 89.

‡ Ibid. p. 114.

§ Holinshed’s “Chronicles,” vol. vi, p. 370.

was commonly called the bearded clerk. He had obtained a wonderful reputation for his learning and sanctity; yet in the year 1053 or 1054, he was driven into banishment, because in his school (wherein he had a great number of clerks, maids, and laicks), he took upon him to introduce a new custom of shaving the girls after the manner of the clerks; as may be seen in Marianus Scotus and Florence of Worcester.\* Ware also invests the ancient Irish with "a bonet or cap shaped like a sugar-loaf."

Their personal charms are thus described:—

"Their women are well-favoured, cleane-coloured, fair-handed, big, and large; suffered from their infancie to grow at will, *nothing curious of their feature and proportion of bodie.*"†

Campion's description of their morals I do not venture to quote. Of the connubial habits of the chiefs he says, "One I heard named which hath (as he called them) more than ten wives in twentie places."‡

He also says, "Where they fancie and favour they are wonderfull kinde . . . . they have utterly no coyne stirring in any great lord's houses; their ladies are trimmed rather with massie jewels than with garish apparell: it is accounted a beutie in them to be tall, round, and fat."§

But if their garments were few in number, they made up for that scantiness by the size of their shirts. "They wore their shirts and smockes of an immoderate size 13 or 14 yards of cloth in each."|| And Campion more than doubles even that liberal allowance.

King Henry the Eighth appears to have been much scandalised at the size of the Irish chemises, and fixes the

\* Ware, vol. II, p. 67.

† Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. VI, p. 67.

‡ "History of Ireland," p. 27.

§ Ibid. p. 28.

|| Ware's "Antiquities," vol. II, p. 178.

quantity of cloth in each at five standard ells. He thus writes, on the subject of dress generally, to the authorities of Galway, in 1535:—

“*Item.* That every inhabitant, as well within the sayde towne as the suburbis of the same, deo shave their over lippes, called crompeanlis; and suffer the here of their heddys to grow, till it cover their earys; and that every of theym were Englyshe cappes.

“*Item.* That no man nor man-child do were no mantyls in the stretes, but clokes or gownes, cootys, doublettes, and hose, shapyn after the Englyshe facion, of the contry cloth, or anny other cloth, shall please theym to by.

“*Item.* That no man, woman, or child, do were in theyr shurttres or smockys, or anny other garmentes, no sauffron, ne have anny more cloth in theyr shurttres or smockes but fyve standart elles of that contry cloth.

“*Item.* That every man provyde with all speade, long bowys and Englyshe arrows, and haunt shotying, and specially every holyday, and to leave all other unlawful gamys.”\*

His exhortation to them to draw the longbow seems to have been attended with much success.

“Their infants of the meaner sort are neither swaddled nor lapped in linen, but foulded up starke naked in a blankett till they can goe, and then if they get a piece of rugge to cover them, they are well sped. Linen shirts the rich doe weare for wantonness and bravarie, with wide hanging sleeves playted: thirtie yards are little enough for one of them.” So that an Irish shirt of that time must have taken about the same quantity of cloth required to make a pair of sheets of the present day. They grew at last to such enormous dimensions as to be restrained by act of parliament. Till the time of Henry the Eighth they dyed their linen with saffron to save washing; but, in Campion’s time, this custom was fallen

\* State Papers, p. 172.

into disuse, and they had become so cleanly as to change their shirts once a quarter.

"They have now," he says, "left their saffron, and learne to wash their shirts foure or five times in a yeare."\*

Several Acts of Parliament were passed to regulate the dress in Ireland, as well to prevent the English from adopting the Irish customs, as to force the latter to dress like the English. An Act was passed in 1447, "That he that will be taken for an Englishman, shall not use a beard upon his upper lip alone; the offender shall be taken for an Irish enemy, for that now there is no diversity in array betwixt marchours and the Irish enemies, and so by colour of the English marchours, the Irish enemies do come from day to day to enter into the English marchours, and do rob and spill by the highways, and destroy the common people, by lodging upon them in the night, and also do kill the husbands in the nights . . . . wherefore it is ordained, that no manner (of) man that will be taken for an Englishman, shall have no beard above his mouth; that is to say, that he have no haire upon his upper lip; so that the said lip be once at least shaven every fortnight, or of equal growth with the nether lip."†

In the fifth of Edward IV. it was enacted, that every Irishman dwelling among the English, in the four counties of the Pale, "shall goe like to one Englishman in apparel and shaving of his beard above his mouth, and shall take a surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, &c.; or colour, as White, Black, Brown."‡

In the twenty-eighth of Henry VIII. (1537), it was enacted, "That no person or persons . . . . from and after the 1st day of May, 1539, shall be shorn or shaven above

\* "History of Ireland," p. 24.

† Statutes at Large (Ireland), vol. I, p. 7.

‡ Ibid. vol. I, p. 29.



the eares, or use the wearing of haire upon their heads, like unto long lockes called glibbes; or have or use any haire growing on their upper lippes, called or named a crommeal, or use or weare any shirt, smock, kerchor, bendel, neckkerchour, mocket, or linnen cappe, coloured or dyd with saffron; ne yet use, nor weare in any their shirts or smockes above seven yards of cloth, to be measured according to the King's standard; and that also no woman use or weare any kirtell, or cote, tucked up or imbroydred or garnished with silke, or couched ne layde with usker, after the Irish fashion; and that no person or persons, of what estate, condition, or degree they be, shall use or weare any mantell, cote, or hood, made after the Irish fashion; and if any person or persons weare any shirt, smocke, cote, hood, mantell, kerchor, bendell, neckkerchor, mocket, or linnen cap, contrary to the forme above received . . . . then it shall be lawful for every the King's true subject to seize the same . . . . but mantles may be worn on a journey."

It must be confessed, that the Act is sufficiently liberal in the allowance of seven yards—sufficient for two shirts of these degenerate days.

The Irish Lords seem to have been put to some inconvenience, by an Act passed by the Lord-Deputy, Sir Edward Poyning, compelling them to appear in Parliament in their robes; "which," says Fuller, "put a face of grandeur and state upon their convention. And, indeed, formalities are more than formalities in matters of this nature, essential to beget veneration in barbarous people, who carry much of their brain in their eyes."

As the Lords appear to have dressed in much the same way as the lower orders, and probably attended the House in their saffron shirts and mantles, such an enactment was loudly called for.

The following is Lord Thomas Fitzgerald's description of his state when in prison:

"I never had eny mony sins I cam into pryson, but a nobull, now I have had nothyr hosyn, dublet, nor shoys,

nor shyrt, but on; no eny other garment but a syngyll fryse gowne, for a velve furryd wythe bowge, and so I have gone wolward and barefote, and barelegyd, diverse times (whan ytt hath not ben very warne); and so I shuld have done styll and now, but that pore prysoners, of ther gentylnes, hath sumtyme geven me old hosyn, and shoys, and old shyrtes.”\*

And his younger brother, when he fled abroad, was “convayed aborde the ship in the nyght, in a small cocke, havying on but a saffronyd shurtt, and barheaddyd, lyke one of the wyllde Yreshe.”†

O'Neill, on his submission, and being made Earl of Tyrone, begged of Henry VIII. a gold chain; and his Majesty appears to have acceded to the request most handsomely: “And for his reward, We gave him a chayne of threescore poundes and odd, and We payd for his robes threescore and five poundes, and the charges of his creation, threescore and five poundes, ten shillings, and two pens; and We gave him in redy money oon hundred poundes sterling.”‡

The following request of the Earl of Desmond, “the noblest man in all the realm,” “lets in more light,” says Mr. Moore, “on the social condition of the Irish Dynasts of that period, than could ever be collected from such merely public events as form the whole and sole materials of our general history.” He requests “that the King would provide him with robes to wear in Parliament, and likewise with apparel for his daily use, whereof he hath great lack.”

Sir Anthony Sentleger, the Lord-Deputy, “had already given this Earl a gown, jacket, doublet, hose, and other articles of dress, for which he was very thankful, and wore in all places where he accompanied the Lord-Deputy. . . . Mac Gilpatrick, also, who shortly after was

\* His letter to Roth. Moore, vol. III, p. 286.

† Warner: Moore, p. 287.

‡ Letter of Henry VIII. to the Lord-Deputy. State Papers, p. 381.

created Baron of Upper Ossory, and O'Reilly, who was to be made Viscount of Cavan, were provided in like manner with robes for Parliament by the King; while the Chief O'Rourke, who is described as a man somewhat gross, and not trained to repair unto his Majesty, made petition only for a suit of ordinary apparel."\*

It certainly does give a curious picture of a nobleman, who ruled over three counties, asking not for Parliamentary robes only, but common wearing apparel, and thankfully accepting what was given. But still more amusing is the account of "the two Geraldine Lords of Munster, the Lord Roche and the White Knight, who having, by their constant quarrels and inroads, entirely wasted each other's territories," are seized and delivered up "to be poonysshed;" "and so I have laid them bothe in your Castell of Dublyn, where now they agree very well together, and lye bothe in one bedde, that before could not agree in a countrey of fourty myles in length betweene them, and under ther rule. I purpose they shall there remayne till ther amytye be better confyrmed, and then, God willing, and your high pleasure so knowen, I entende to sende them home free, and apparail them lyke Englishmen, for now they be in their saffron shurtes and kernoghes cotes. I must of force so doo, or elles drive them to great extremyte, for I think they bothe, with all their ryches, wolde not bye themselffes one apparell, and pay for ther bourdes in your saide Castell for one quarter of a yeare; and yet I am sure ther landes, well orderid, wold make them bothe greate Lordes."†

The English reader will, perhaps, be surprised that their wearing dirty shirts, asking for old clothes, taking thankfully anything that is offered—as well as the great O'Neill's being unable to write his own name, was entirely owing to Saxon misrule.

\* Moore, vol. III, p. 318.

† Sentleger to Henry VIII. State Papers, p. 394.

“There needs no further or stronger evidence of the embruting effects of the policy of the Pale and the sort of frightful retribution by which it debased as well the rulers as the ruled.”\*

But O'Donnel's dress is a splendid exception to the general fashion,—“a coat of crimson velvet with aiglets of gold, twenty or thirty pair; over that a great double cloak of crimson satin, bordered with black velvet, and in his bonnet a feather set full of aiglets of gold.” No wonder he is supposed, “in point of civilization, to be somewhat advanced beyond the generality of his brother chiefs.”†

The following is a curious instance of a wish to avoid notoriety in an Irish Member of Parliament; a feeling of which there are few examples at the present day:

“Sir John Perrot summoned the Parliament to meet in Dublin, 26 April, 1585 . . . but only in English attire. And although it appeared uncouth for some of them to be so clad (who preferred Custom before Decency, and Opinion before Reason), yet he constrained them . . . The better to encourage them hereto, the Lord-Deputy bestowed both gowns and cloakes of velvet and satten on some of them . . . and yet they thought not themselves so richly, or at least so contentedly, attired as in their mantles, and other their country habits. Among them we may remember one, who, being put into English apparel, came unto the Lord-Deputy and besought one thing of him, which, was, that it would please his lordship to put one of his chaplains, whom he termed his priest, to accompany him, arrayed in Irish apparel; ‘and then,’ quoth he, ‘they will wonder as much at him as they do now at me, so shall I pass more quietly and unpointed at.’ ” ‡

The chaplain's astonishment at this proposition may be imagined; and it would be hard to say which was probably

\* Moore, vol. III, p. 319.

† Ibid. vol. III, p. 321.

‡ Ware's “Antiquities,” vol. II, p. 177.

the more absurd figure, the reverend gentleman in his Irish costume, or the honourable member in his velvet and satin.

It is, perhaps, being a little too fanciful to imagine the parliamentary language of those days, — “The noble lord in the glib; the honourable gentleman in the saffron shirt; the gallant officer in the kernoghe coat; or the last speaker in the Irish trossers.”

Long before this the municipal authorities seem to have set the nobles a splendid example of finery in their apparel. In Ap. Parry’s letter to Cromwell (1535), narrating the expedition of the Lord Butler into the south, he says they were received by the Mayor of Cork, with his brethren, in their scarlet gownes and typetts of velvett, after the Ynglyshe faschyon.”\*

He notices the good cheer at Youghal, and that Gascon wine was at fourpence a gallon.

We have seen that O’Rourke, not being “trained to repair unto his Majesty,” required only a common dress. The following is the kind of training by which Desmond is made a courtier:—

“It happened that upon some occasion he (the Lord-Deputy, Sir Edward Bellingham) sente for the Earle of Desmond, who refused to come unto him, whereupon calling vnto him his companie . . . . he forthwith rode into Munster vnto the house of the earl; being then Christmas, and being unlooked-for and unthought-of, he went in to the earl, whom he found sitting by the fire, and there took him . . . and there carried him with him to Dublin. This earle was verie rude, both in gesture and in apparell: having, for want of good nurture, as much good manners as his kerns and his followers could teach him. The deputie having him at Dublin, did so instruct, schoole, and inform him, that he made a new man of him, and reduced him to a conformitie in manners, apparell, and behauour appertaining to his estate and degree, as

\* State Papers, p. 106.



also to the knowledge of his dutie and obedience to his seuereigne and prince, and made him to kneele upon his knees, sometimes an houre togethir, before he knew his dutie . . . . That though it were verie strange to the earle, who having not beene trained up in anie civility, knew not what appertained to his dutie and calling . . . yet thought himself most happy that ever he was acquainted with the said deputie; and did for ever after so much honour him, as that continuallie all his life-time, at euerie dinner and supper, he would praie for the good Sir Edward Bellingham; and at all callings he was so obedient and dutifull as none more in that land.”\*

A powerful nobleman put to kneel by the hour together for practice, is, perhaps, as curious a trait of manners as any that could be noticed; and his patience and gratitude under the circumstances are not the less so. Of the rudeness of the times, volumes might be quoted. This is the way they changed horses on a journey. Fitz Morris is on a pilgrimage to the Holy Rood in Tipperary.

“And when he came so farre, his carriage-horses (which they terme garons) waxed faint, and could not travele anie further, whereupon he commanded some of his men to go before and look what garons they found in the fields. . . . And it fell out they espied a plow of garons plowing in the field, which they forthwith tooke perforce . . . . and carried them awaie. Whereupon, *according to the custome of the countrie, the hobub, or hue-and-crie*, was raised. Sir William Burke and three or four of his sonnes, and verie tall gentlemen at home with him, they tooke their horses and a few kernes, and two shot with them, and followed the track . . . James Fitz Morris, standing upon his reputation, thought it too much dishonourable vnto him to depart with that which he had in hand . . . . and whereupon each party set spurre to the horsses, and encountered the one the other. The skirmish was verie hot and cruell, and Theobald

\* Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 324.

Burke and one of his yoonger brethren were slaine, and some of their men. Fitz Morris likewise and his companie had the like success; for he himself was first hurt and wounded, and then with a shot stricken through the head, &c.”\*

The off-hand way in which they cut people down without inquiry, may be instanced the death of the Earl of Desmond, when in rebellion in Queen Elizabeth’s time. A party is out in search of him.

“And in the dark night (on a mountain near Tralee), one of them had espied through the trees a fire not farre off, whereupon they caused one of themselves closelie and secretlie to draw towards the fire . . . and when he returned backe unto them, he told them there was an old bad house, and about five or six persons therein . . . And when they were come to the house, they found in it but onelie one old man, for the residue were gone. Then Kollie drew his sword, and strake the old man, with which blow he had almost cut off one of his armes; and then he strake him again, and gave him a greate blow on the side of his head, wherewith the old man cried out, desiring them to save his life, for he was Earle of Desmond, and then Kollie staid his hands; but the earle bled so fast, that he waxed verie faint, and could not travel anie further, whereupon the said Kollie bid and willed him to prepare himself to die; and then strake off the earle’s head . . . They sent the earle’s head vnto the lord-general; who foorthwith sent the same into England for a present to hir Maiestie; which foorthwith was put upon a pole, and set on London Bridge.”†

The old chronicles abound in personal traits, in which consist the great charm of their pages. Take this scene in the Tower, where Kildare is confined :

“One night when the lieutenant and he, for disport, were playing at slide-groat, suddenly commeth from the

\* Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 412.

† Ibid. vol. vi, p. 454.

Cardinell (Wolsey) a mandet to execute Kildare on the morrow. The earle, marking the lieutenant's deep sigh in reading the bill, 'By Saint Bride,' quoth he, 'there is some mad game in that scrolle; but, fall how it will, this throw is for a huddle.'"

The lieutenant goes to the King at midnight, to ascertain from his own mouth if it were so; and we rejoyce to find that "King Henry, controlling the saucinesse of the priest, gave him his signet in token of countermand."\*

The hangers-on of Irish families, who would do nothing for their own living, have always been a grievance.

"It was also ordered (1575, by Sir Henry Sidney), that for the cutting off and abolishing of the great swarmes and clusters of idlers which, like waspes, troubled the whole land, and lived onlie by spoile and rapine: that everie nobleman and gentleman should give and deliver in the names of everie servant and follower which he had, and should see the same to be booked and registered. And if anie of them were found vnbooked . . . . he should be vsed as a fellow wheresoever he was taken; and for all such as whose names were registered, his lord and master should answer for him."†

In answer to the perpetual outcry against the English governments of every age since the conquest, for their constant wars against the Irish, and the cruelties exercised towards them, it may be answered, that in no single instance was any expedition undertaken by the English, except to repel an attack and defend their own borders, or to put down some enormous rebel, such as Shane O'Neill, or Desmond, or Tyrone.

"If," says Sir John Davies, "he (Richard II.) had broken the Irish with a war, and after established the English laws amongst them, and not have been satisfied

\* *Campion*, vol. i, p. 172.

† *Holinshed*, vol. vi, p. 381.

with their light submissions, wherewith in all ages they have mocked and abused the state of England. . . .”\*

This is the way they softened the young king.

“The Irish chieftains, laying aside their skins (skeins?) and their caps, and falling down at his feet upon their knees, which when they had performed, the earl (marshal) gave unto each of them *osculum pacis*.”†

“With these humilities they satisfied the young king; and by their bowing and bending avoided the present storm, and so broke that army which was prepared to break them. The king feasted them; gave the honour of knighthood to diverse of them, did break up and dissolve the army, and return into England with much honour and small profit. . . . He was no sooner returned into England, but those Irish lords laid aside their masks of humility. . . . and began to infest the borders.”‡

The readiness with which every English government has pardoned the great mischief-makers of Ireland is remarkable, even down to the present day, and in almost every instance their submission has been rewarded with honours and advantages; gold chains and earldoms formerly—good appointments now.

Instead of the Irish becoming degenerate from their intercourse with the English, it seems to have been quite the contrary.

“I remit their repudiation of their wives, their promiscuous generation of children, their neglect of lawful matrimony, their uncleanness in apparel, diet, and lodging, and their contempt and scorn of all things necessary for the civil life of man.

“These were the Irish customs which the English did embrace and use. . . . whereby they became degenerate and metamorphosed. . . . and were turned into beasts; and yet took such pleasure in their beastly manner of life, as they would not return to their shape of men again. . . .

\* “Historical Tracts,” p. 36.

† Ibid. p. 39.

‡ Ibid. p. 37.

They not only forget the English language, but grow ashamed of their very English names, though they were noble and of great antiquity, and took Irish surnames and nicknames.”\*

And Spenser says,

“It is more than ever I heard that any English there should bee worse than the Irish. Lord, how quickly doth that country alter men’s natures!”†

Campion is of the same opinion,

“Againe, the verie English of birth, conversant with the brutish sort of that people, become degenerate in short space, and are quite altered into the worst ranke of Irish rogues; such a force hath education to make or marre,”‡

The Irish character is in extremes.

“In which virtue and diverse other how farre the best excell, so far in gluttonie and other hatefull crimes, the vicious they are worse than too badde.”§

He makes the conquest their greatest blessing.

“Secondly, it may appear how Ireland is beholding to God for suffering them to be conquered, whereby many of these enormities were cured, and more might be, would themselves be plyable.”||

This was their law of inheritance :

“The inheritance descendeth not to the sonne, but to the brother, nephew, or cousin-germaine, eldest and most valiant: for the childe, being oftentimes left in nonage, were never able to defend their propertie, being his no longer than he can hold it by force of armes.

“But by that time he grow to a competent age, and have buried an vncle or two, he also taketh his turne, and leaveth it in like order to his posterity. This

\* “Historical Tracts,” p. 147.

† “State of Ireland,” p. 237.

‡ Campion’s “History of Ireland,” p. 20.

§ Ibid. p. 19.

|| Ibid. p. 21.



custome breedeth among them continuall warres and treasons.”\*

The following anecdote is familiar ; but not, perhaps, in the language of the old chronicler :

“ Gerald Fitz Gerald, Earl of Kildare, a mighty made man, full of honour and courage . . . . open and passionate, in his moode desperate . . . . being charged before King Henry the VIIth for burning the church of Cashel, and many witnesses to avouch against him the truth of that article, he suddainly confessed the fact, to the great wondering and delectation of the councell, when it was looked how he would justify the matter.

“ ‘ By Jesus,’ (quoth he,) ‘ I would never have done it, had it not beene told me that the archbishop was within.’ And because the archbishop was one of his busiest accusers there present, merrilie laughed the king at the plainnesse of the man to see him alleadge that intent for excuse, which most of all did aggravate his fault. The last article against him they conceived in these tearmes— ‘ Finally, all Ireland cannot rule this earle.’ ‘ No ?’ (quoth the king); ‘ then, in good faith, shall this earle rule all Ireland.’ Thus was the accusation turned to a jest ; the earl returned Lord-Deputy, shortly after created knight of the garter, and so died.”†

This is a picture of the Countess of Ossory, who undertakes to civilise the Irish :—

“ He bare out the charge of his government very worthily through the singular wisdom of his countesse, a lady of such part, that all estates of the realme couched to her ; so politique, that nothing was thought substantially debuted without her advice ; manlike and tall of stature, very rich and bountifull, a bitter enemy, the only meane of those dayes whereby her husband’s countrey was reclaymed from the sluttish and uncleane Irish

\* *Campion’s “ History of Ireland,”* p. 28.

† *Ibid.* p. 148.

custome to the English habite, bedding, housekeeping, and civilitie.”\*

The efficacy of the Irish water in cases of worms or snakes, may not be generally known.

“It happened also in my time,” saith Giraldus Cambrensis, “that in the North of England a knot of yonkers took a nap in the fields. As one of them laie snorting with his mouth agape, as though he would have caught flies, it happened that a snake or adder, slipped into his mouth, and glided downe into his bellie, where harboring itself it began to roame up and downe, and to feede upon the yong man his entrals. The patient being sore distracted and above measure tormented with the biting pangs of this greedie ghest, incessantlie praied to God that, if it stood with his gracious will, either wholie t bereave him of his life, or else of his unspeakable mercie to ease him of his paine. The worme would never cease from gnawing the patient his carcassee; but when he had taken his repast, and his meate was no sooner digested, than it would give a fresh onset in boring his guts. Divers remedies were sought . . . . pilgrimages to saints . . . . but he was at length schooled . . . . to make his speedie repair to Ireland. He did no sooner drink of the water of that iland . . . . but forthwith he killed the snake . . . . and so being lustie and livelie, returned into England.”†

The hospitality of Dublin, in old times is thus spoken of:—

“And not onelie their officers so farre excell in hospitalitie, but also the greater part of the ciuitie is generally addicted to such ordinarie and standing houses, as it would make a man muse which waie they are able to bear out.”‡

\* Campion's "History of Ireland," p. 163.

† Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi, p. 10.

‡ Ibid. p. 23.

### CHAPTER III.

Food of Ancient Irish—Drink—Shane O'Neill—His mud-bath and rush-light—Harper—Ancient cads—Coshering—Act to put down—Gambling—Card-party in straw—Vanity—Hoaxing—Merlin taken in—Ploughing by the tail—Act to prevent—Plucking sheep—Cow's Compulsion Bill—Burning corn instead of threshing—All owing to Saxon misrule.

OF the Irish diet, this is the account in Holinshed :—

“ Water cresses, which they terme shamrocks, roots and other herbes, they feed upon ; oatmeale and butter they cram together ; they drinke wheie, milk, and beefe broth. Flesh they devour without bread, and that halfe raw, the rest boileth in their stomach with aqua vite, which they swill in after such a surfet by quarts and pottels. They let their cows blood, which growne to a gellie, they bake and overspread with butter, and so eate it in lumps. No meate they fancie so much as porke, and the fatter the better.”\*

They sat down to table in this way :—

“ When the Irish met together at their ordinary entertainments, they sat down in a ring on rushes or beds of

\* Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 67.

grass, instead of benches or couches. When they were placed, three-legged wooden tables were set before them covered with victuals . . . . Such as bread baked on a gridiron or under the ashes, milk, meats, flesh and fish, both broiled and boiled. The waiters in the mean time serving drink about in cups made of wood or horn, and sometimes of brass.”†

Speed, quoting St. Hierome, makes the Irish of early times cannibals, “who used to feed on the buttocks of boies and women’s paps, as their most dainty and delicate dish.”\*

Their taste for rumpsteaks showed itself in the 17th century :

“They roasted Master Watson alive, after they had cut a collop from either buttock.”‡

What can exceed this picture of diabolical revenge, extended from the murdered English to their cattle?—

“At the siege of Augher, they would not kill any English beast and then eat it, but they cut collops out of them being alive, letting them then rore till they had no more flesh upon their backs; so that sometimes a beast would live two or three days together in that torment.”§

It will not be out of place here to mention a monster-brewing of beef-tea introduced at the coronation of the Kings of Ulster, and which differs from all other culinary preparations in this, that the consumers formed a portion of the ingredients. Campion says,—

“In Ulster thus they used to crowne their king: a white cow was brought forth, which the King must kill and seethe in water whole, and bathe himself therein starke naked; then sitting in the same cauldron, his people about him, together with them he must eat the flesh and drinke the broath wherein he sitteth, without

\* Ware’s “Antiquities,” vol. II, p. 182.

† Speed’s “Chronicles,” p. 167.

‡ Temple’s “History,” p. 123.

§ Ibid. p. 124.

cuppe or dish or use of his hand. So much for their old customes.”\*

A pleasant party in a soup-tureen. But the chronicler is not so explanatory as could be wished. Were the subjects, as well as the monarch, restricted to the use of their mouths only? in which case the gnawing of a tough cow must have been a work of much labour. Were they tied to time? Were they allowed to get out of the soup, or obliged to finish the whole at a sitting? Did they keep the soup warm? It is uncomfortable to be left in the dark on these points. Perhaps the origin of Beef-eaters, as attendants upon the Court, may be traced to this ceremony? A derivation of such high antiquity must be more satisfactory than merely bringing them from the “Beaufettiers” of Henry VII.

In another part of Ulster it seems they preferred horse-broth; and in the following extract we see how his Majesty went down to dinner:—

“There is,” says he (Giraldus), “in the northern and more remote parts of Ulster, namely, at Kenelcunil, a certain people who use savage and abominable rites in the creation of their kings. The whole people of their territory being assembled together, a white horse is led out in the midst of them, to which the person to be created, not a prince but a beast, not a king but an outlaw, makes his approaches on all-fours in the presence of the whole assembly, and there, without any sense of shame or regard to civil prudence, professes himself to be also a beast. Presently the horse is slain, cut in pieces, and boiled; a bath is prepared of the broth for the new monarch, in which he seats himself, and he and his subjects, in a circle round him, eat upon the meat. This done, he drinks of the same broth wherein he bathed, without using any vessel, or his hand, but laps it up with

\* *Campion*, p. 24.



his mouth. The ceremony thus barbarously finished, his kingdom or dominion is confirmed to him.”\*

The disregard to civil prudence which these monarchs evinced in making beasts of themselves has been unhappily shown by others of later date. The Kenelcunilians had a decided advantage over the Coweaters, in that their *pièce de résistance* was cut up for them; though we may imagine the picturesque confusion of seizing upon the joints with their teeth only, and then lapping up the soup.

As their eating partook of a monster character, so it appears did their potations. This is an anti-Mathewite of those days:—

“One Theoricus wrote a proper treatise of aqua vite, wherein he praiseth it unto the ninth degree.” (A delicate way of saying he was a nine-tumbler man). “He distinguisheth three sorts—simplex, composita, and perfectissima.” (A simple dram, punch, and probably a peculiar toddy of his own brewing). “He wisheth it to be taken as well before meat as after. Being moderately taken, it lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirits . . . it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eyes from dazeling, the toong from lipping, the mouth from maffling, the teeth from chattering, the throat from rattling, &c.”†

At the present day we find the direct contrary of some of the symptoms recorded by the chronicler, those in particular which relate to the eyes and the “toong;” though many people will be disposed to agree with him, that “truly it is a sovereign liquor if it be orderlie taken.”

Here is a picture of a convivial gentleman of the sixteenth century—the celebrated Shane O’Neill, an instigator of one of the “notorious and main rebellions” of Elizabeth’s time, and a man who so detested the English,

\* Ware’s “Antiquities,” vol. II, p. 65.

† Holinshed, vol. VI, p. 8.

that he called his place "The Hatred of Englishmen," and hanged one of his servants for eating an English biscuit.

"Subtill and craftie he was, especiallie in the morning; but in the residue of the daie verie vncertaine and vnable, and much given to excessive gulping and surfeiting. And albeit he had most commonlie 200 tunnes of wine in his cellar at Dundrun, and had his full fill thereof, yet was he never satisfied till he had swallowed vp marvellous great quantities of vskebagh, or aqua vite of that countrie; whereof so vnmeasurable he would drinke and bouse, that for the quenching of the heat of the bodie, which by that means was most extremely inflamed and distempered, he was eftsoones conueied (as the common report was) into a deepe pit, and standing vp-right in the same, the earth was cast round about him up to the hard chin, and there he would remaine untill such time as his bodie was recouered to some temperature."\*

Shane O'Neill was in the habit of burning a rushlight at night; a wise precaution, considering the state in which he went to bed. As in his drinking, so in his night-light, he ran into extremes.

"When Coloah O'Donnell sent spies into Shane O'Neill's camp . . . they saw (in his tent) a light made of rushes and tallow, and twisted together to so large a size that it was as thick as a man's waist, and gave light to a great distance."†

To the luxurious habits of this chieftain we are, perhaps, indebted for the modern mud-bath; though to a true appreciation of its delights—at least as a cold application—it would be necessary to "drinke and bouse," like the great originator. When covered up to the "hard chin"—a phrase which conveys to us some idea of his style of countenance—as inferring a double chin,

\* Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 331.

† Ware's "Antiquities," vol. ii, p. 184.

as well as the comfort of not having the trouble to support his head—with his “glibbe” let down to shade his eyes, he was doubtless attended by the family harper and story-teller, to beguile the time “till such time as he was recovered to some temperature.”

“One office in the house of noble men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his Lord asleepe with tales vain and frivolous, whereunto the number give sooth and credit.”\*

The harper seems to have required some management, like the *artistes* of the present day:

“And when the harper twangeth or singeth a song, all the companie must be whist, or else he chafeth like a cut-purse, by reason his harmonie is not had in better price.”†

The cads of old are thus noticed:

“They observe divers degrees, according to which each man is regarded. The basest sort among them are little yong wags, called Daltins: those are lacqies, and are serviceable to the groomes, or horse-boies, who are a degree above the daltins.”‡

This is a picture of the young gentlemen, who hung loose upon the country, and ready to bestow their tediousness upon any who would receive them:

“The fifth degree is to be an horsse man, which is the chiefest next the Lord or Captein. These horsse men, when they have no staie of their owne, gad and range from house to house, like arrant Knights of the Round Table; and they never dismount untill they ride into the hall, and as farre as the table.”\*

The practice, which we moderns call sponging, was formerly coshering, and grew to such a ruinous excess, that Acts were passed to put it down. Sir John Davies thus describes the system:

\* Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 68.

† Ibid. p. 67.

‡ Ibid. p. 68.

§ Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 69.

“Cosherings were visitations of the Lords amongst their tenants . . . . wherein he did eat them out of house and home . . . . which made the Lord an absolute tyrant, and the tenant a very slave and villein; and in one respect more miserable than bond slaves; for commonly the bond slave is fed by his Lord, but here the Lord was fed by his bond slave.”\*

In the report of the Irish Council to Henry VIII., the practice is thus noticed:

“Item: The said Erles of Desmond, Kildare, and Ossory, their wiffis, childrene, and servauntes, do use after the custumbe and usage of wylde Iryshemen to cum with a gret multitude of peple to monasterris and gentlemen ys howsis, and ther to contynue two dais and two nightes, taking met and drink at ther plesurs, and the horssis and kepers to be sheifted or dyvydyt un the pore farmors, next to that place adjoynyng, haing nothing therfor; so as they be found in thys maner in other men is howsis moo than halff the yere by this wild Irish custume off extorcion, and spare their own howsis.”†

In the third year of Edward II. was “an Act to restrain great Lords from taking of prizes, lodging and sojourning against the will of the owner. Forasmuch as merchants and the common people of this land are much impoverished and oppressed by the great Lords of the land, which take what they will throughout the countrey without paying anything, or agreeing with the owners for the same; and also forasmuch as they will sojourn and lodge at their pleasure with the good people of the countrey against their wills to destroy and impoverish them, &c. It shall be holden for open robbery, and the King shall have the suit thereof, if others will not dare to sue.”‡

\* Davies’ “Historical Tracts,” p. 143.

† State Papers, p. 69.

‡ Irish Statutes at Large, vol. 1, p. 1.



In the tenth and eleventh of Charles I., this subject again occupies the attention of the Legislature.

An Act for the suppression of cosherers and idle wanderers: "Whereas there are many young gentlemen of this kingdom that have little or nothing to live on of their owne, and will not apply themselves to labour or other honest or industrious courses to support themselves, but doe live idely and inordinately, coshering upon the country, and sessing themselves, their followers, their horses, their greyhounds, upon the poore inhabitants; sometimes exacting money from them to spare them and their tenants, and to goe elsewhere to their caught and adraught, viz. supper and breakfast; and sometimes craving helpe from them; all of which the poore people dare not deny them, sometimes for shame, but most commonly for feare of mischief to be done . . . . And by that lawless kind of life of these idle gentlemen and others, being commonly active young men, and such as seek to have many followers and dependants upon them . . . . for they are apt, upon the least occasion of disturbance or insurrection, to rifle and make bootie of his Majesty's loyale subjects . . . . and in the mean time doe and must sometimes support their excessive and expencefull drinking and gaming by secret stealths or growing into debts; or oftentimes filch and stand upon their keeping, and are not amesnable to the law . . . . Be it enacted . . . . that any person that shall walke up and downe the countrie with one or more greyhound or greyhounds, or shall exact meat or drink or money . . . . or shall crave any helps in such sort as the poore people dare not denie the same, *for feare of some scandalous rime or song* to be made upon them, or some worse inconvenience to be done them," &c. &c.\*

Their requiring to be bought off, where they invited themselves to breakfast or supper, has a parallel in some

\* Irish Statutes at Large, vol. II, p. 170 (1635).



of our vile street musicians, who levy a somewhat similar exaction upon the lovers of peace and quietness, under a threat of their "scandalous rimes and songs."

The love of gambling is thus noticed:—"There is among them a brotherhood of karrows, that proffer to plaie at cards all the yeare long . . . . they plaie away mantell and all to the bare skin, and then trusse themselves in straw or leaves. For defaulte of other stuffe they pawne their glibs, the nailes of their fingers and toes, their dimissaries, which they lease or redeame at the courtesie of the winner."\*

The extreme discomfort of a gentleman moving in society with his nails in a state of mortgage, liable to foreclosure at the caprice of the mortgagee—or even with his head of hair at the mercy of a spiteful creditor—need not be dwelt upon. In these hard times we feel how difficult it would be to negotiate a loan upon such personal security, even from the most liberal of the "pure race of the Caucasus."

Though by the modern practice of "knocking" (see *ante*) the dress is sometimes much reduced, yet I have never known a man to go home in leaves, or straw; and a person "cutting in," "trussed" in this way, must have given quite a rural feature to their card parties. The "glib," in its modern form of peruke, is not unfrequently parted with.

The "knocking" system, no doubt, originated in the scarcity of money; for, according to Campion, "they have utterly no coyne stirring in any great lords' houses."

There is something characteristic in the following:

"For the Irishman standeth so much upon his gentilitie that he termeth anie one of the English Septe, Bobdeagh Galteagh, that is, English Churl; but if he be an Englishman born, then he nameth him Bobdeagh Saxounegh, that is, Saxon Churl. So that both are churls, and he

\* Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 69.

the only gentleman. And thereupon, if the basest pezzant of them name himself, he is sure to place himself first, as 'I and O'Neile,' 'I and you,' 'I and he,' 'I and my master;' whereas the courtesie of the English language is clean contrarie."\*

This is a notice of the Dublin beggars: "Furthermore, there are so manie extraordinarie beggars that dailie swarme there, so charitablie succoured, as that they make the whole ciuitie in effect their hospitall."†

The propensity to hoax, or mystify—or by whatever name it may be called—of which the "Times Commissioner" complains, is not confined to modern times. Even Merlin was taken in by one of their cute noblemen:

"A nobleman of Ireland had a suit to the King of England, with whom Merlin was great, to whom he said: 'Merlin, if thou wilt effect my sute, come to Ireland and I will give thee as much land as thou shalt see round about thee: it was done; after his arrivall Merlin demanded his promise; the nobleman put him into a cellar, where was a grate, and without a bawne with an high wall. 'Looke out!' saith the Irishman. The Welch Prophet could not see a quoit's caste from him, and thus was he deceived, having left his spirit of prophecy at home.'"‡

A caution to all prophets in future not to visit that country so unprovided.

Perhaps the most extraordinary statute which appears on record is that which prohibits ploughing by the horse's tail. Although it has already appeared in a recent publication, yet I am disposed to enter more fully into its history, and give it in its entire form. The first mention made of it appears under the date of July 26, 1634, as follows:

"It is this day ordered by the committee for preparing

\* Holinshed, vol. vi, p. 67.

† Ibid. p. 23.

‡ Hanmer, p. 19.

Acts, &c., that His Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor General shall with all conveniency, by the advice of His Majesty's Judges of the several Courts, or the more-part of them, make a draught of one or more Acts to be passed for restraining the barbarous custom of plowing by the tail, of pulling the wool off living sheep, of burning corn in the straw, of barking of standing trees, of cutting young trees by stealth, of forcing cows to give milk, and of building houses without chimneys; and likewise for a condition to be inserted unto those Acts, that in case any grant or licence shall hereafter be made or granted by any authority from His Majesty for dispensing with the said law to be made, that then and therefore the said Act or Acts respectively shall be merely void, as to that part to be dispensed with."\*

It may be said with confidence, that such a jumble of offences was never brought before the legislature of any other country on the face of the earth. It is a thousand pities that they did not proceed with the Cow's Compulsion Bill, as it might have enlightened us as to the measures taken in cases of obstinacy; they were probably of much the same kind as those by which they made the bulls "rore" at Augher.

The Tail-ploughing and Wool-pulling Act received the royal assent on the 18th of April, 1635. It is entitled,—

"An Act against ploughing by the taylor and pulling the wooll off living sheep.

"Whereas in many places of this kingdome there hath been a long time used a barbarous custome of ploughing, harrowing, drawing, and working with horses, mares, geldings, garrons, and colts by the taile, whereby (besides the cruelty used to the beasts) the breed of horses is much impaired in this kingdome, to the great prejudice thereof: and whereas also divers have and yet do use the like barbarous custome of pulling off the wooll from living sheep instead of clipping or shearing of them: Be it therefore

\* Journal of House of Lords (Ireland), vol. 1, p. 10.

enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, and the Lords Spiritual and Temporall and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, that no person whatsoever shall, after one year next ensuing the end of this present Parliament, plough, harrow, draw, or worke with any horse, gelding, mare, garran, or colt, by the taile; nor shall cause, procure, or suffer any other to plough up or harrow his ground, or to draw any other carriages with his horses, mares, geldings, garrans, or colts, or any of them, by the taile; and that no person or persons whatsoever shall, after the end of this present Parliament, pull the wool off any living sheep, or cause or procure to be pulled, instead of shearing or clipping of them; and if any shall doe contrarie to this Act, and the intention thereof, that the justices of assize at the general assizes to be holden before them, and the justices of the peace at their quarter sessions, shall have power by this Act to inquire of, heare, and determine all and every offense and offenses done contrary to this present Act, and to punish the offenders which shall do contrary to the same by fine and imprisonment, as they in their discretion shall think fit.”\*

As the Act prohibits “working and drawing” as well as ploughing, by the tail, no doubt carriages—introduced into Ireland long before this period—were so drawn, from St. Patrick's chariot downwards.

But our satisfaction at the emancipation of the garrons from this heavy infliction, is somewhat damped by finding in the Journals that on the 11th June, 1640, in the committee of privileges and grievances, “An Act against plowing by the tail and pulling the wool off living sheep, thought fit by the Lords for a time to be suspended.”†

Did they think to stave off a rebellion by throwing this boon to them? or, being barred the tail, did they plough by the leg, or the neck, and so hang their horses? That

\* The Statutes at Large, passed in the Parliaments held in Ireland, vol. II, p. 168.

† Lords' Journals, A.D. 1640, 16 Car.

the Act was not effectual to prevent the practice is proved by the fact that, till very lately, if not to the present day, they harrow by the tail in parts of Mayo, Donegal, and Roscommon.\*

But the following is, perhaps, even more illustrative of the Irish character :—

“An Act to prevent the unprofitable custom of burning corne in the straw.

“Whereas there is in the remote parts of this kingdom of Ireland, commonly a great dearth of cattell yearly, which for the most part happeneth by reason of the ill husbandrie and improvident care of the owners, that neither provide fodder nor store for them in the winter, nor houses to put them in in stormy weather, but a *natural lazie disposition possessing them*, that will not build barnes to house and thresh their corn in, or houses to keep their cattell from the violence of the weather, but the better to enable them to be flitting from their lands and to deceive His Majestie of such debts as may be owing at any time and their landlords of their rents, doe for a great part, instead of threshing burn their corn in the straw, which might relieve their cattell in winter and afford materials towards the covering or thatching their houses and spoiling the corne, making it black, loathsome, and filthy; for prevention of which,” &c. (ten days’ imprisonment in the common gaol of the county).

“Provided in late seasons it may be lawful for the owner of as much corne of any kinde as shall be sowed after one plough yearly, for the space of two years after the making of this Act, to burn six bartes of corn (accounting twenty ordinary shaves to the barte.)”†

Can anything show the Celtic character better than this? Here was a people living in houseless roofs for want of straw, and their cattle dying for lack of fodder, yet too lazy to take the trouble of threshing out their

\* See *post*.

† Statutes at Large (Ireland), vol. II, p. 171.



corn, and so supplying themselves with what they needed ; so they threw the wheatsheaves into the fire, and, when the straw was consumed, raked up the “black, loathsome, and filthy” grain out of the ashes ! No doubt this burning of their corn, ploughing by the tail, and plucking their living sheep, as well as their breechless nobles wearing dirty shirts and begging for old clothes, were all brought about by “Saxon misrule.” One thing, however, we may defy even an Irish patriot to assert—they earnt none of these practices from Saxon example.

## CHAPTER IV.

Facts from Gweedore—M'Kye's inventory—Going to bed—Houses in Donegal—A schoolmaster at home—A gutter Samaritan—Anecdotes—A harrowing spectacle—Comparison of ancient and present state of cabins—English settlers settled—Welsh settlers—Conclusion.

I SHALL conclude with a short notice of a very pleasant little pamphlet entitled "Facts from Gweedore," compiled from the notes of Lord George Hill, who some years ago, purchased a considerable property in the wildest part of Donegal—a tract of country that had been all but worthless\* to all former proprietors, from the difficulty and almost impossibility of collecting rents—where the tenants fixed their own rents and paid when they pleased, some being in arrear twenty years—where a landlord or his agent were afraid to show their faces, and where on one occasion, a sheriff's officer was escorted by a whole corps of yeomanry—where the people were huddled together in a state of inconceivable misery and filth, always on the borders of starvation, and where the subdivision of land had been carried to such an extent, that in one place half an acre was held by twenty-six tenants!—here Lord George settled down among his tenantry, built a store, opened a shop to supply the poor people with what they

wanted, without the ruinous delay and expense of going twenty miles for the commonest article; and after numberless difficulties and opposition, completely succeeded in the object which he had in view; for the amusing and instructive details of which the reader is referred to the book.

Attention was first drawn to this forlorn district by a memorial, or petition, forwarded to the Lord-Lieutenant by Patrick M'Kye, the master of the National School in the parish of Tullaghobegley, barony of Kilmacrennan, county of Donegal, and which found its way into the newspapers. In this very curious document the happy thought occurred to him to introduce an inventory of all the goods and chattels in the parish, and many which they had not; the latter being quite as instructive as the former. There is a serio-comic vein in this petition (as in most things Irish) which is irresistible, and rendered the more touching by the earnestness of the man. The sensitive philanthropist, as he reads it, will hardly know whether to laugh or cry. I shall give a few extracts. This is the inventory of the effects of about 9000 people:—

“ 1 cart,  
No wheel car,  
No coach or any other vehicle,  
1 plough,  
16 harrows,  
8 saddles,  
2 pillions,  
11 bridles,  
20 shovels,  
32 rakes,  
7 table-forks,  
93 chairs,  
243 stools,  
10 iron grates,  
No swine, hogs, or pigs,  
27 geese,  
8 turkeys,  
2 feather beds,  
8 chaff beds,

2 stables,  
6 cow-houses,  
1 national school,  
No other school,  
1 priest,  
No other resident gentleman,  
No bonnet,  
No clock,  
3 watches,  
8 brass candlesticks,  
No looking-glasses above 3*d.* in price,  
No boots, no spurs,  
No fruit-trees,  
No parsnips,  
No turnips,  
No carrots,  
No clover,  
Or any other garden vegetables, but

potatoes and cabbages ; and not more than ten square feet of glass in windows in the whole, with the exception of the chapel, the school-house, the priest's house, Mr. Dombrain's house, and the constabulary barrack."

Seven forks among 9000 people is scanty ; and especially if the stock of the priest, like himself, is included in the inventory. One of the feather beds would most likely belong to his reverence, and the other to Mr. Dombrain leaving a trifle over a thousand occupants for each of the other beds. The most astonishing thing is, there were no pigs in the parish. But no coach ! no boots and spurs ! he might almost as well have said,—no powdered footman, no pink champagne.

He proceeds with a little domestic scene :—

"None of their either married or unmarried women can afford more than one shift, and the fewest number cannot afford any ; and more than one-half of both men and women cannot afford shoes to their feet ; nor can many of them afford a second bed, but whole families of sons and daughters of mature age indiscriminately lying together with their parents, and all in the bare buff."

All things considered, it may be taken as a fortunate circumstance that there were only eight candlesticks in the parish.

"They have no means of harrowing their land but with meadow-rakes. Their farms are so small, that from four to ten farms can be harrowed in a day with one rake."

Farms ! they were about the size of the bit of ground in front of a Camberwell villa.

We hate ourselves for laughing at his pathos.

"Their children crying and fainting with hunger, and their parents weeping, being full of grief, hunger, debility, and dejection, with glooming aspect, looking at their children likely to expire in the jaws of starvation."

We have seen the state in which they lay : these are the houses they lay in :—

“Also man and beast house together; *i. e.* the families in one end of the house and the cattle in the other end of the kitchen.

“Some houses having within its walls from one cwt. of dung, others having from ten to fifteen tons weight of dung, and only cleaned out once a-year!”

Not the least interesting part of the “Memorial” is the sketch of his lucrative appointment as the “National” schoolmaster, modestly given in the third person.

“I have also to add that the National School has greatly decreased in number of scholars, through hunger and extreme poverty; and the teacher of said school, with a family of nine persons, depending on a salary of 8*l.* a-year, without any benefit from any other source.”

Hear this, ladies and gentlemen interested in the diffusion of useful knowledge. A “National” schoolmaster of this great empire was supporting a family of nine persons on less than three farthings a-day each, till near the middle of the nineteenth century! He thus concludes the paragraph:—

“If I may hyperbolically speak, it is an honour for the Board of Education!”

Poor fellow! there was no occasion for hyperbole to set off his simple memorial. The force of the naked facts which he lays before us defies the power of any figure of rhetoric to heighten.

It will very naturally be supposed, that on the publication of this statement in the newspapers there was a rush of “patriots” to Tullaghobegley—a portion of the “rent” found its way there, of course—barrels of flour or a cargo of potatoes were shipped, or packing-cases inscribed “A trifle from Conciliation Hall,” were forwarded. This, however, does not appear in Lord George’s book, though the following paragraph does:

“Amongst the advantages that resulted from the foregoing petition, which appeared in some English newspapers, was the distribution in the district of supplies of



shirts, shifts, flannel petticoats. and bed-ticks, furnished by an English gentleman, whose name has never transpired.\*

What a pity that this sneaking fellow—this gutter Samaritan—was ashamed to declare himself! We might have discovered perhaps that he was a “bloated buffoon,” or a “one-armed miscreant,” “a slobbering pedant,” “ugly always,” or having some other personal peculiarity on which to hang our jests: at any rate, we might have coined a story of his being well kicked, for as a Saxon he, of course, deserved to be.

The anecdotes in this book are amusing in the extreme; as, for instance, that of the horse that was the property of three people, each of whom shod his own foot, and the beast fell lame because it belonged to nobody to shoe the fourth foot! Of the farmer, who being put into a good house apart from his neighbours, complained that he could not much longer stand the expense, as he was obliged to keep a maid-servant to talk to his wife. And that of the “rustic Raleigh,” who, when the Lord-Lieutenant and his suite were stopped by a bog in the road, unshipped the door of his house and laid it down for the party to ride over; then shouldering the door, he accompanied the cavalcade, laying down his flying-bridge when required.

Such a harrowing spectacle as that presented in the plate might have been seen in this district

“The land,” says Lord George, “has been seen to be harrowed with the harrow made fast to the pony’s tail.” And in a note,—“This custom of harrowing from the horse’s tail prevails in Erris, county Mayo. A gentleman in giving evidence before the Land Commissioners, says, ‘Harrowing by the horse’s tail was practised there until I put an end to it. I had a good deal of trouble in effecting that object, for I was obliged to make an experiment upon one of the countrymen, by getting him to draw a weight after himself by the skirts of his coat. That man is still living upon whom I performed the experiment.’”

\* “Facts,” &c. p. 7.

You might see the poor horse, with the rope fastened to his tail, and then to the harrow, and when thus harnessed the man mounted upon him and drove over the field.”\*

The picture of the Irish houses in M’Kye’s memorial shows that, at least in Donegal, they are no better than they were in Spenser’s time, who says, because they are “Rather swyne-styes than houses is the chiefest cause of his so beastly manner of life and savage condition, lying and living with his beast in one house, in one roome, in one bed, that is clean strawe, or rather a foul dunghill.”†

And a century later Sir Wm. Petty says,—“Six or eight of all the Irish live in a brutish, nasty, condition, as in cabins with neither chimney, door, stairs nor window; feed chiefly upon milk and potatoes.”‡

And Sir John Temple charges it upon the priests that they urged on the hatred of the Irish against the English by a comparison of the manner of living of the two people. “To see the English live handsomely, and to have everything with much decency about them, while they (the Irish) lay nastily buried, as it were, in mire and filthiness; the ordinary sort of people commonly bringing their cattle into their stinking creates, and then naturally delighting to lye among them.”§

Irish patriots, who contend for the superiority of the Celtic race over the Saxon, must be puzzled to get over the fact, that the English, whatever their religion, when settled in Ireland, have invariably thriven; and their flourishing state, as contrasted with that of the natives, is dwelt upon by every writer of every age. Sir Phelim O’Neill, one of the most atrocious ruffians that ever existed, and the great instigator of all the horrors of 1641, boasted to Sir John Temple that he encouraged the English to take his land, as it was better cultivated by them, and the rent more punctually paid, than by his own countrymen: and

\* “Facts,” &c. p. 11.

† “State of Ireland,” p. 135.

‡ “Hist. Rebellion,” p. 27.

§ Ibid. p. 79.

yet by his instigation were 37,000 of them murdered in cold blood!

In truth, from the conquest to the present day, there have been few inducements held out to settlers in Ireland. This is the picture Ap. Parry (before quoted) gives of the lands of the English, over-run and laid waste by the Irish (1535):—

“Same day we rode sixteen mile of waste land, the whyche was Ynglysh men’s grownd, yet saw I never so goodly wodes, so goodly meadowes, so goodly pastures, and so goodly reverse (rivers), and so goodly grownde to to bere corne; and wher the regis (ridges) were, that hathe borne corne, to my thynking ther was no beste dyd ett yt, not these twelve yere, and that it was the moste part syche wast all ower journey.”\*

The most persevering race of settlers that Irish—or perhaps any other history—records, is to be found in a Welsh family of the name of M’Gwyllen, the first of whom went over with Strongbow, and they continued to hold their own till the time of Henry VIII., when the head of the family petitioned the king to pardon him for joining in O’Neill’s rebellion; and Sentleger, in his letter to the king, says, “He confesseth none of his name, sithe the first conquest of their saide lande, being captain, have died in their beddes, but all slayne by Irisshe-men.”†

That the M’Gwyllens should have persevered, and every head of the family regularly killed off during 470 years, gives us a fair idea of Welsh obstinacy. We are pleased to find that they were not only pardoned, but assistance given them when invaded by one called O’Chaan, “a prowde, obstynate Irysheman,” who is taken, as is also his castle on the Ban.

It is impossible to live amongst the Irish without liking them, in spite of their faults. Their errors are of the head. They have no individuality: they go in crowds to do things, and can resolve upon nothing without talk and

\* State Papers, 106.

† Ibid. 366.

agitation. Their excitable temperament has rendered them in all ages the ready tools of the powerful and designing.

“What did they ever get,” says Sir Wm. Petty, “by accompanying their lords into rebellion against the English? What should they have gotten if the late rebellion (1641) had absolutely succeeded, but a more absolute servitude? And when it failed, these poor people lost all their estates, and their leaders increased theirs, and enjoyed the very land which their leaders caused them to lose. The poorest now in Ireland ride on horseback, when heretofore the best ran on foot like animals. They wear better clothes than ever; the gentry have better breeding, and the generality of the plebeians more money and freedom.”\*

And here I take leave of the reader, if any, indeed, have accompanied me so far. To the great majority of us unimaginative Saxons, the Irish character is a profound mystery. It is a jumble of contradictions; a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity; unbounded credulity and the most foolish distrust; a keen sense of honour with the most dishonest jobbing; high spirit and abject dependence; industry and laziness; hard work abroad, apathy at home; a constant clamouring for equal justice, but practising none themselves.

They spend without thought and accept without shame: the old spirit of “coshering” is still strong amongst them, and they are ready to bestow their burdens or their company upon any one who will, under any circumstances, accept the charge. Their sense of right and wrong is different from ours. A man occupying the high post of a legislator will, for factious and selfish purposes, falsify all history to make out a case; and readily enough abuse any writer who may expose his nefarious practices. A respectable landlord thinks it a clever trick to put his tenants upon the relief list, and there is not a farmer in Ireland

\* “Hist. Rebellion,” p. 100.

who would blush to withhold his seed-wheat and let his land lie fallow, if he thought there was a probability that the Government would find him seed and till his land for him. His long-tongued orators know this and clamour for him; and even English gentlemen will, for factious purposes, join in the unworthy cry.

It may seem harsh and unkind to say that kindness and conciliation, are thrown away upon the Irish in their present state, unless, indeed, it be accompanied by a pretty strong demonstration of power. Savages, or even half-savages, must feel the strong hand to inspire them with respect. Try the conciliatory system in the East, and not even ready money will get you on. Are the Irish civilised? Are they in a condition to be placed on the same footing as the English? Can a people be called civilised where farm-labourers work under an escort of police? where murderers are fostered and improving landlords shot? where they harrow by the horses' tails? where ball-proof waistcoats are lucrative articles of manufacture? where they believe in O'Higgins? and up to the present moment have paid an impostor a princely income to disunite them from their only friend?

In truth, when we reflect upon the scrapes which this brave, good-humoured, generous, and nose-led people have been brought into in all ages by their kings, their chiefs, their priests and their patriots, we are astonished to read in Holinshed that

“There is no Irish terme for a knave.”

THE END.



LONDON:  
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THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	2	0
WIDOW AND MARQUIS . . . . .	2	0
ALL IN THE WRONG . . . . .	2	0
COUSIN WILLIAM . . . . .	2	0
GERVASE SKINNER . . . . .	2	0
NED MUSGRAVE . . . . .	2	0
PASSION AND PRINCIPLE . . . . .	2	0
DANVERS . . . . .	2	0

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LARRY LYNCH; OR, PADBIANA . . . . . 2 0

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## REV. G. R. GLEIG'S

CHELSEA PENSIONERS . . . . . 2 0

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## T. H. LISTER'S

GRANBY . . . . . 2 0

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## HORACE SMITH'S

ZILLAH. A TALE OF THE HOLY CITY . . . . . 2 0









